THE

European Magazine,

For MARCH 1806.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of ANDREW CHERRY, ESQ. And, 2. A VIEW of WEST COWES, in the ISLE of WIGHT.]

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London:

Printed by I. Gold, Bore-Lane, Fleet-Street,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES ASPERNE,

(Successor to Mr SEWELL,)

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, *of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr.* BISHOP, *of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne Lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr.* SMITH, *of the General Post Office, at No. 3, Sherborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr.* GUY, *at the East India House.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. O. and *R. H. B.* are received.

Theodosius is on too solemn a subject for discussion in a Magazine, and would besides lead to a controversy.

P. M. is desired to transmit the letters he mentions to us. If they answer his description, they shall be inserted.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from March 8 to March 15.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
INLAND COUNTIES.										
Middlesex	73	1	40	4	31	3	31	11	42	2
Surry	71	8	38	0	29	10	31	0	36	0
Hertford	66	6	41	0	32	10	29	2	39	6
Bedford	66	0	41	8	31	0	25	4	41	7
Huntingd.	63	5	00	0	29	10	24	6	28	11
Northam.	68	6	48	6	30	0	24	0	45	0
Rutland	68	3	00	0	31	3	22	3	38	0
Leicester	73	11	43	3	33	5	23	10	41	5
Nottingh.	77	4	47	0	36	0	25	10	40	0
Derby	78	0	00	0	38	8	28	4	47	3
Stafford	80	0	00	0	37	11	25	5	48	10
Salop	80	6	52	8	38	9	25	4	48	0
Hereford	82	7	51	2	37	3	25	4	39	8
Worcest.	81	3	00	0	35	11	28	8	44	0
Warwick	80	2	00	0	36	11	28	10	43	0
Wilts	73	8	00	0	31	9	27	8	53	6
Berks	73	9	00	0	28	1	28	9	38	3
Oxford	72	1	00	0	30	5	26	1	38	1
Bucks	71	11	00	0	29	10	26	4	42	7

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
Essex	70	4	36	6	30	4	31	6	38	6
Kent	67	6	35	0	30	6	34	0	36	6
Suffex	69	4	00	0	30	6	36	6	39	0
Suffolk	67	5	38	0	29	3	28	8	30	10
Cambrid.	64	5	38	0	27	1	19	6	29	9
Norfolk	64	0	43	6	26	3	23	11	28	9
Lincoln	65	1	40	11	30	10	20	9	34	6
York	64	9	47	3	30	7	22	9	38	2
Durham	66	6	00	0	32	7	24	4	00	0
Northum.	62	4	41	8	31	9	26	7	38	0
Cumberl.	70	10	52	1	37	0	24	10	00	0
Westmor	74	8	53	2	39	4	26	5	00	0
Lancash	72	11	00	0	42	0	29	3	47	4
Cheshire	74	7	00	0	41	10	24	6	54	0
Glouceſt.	80	3	00	0	35	8	25	7	40	11
Somerset.	79	5	00	0	36	4	22	5	40	4
Monmou.	91	11	00	0	37	7	00	0	00	0
Devon	81	6	00	0	35	4	23	11	00	0
Cornwall	80	7	00	0	33	7	24	10	00	0
Dorset	73	6	00	0	28	5	28	11	00	0
Hants	71	2	00	0	28	7	31	3	00	0
WALES										
N. Wales	78	8	00	0	39	8	19	2	00	0
S. Wales	89	4	00	0	41	4	17	10	00	0

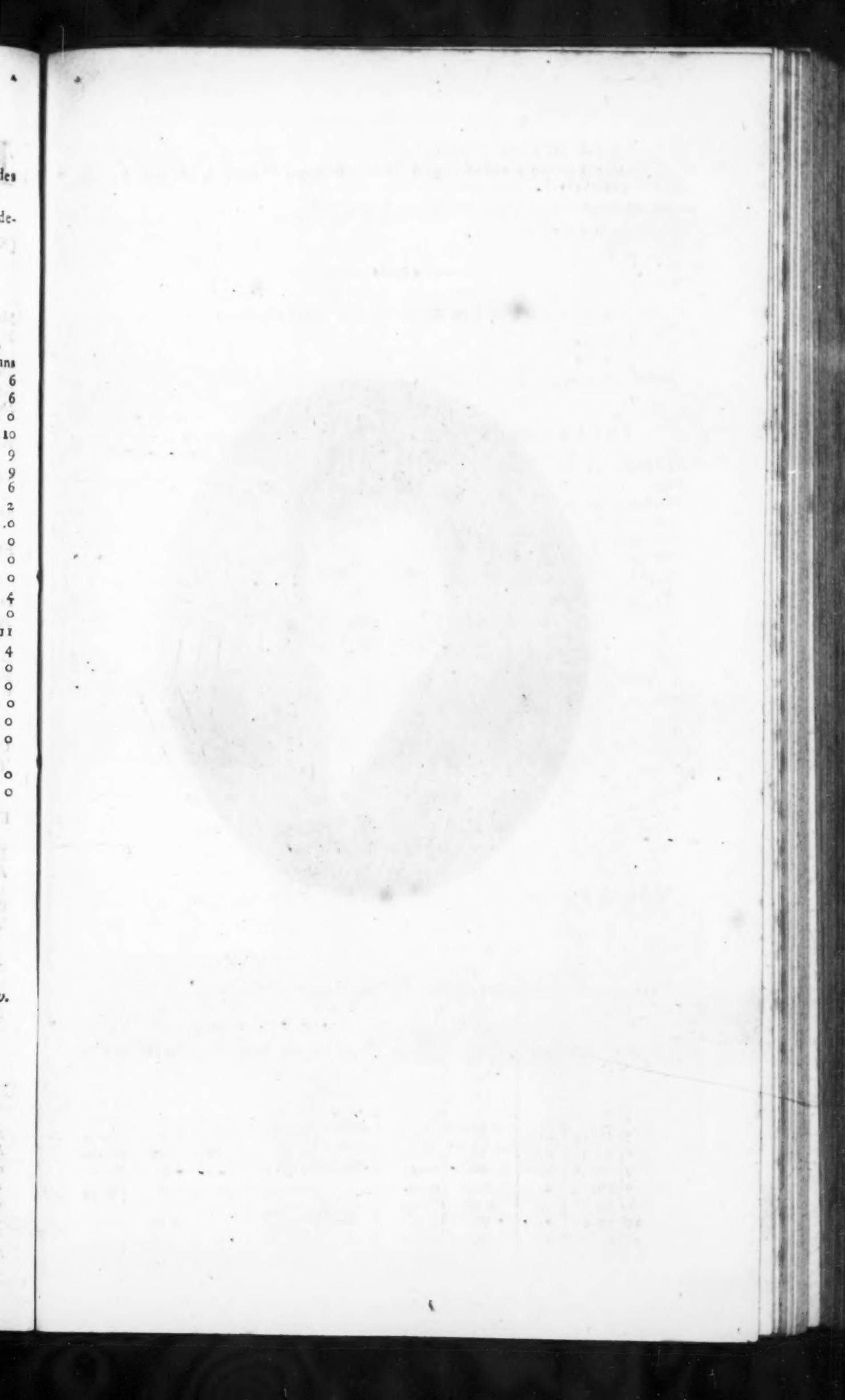
VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1806	*Barom.*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Observ.*
Feb. 26	30.10	45	W	Fair
27	29.99	44	SW	Rain
28	30.01	37	N	Fair
March 1	30.03	38	NW	Ditto
2	30.00	40	W	Ditto
3	29.92	38	NW	Ditto
4	30.15	39	N	Rain
5	30.34	41	N	Fair
6	30.35	39	N	Ditto
7	30.35	39	W	Ditto
8	30.20	40	NE	Rain
9	29.57	37	NW	Ditto
10	29.00	31	W	Snow
11	29.07	33	N	Ditto
12	29.10	28	W	Fair
13	29.20	27	NW	Fair
14	29.07	33	SE	Rain
15	29.40	38	NW	Fair
16	29.31	37	NE	Rain
17	29.30	36	E	Ditto
18	29.25	40	E	Fair
19	29.24	39	SE	Ditto
20	29.19	40	N	Ditto
21	29.50	40	SW	Ditto
22	29.70	42	S	Ditto
23	29.72	43	E	Ditto
24	29.69	43	S	Rain
25	29.48	42	NW	Ditto
26	29.61	45	NE	Fair
27	29.70	46	E	Rain



European Magazine.

Andrew Cherry Esqr.

Engraved by Ridley & Holl from a Picture by Drummond.

Pub March 31 1806, by J. Asperne, at the Bible, Crown & Constitution 32 Cornhill.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,

FOR MARCH 1806.

ANDREW CHERRY, ESQ.

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

TO the "harmleſs ſtock of public pleaſure," this gentleman has been ſo liberal a contributor, that it will doubtleſs be agreeable to the public to read ſuch particulars of his life as our diligent inquiries have enabled us to collect.

Our hero, who is the eldeſt ſon of the late Mr. John Cherry, an eminent printer and bookſeller at Limerick, in Ireland, was born in that city, January 11, 1762*; and, having received a reſpectable education at a grammar-ſchool there, was intended by his father to be qualified for holy orders, by matriculation in a Univerſity; but by diſappointments in life, his parent was obliged to abandon this intention, and the hopes of a pulpit were exchanged for the printing-office.

At eleven years of age, Andrew was placed under the protection of Mr. James Potts, an eminent printer and bookſeller in Dame Street, Dublin, and by him initiated in his art and myſtery. From an antient friendſhip which had ſubſiſted between Mr. Potts and Mr. Cherry, Andrew was particularly favoured by his maſter, and made his conſtant companion in all recreations, &c.

Among other amuſements, Mr. Potts was extremely attached to theatrical exhibitions; and perceiving that his pupil's inclination bent ſtrongly to that point, he ſeldom viſited the theatre without taking young Cherry with him. Thus encouraged, he imbibed an early predilection for the ſtage;—a general taſte of this nature pervades the youth of the Iriſh metropolis; and many ornaments of the ſock and buſkin in both kingdoms at the preſent day, were, in their juvenile purſuits, the dramatic companions, in private acting, &c. of young Cherry, who had, at the age of fourteen, made his firſt appearance as *Lucia* in the tragedy of Cato, in a large room at the Blackamoor's Head, Towers's Street, Dublin. At the age of ſeventeen, he ſpurned typography, and boldly entered the dramatic liſts, making his debût as a profeſſional actor, in a little town called Naas, fourteen miles from Dublin, in a ſmall ſtrolling groupe, principally compoſed of run-away boys and girls, and then under the management of a Mr. Martin. His firſt character was *Colonel Feignwell (Bold Stroke for a Wife)*, an arduous taſk for a boy of ſeventeen, the character requiring a diſcrimination ſo various, and a flexibility of talent that is rarely met with even in the veterans of the ſtage. The applauſe was great; and the manager of this *ſharing company*, after paſſing many encomiums on his exertions, preſented him with 10½d. as his dividend of the profits of that night's performance.

* His anceſtors had formerly poſſeſſed a very conſiderable eſtate, near Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, and were of the people called quakers: one of whom, diſclaiming the primitive church, (for "He would be a ſoldier,") followed the fortunes of William the Third, and fought under him as a cornet of horſe in all the Iriſh wars. On the capitulation of Limerick, he married, and purchaſed an eſtate at Croome, near that city, where the family afterwards reſided many years. The imprudences, however, of our hero's grandfather, we underſtand, deprived his ſucceſſors of a paternal property, that at this day yields an income of above 7000l. a year.

performance. Young Cherry afterwards launched into a moſt extenſive range of characters; for, being bleſt with a peculiar facility of ſtudy, in the ſpace of ten months with this manager, he acted almoſt all the principal characters in tragedy, comedy, and farce; and during the ſame period ſuffered all the viciſſitude and diſtreſs concomitant to ſuch a precarious mode of exiſtence. His friends have heard him declare, that, though conſtantly employed in ſuch laborious ſtudy as is implied in what we have juſt ſaid of his range of characters, he never was in poſſeſſion of a guinea during the whole ten months; he was frequently without the means of common ſuſtenance, and ſometimes even unable to buy the very candles by which he ſhould ſtudy the characters that were ſo numerouſly allotted to him.

At length, after enduring more than the uſual hardſhips attendant on a ſtrolling life*, he left the ſtage, once more "returned to reaſon and the ſhop," and remained at home upwards of three years. Anon the theatrical drum beat in his ears; he forgot the miſery of his former campaigning; the glory of it only remaining in his recollection; and after making ſome excurſions of little moment, he joined a reſpectable corps under the command of Mr. Richard William Knipe, a well-known dramatic veteran, a ſcholar, and a gentleman, whoſe facetious and eccentric character will be ever remembered with pleaſure by all who knew him. In his company, Cherry enjoyed much comfort and ſatisfaction, and remained attached to it till Mr. Knipe's death; he then joined the principal provincial Company of Ireland under the management of Mr. Atkins, where he filled a moſt extenſive round of characters, and for many years was the univerſal and popular favourite of the North of Ireland. Here he married the daughter of his old friend and manager Mr. Knipe, a very beautiful and accompliſhed young lady, whoſe domeſtic habits and amiable qualities have been the main ſource of his happineſs through life, and by whom he has, we are told, ſix children now living*.

Mr. Ryder having, in 1787, been engaged for Covent Garden, Mr. Cherry, whoſe provincial reputation had reached the capital, was called up from Belfaſt to ſupply his place at the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, Dublin†. Here for ſix years, *little Cherry* (as he was familiarly called,) ſtood at the top of his profeſſion in the comic line. His performances of *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Lord Ogleby*, *Scrub*, *Sir Baſhful Conſtant*, &c. &c. were objects of admiration and attraction to the Theatre; and he wrote and produced at Crow Street Theatre, two operatic Dramas, which, we underſtand, were very ſucceſsful, but the titles of them we have not heard‡.

Having long entertained a deſire of viſiting England, he engaged himſelf and Mrs. Cherry to Tate Wilkinſon, Eſq. at the time when Mr. Fawcett was called to Covent Garden, whoſe ſituation he filled at the Theatres Royal of York, Hull, &c. for three years; when he again returned to his native country, and made his appearance in Dublin, in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, Miſs Farren being the Lady Teazle of the evening; by whoſe deſire, indeed, it was, that the Manager was obliged to ſend for Cherry from York, on terms that appeared very flattering; as he had on a former occaſion acted all the principal characters with Miſs Farren at the Dublin Theatre. He continued two ſeaſons in Ireland; after which the Manager's irregular payments, and other diſguſting circumſtances, induced him to return to England. He accepted an engagement with Meſſrs. Ward and Banks, managers of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where, with his wife, he ſucceſsfully performed two years. From thence he went to Bath, and made his

* We have heard that he was at one time actually on the point of ſtarving, having paſſed more than three days without food.

* One of his daughters has performed twice in London, (*Roſetta* in *The Foundling*, and *Virginia*, in *Paul and Virginia*,) and was well received.

† His firſt appearance was as *Darby*, in *The Poor Soldier*; and his firſt original character in Dublin that of a Spouting Barber in Mr. Franklin's Muſical Entertainment called *The Hypochondriac*.

‡ Perhaps "*The Outcaſts; or, Poor Beſs and Little Dick*," ſince acted at Manchester, and other Provincial Theatres, on his benefit nights, was one of them.

firſt

first appearance in the parts of *Sir Bashful Constant* and *Lazarillo*, in both of which he was received with every possible mark of approbation, and for four seasons he enjoyed a most ample share of public favour.

On the abdication of the late Mr. King, Mr. Cherry was engaged at Drury-lane, where he made his debût on the 25th of September, 1802, in the characters of *Sir Benjamin Dove* and *Lazarillo*, and was received with as much applause as we remember to have been ever shown to a new performer*. From this presage, and the many proofs of talent that he has since given, the public have been led to wonder that he has not been more frequently and honourably employed than he has been in stage business; but the policy of theatrical rulers, like the mysteries of modern philosophism, too often surpass all human understanding.

Quitting now Mr. Cherry's character as an actor, it remains for us to notice him as a dramatic author.

On the 7th of February, 1804, he produced a Comedy at Drury-lane Theatre, called "*The Soldier's Daughter*," which was received with unbounded applause†, in a run of thir y-seven nights, and added large sums to the treasury funds of the Theatre‡.

On the 9th of May 1805, a little operatic sketch of one act, written by him, and called "*Spanish Dollars; or, The Priest of the Parish*," was produced at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. Incledon, to whom he presented it as a token of friendship. This piece was received with applause, and has been several times since repeated.

On the 15th of the same month, he gave Mrs. Mountain, for her benefit at Drury-lane, a comic sketch called "*All for Fame; or, a Peep at the Times*," containing some pleasant ridicule of the rage for boy actors, &c.

On the 18th of July last, a Comedy of his was produced at the Haymarket, under the title of "*The Village; or, The World's Epitome*," which, when presented to Mr. Colman, received, we are told, his decided approbation. Mr. Cherry was acting in Manchester while the piece was in rehearsal, and consequently lost the opportunity of retrenching those superfluities, supplying those deficiencies, and correcting those errors, which are often not perceived till a piece is put into action. Certain it is, however, that either from this circumstance, or from its being unskilfully cast in some of its parts, or perhaps partly from each of these causes, the piece was very roughly handled by a part of the audience, and after a second night's representation, was entirely withdrawn, attended with some unpleasant altercations, which are correctly detailed in our XLVIIIth Volume, p. 47, 48.

His Musical Drama, called "*The Travellers; or, Music's Fascination*," was written early in last season, but was then prevented from appearing by the unexampled attraction of Master Betty; all idea of dramatic novelties being then swallowed in the fashionable vortex of adoration paid by the public to this extraordinary boy. Since the time of its being written, it has undergone considerable alterations, for the purpose of calling in the powerful aid of Mr. Braham and Signora Storace. It was first presented on the 22d of January last; its success has been unprecedented, the money receipts of the house being greater, we are told, than were ever known in the Theatre*. After a run of twenty-three nights, its attraction continues undiminished †.

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* See Europ. Mag. Vol. XLII, p. 218.

† Ibid. Vol. XLV. p. 138.

‡ We are told, (*Thespian Dictionary*,) that this play was some time in the possession of the Proprietors before it was produced; and that another piece of Mr. Cherry's had been previously kept so long, that the plot was at length rendered stale by the representation of other novelties.

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* It may not be unacceptable to the public to learn the estimated contents, in men and money, of the audience part of Drury-lane Theatre. The following statement may be received as correct:

		£.	s.	d.
1828	Persons, Boxes, 6s. each	548	8	0
800	Ditto, Pit, 3s. 6d.	140	0	0
675	Ditto, Gallery, 2s.	67	10	0
308	Ditto, 1s.	15	8	0
3611		£. 771	6	0

† It has already been produced with splendid decorations at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and received with unbounded applause. It is also preparing at York, Birmingham, Dublin, and other principal towns of the United Kingdom.

Mr.

Mr. Cherry, report ſays, has a Comedy of five acts accepted by the Theatre, but not yet put into rehearſal; alſo a Melo-drame upon a very popular ſubject; both of which, it is probable, will meet the public eye in the courſe of next winter ſeaſon.

In private life, the ſubject of this Memoir is eſteemed and reſpected by all who know him; his qualities are of the domeſtic kind; his temper placid and conciliating; and his converſation various, and well ſtored with anecdote. In all his purſuits, whether as author or actor, he is rigidly induſtrious, and ſeems not to conſider the moſt difficult taſk as laborious, if the ſurmounting it promiſes to add to the comforts of his amiable wife, and her numerous offspring.

In the laſt Volume of *Public Characters* (1806,) p. 122, it is aſſerted that the Marquis del Campo, late Ambaſſador from Spain, was bred at the Blue Coat School. A gentleman who was perſonally known to the Marquis, doubts this; but as it poſſibly may be a fact, he will be obliged to any Correſpondent, who, through the medium of the European Magazine, will elucidate this circumſtance, or give any further particulars relative to this diplomatic Character.

26 *March*, 1806.

Pawns.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I have obſerved in your Miſcellany a deſcription of the Areka or betel root, by Mr. Hutchinſon, who ſeems to have dwelt conſiderably upon moſt of the properties of this vegetable, yet it appears ſingular that he has omitted to give the nature of pawns, which I ſhall here deſcribe. Mr. Hutchinſon has beſides made a moſt palpable error in regard to the betel leaf, which he obſerves is ſoporific, and from the intoxicating qualities it poſſeſſes, renders it a favourite of the natives. How Mr. H. could have fallen into ſuch a manifeſt error, I cannot determine, ſince he ſeems to have travelled over India: he likewiſe aſcribes a greater odoriferouſneſs to the areka, than the betel, which I ſuppoſe he muſt have meant, for I cannot conſider the areka to exceed the aromatic fragrance given by the ſpice trees. As to its dentrifical qualities I do not combat, but on the contrary, moſt willingly ſubſcribe to every eulogium that can be alledged on its behalf, ſince I have both witneſſed and experienced ſeveral facts of the very efficacious powers of this nut, in preſerving and improving the teeth, and I readily believe there is nothing that can anyways equal, much leſs ſurpaſs the ineſtimable qualities of the areka. The delightful fragrance of the betel plant is moſt grateful to the ſenſe, but it is neither intoxicating nor ſoporific. In the pawns the lower claſs uſe tobacco, opium, &c.; from which circumſtance it may not be improbable, Mr. H. might have conſidered the betel cauſing drowſineſs, a miſtake not unfrequently made. The areka when gathered, is folded in two or three leaves of the betel or pawn, with the chunam or lime made from calcined ſhells, which lime extracts a very beautiful red juice from the areka: the higher claſſes connect the areka and pawn leaf with chunam, and ſeveral aromatic ingredients; the whole is formed into a paſte, and the areka being cut into ſmall pieces, by an inſtrument on purpoſe, compounded together, compriſes what they term a real Sureta pawn, ſo much eſtimated in Indoſtan. The natives appropriate gardens on purpoſe for the growth of the betel, and attend their culture with the utmoſt care, guarding them from the heat of the ſun, which at times is exceſſive. The medicinal virtues of eating pawns, is to correct acidity, promote digeſtion; for which purpoſe they are conſiderably inferior to our own remedies, and conſequently can be of no uſe, could the ingredients be cultivated here. The mode they purſue in China and Indoſtan with the areka, is to calcine it gradually, till it becomes black in the centre, and afterwards it is rendered into a fine powder, and is unqueſtionably the beſt dentrifice that can be uſed, at all events it is the moſt ſafe and innocent. The areka will afford a permanent ink when freſh, by parboiling it; and alum will ſecure it from being evaneſcent. I could wiſh to encloſe a ſketch of this plant, but I have not by me now a drawing; if I ſhould, I will ſend it, with notes.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

RICHARD WINSTANLEY.

1 COR. xi. 10.

Διὰ τοῦτο ὀφείλει ἡ γυνὴ ἐξουσίαν ἔχειν ἐπὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς, διὰ τοὺς ἀγγέλους.

THE practice, that prevailed among the female converts at Corinth, of throwing their veils aſide, when they were occupied with their brethren in the exerciſes of their religion, is reproved by the apoſtle. But his reproof is, as uſual, gentle. In the paſſage before us, it forms a part of his deſign, to draw a parallel betwixt the hair and the veil; betwixt the covering for the head and ſhoulders, that is artificial and the covering that is natural. If, ſaith the apoſtle, it be a ſhame for a woman to be ſhaven or ſhorn, let her be veiled. For, if her appearance without her hair be a breach of decorum that admits of no defence, her appearance without her veil is equally indefenſible. By cutting off her hair ſhe rejects a gift, which nature has beſtowed; by caſting off her veil ſhe rejects a cuſtom, to which nature aſſents. But, proceeds the apoſtle, the man ought not to cover his head with a veil, for this, among other reaſons alleged; becauſe he was firſt created, and from him and for him was the woman formed. To her, therefore, ſubjection, and the veil, its ſymbol, belong.

St. Paul, it may be obſerved, in his epiſtles to his Gentile converts, omits no occaſion of reminding them of that portion of the Moſaic hiſtory, which relates to the paradiſiacal ſtate, and man's ejection out of it. It formed indeed no part of the apoſtle's deſign, to fix the attention of his Gentile converts on *Jewiſh* rites and ceremonies; but it formed an eſſential part of his deſign, to refer theſe converts to that book of Moſes, in which man's origin, his fall, and its conſequences, are recorded. Of theſe intereſting tranſactions he was anxious that the converted heathens ſhould not be ignorant. To theſe important particulars he frequently and unexpectedly, in the midſt of other matters, refers. His diſcourſe on *hair* is diſcontinued from the 6th verſe, in order to make room for ſome remarks on man's original ſtate, and ſome references to the book of Geneſis concerning it. At the 13th verſe, and not before, the ſubject of hair is reſumed.

Judge among yourſelves. Doth not even nature itſelf teach you? The apoſtle underſtood the force of interrogatories. He was no ſtranger to what the great critic calls, τὸ ἔνθουν καὶ τὸ ὀξυβόλον τῆς πειθοῦς. Thus: τίς γὰρ ἡμῶν ἐλπὶς, ἢ χαρὰ, ἢ στέφανος καυχήσεως; ἢ οὐχὶ καὶ ὑμεῖς; Here: ἢ οὐδὲ αὐτὴ ἡ φύσις διδάσκει ὑμᾶς; Certainly nature itſelf doth teach you. Nature is good or bad, corrupt or pure. Had the nature, which taught theſe converts, been a corrupt nature, the apoſtle would have warned them againſt attending to ſo exceptionable a teacher. He would have countermanded the documents of ſuch a preceptor; on the principle, that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. But the apoſtle's appeal to nature itſelf, as a teacher, is expreſſed in ſuch terms, and by ſuch a figure of ſpeech, as intimate his approbation both of the teacher and of the thing taught. But, if the *nature*, of which he is here diſcourſing, be entitled to ſuch unqualified commendation, it muſt neceſſarily be a nature, the moſt excellent, and pure, and perfect. It muſt be a nature, that is uncontaminated by evil cuſtoms, and unſophiſticated by art. It muſt be a nature, that remains immutable amidſt the fluctuations of faſhion, and the diverſities of taſte: a nature, whoſe only *ſpelling charm* is ſimplicity. Αὐτὴ ἡ φύσις διδάσκει ὑμᾶς, ὅτι ἀνὴρ μὲν ἐὰν κομᾷ, ἀτιμία αὐτῷ ἐστι· γυνὴ δὲ ἐὰν κομᾷ, δόξα αὐτῇ ἐστιν· ὅτι ἡ κόμη ἀντὶ περιβολαίου δέδοται αὐτῇ.

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WEST COWES, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS town, which is the principal port of the iſland, ſtands on the declivity of an eminence on the weſt ſide of the efflux of the river Medina*. The ſtreets are narrow and ill built; but from the manner in which the houſes riſe one above another from the water's edge, they have not an unpleaſing appearance from the ſea, and afford moſt delightful views.

Weſt Cowes is a hamlet belonging to the pariſh of Northwood; and though its inhabitants are continually varying, its general reſidents ſomewhat exceed 2000. It owes its origin and increaſe to its excellent harbour, where ſhips are not only well ſheltered from ſtorms, but enabled to ſail with almoſt any wind. The trade carried on here is very conſiderable, during war-time eſpecially, in proviſions and ſhip's ſtores of different kinds. The excellent ſituation of Cowes as a bathing-place, has of late years attracted much company; and the inhabitants, from their conſtant intercourſe with ſtrangers, have adopted a marked urbanity of manners. There are here two good inns, a library, and an aſſembly room.

The chapel, being built on a bold elevation, makes a handſome appearance on approaching the harbour. It was erected in 1657, conſecrated in 1662, and endowed in 1671, by Mr. Richard Stephens, with 5l. per ann. for ever. In 1679 it was further endowed by Biſhop Morley with 20l. per ann. provided the inhabitants paid the Miniſter (who is always appointed by them) an additional 40l. per ann. otherwiſe the ſaid endowment to be forfeited.

The caſtle of Weſt Cowes, which was one of the forts erected by Henry VIII, is the firſt object that attracts the attention of paſſengers landing from Southampton. It is a ſmall ſtone fort, with a ſemicircular battery. On the oppoſite bank of the Medina (*i. e.* at Eaſt Cowes) was formerly another fortreſs; of which, however, no veſtige now remains. Leland thus ſpeaks of theſe two caſtles:

"Cavæ fulmineæ duæ coruſcant,
"Hæc caſum colit, illa ſolis ortum,
"Vectum, atque Neoportus intrat altam."

The caſtle of Weſt Cowes has of late years been ſomewhat ſtrengthened by additional works; but it ſeems little capable of defence.

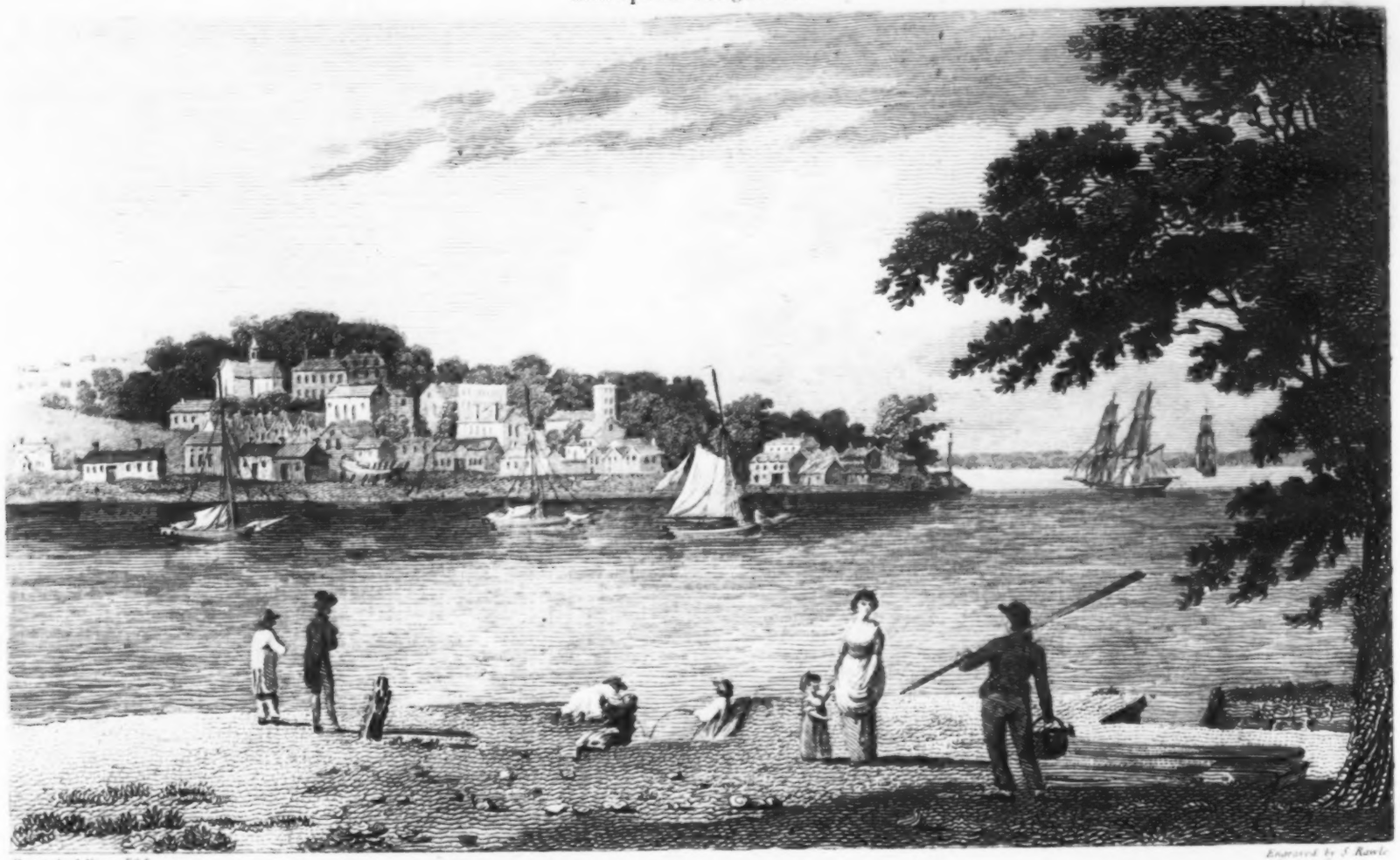
To the weſt of the caſtle, ſtands a pleaſant ſeat called Egypt, the property of D. Collins, Eſq. The road from Weſt Cowes to Newport is a gradual aſcent, and affords a conſtantly improving view of this charming iſland, and of the ſea by which it is encircled.

* Sometimes called Cowes River; at others, Newport River.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTATION OF CORN AND FLOUR INTO LONDON IN EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR 1805.

MONTHS.	WHEAT.		OATS.		BARLEY.		FLOUR.		
	Qrs.	*Buſh.*	*Qrs.*	*Buſh.*	*Qrs.*	*Buſh.*	*Cwt.*	*qrs.*	*lbs.*
January	7,660	3	——	—	660	0	132	0	19
February	6,122	0	1,500	6	9	5	250	0	0
March	14,024	0	61,302	0	5,988	0	2,575	0	0
April	33,640	0	53,280	7	6,434	0	775	0	0
May	94,634	0	27,357	1	3,720	0	575	3	0
June	58,935	2	35,346	0	1,170	0	90	0	0
July	87,919	0	19,876	0	100	0	11,629	2	10
Auguſt	85,443	0	32,519	0	——	—	1,135	1	10
September	82,469	5	20,776	0	910	0	2,598	3	0
October	58,162	1	4,980	0	225	0	701	1	18
November	23,759	0	8,288	0	——	—	——	—	
December	4,776	0	5,027	3	——	—	1,394	0	0
Total	557,544	3	270,252	3	19,216	5	21,817	0	1
Average	46,462	0	22,521	0	1,601	3	1,818	0	9

VESTIGES,



Drawn by J. Nixon, Esqr.

Engraved by S. Rawle.

WEST COWES.—ISLE OF WIGHT.

Published by J. Asperne, at the Bible, Crown, & Constitution, Cornhill, April 1806.

VESTIGES, *collected and recollected. By* JOSEPH MOSER, *Esq. No.* XLV.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

Chapter X.

IT is a ſingular circumſtance, that, conſidering the long period that the Romans were in the poſſeſſion of the metropolis, ſo few veſtiges ſhould have been diſcovered which denote that they endeavoured to introduce thoſe kind of aquatic improvements which ſo pre-eminently diſtinguiſhed ancient Rome *.

Some of the nobleſt works of the Romans were, unqueſtionably, thoſe aſtoniſhing aqueducts, by the means of which water was conveyed to their city. Theſe, even if conſidered merely as buildings, without adverting to the benefits derived from them, were, in many inſtances, inimitable.

The honour of the invention of thoſe ſtupendous and uſeful works has been decreed to Appius Claudius, AUC. 441, who firſt brought water to the city through a channel eleven miles in length: but this improvement, great as it was then deemed, ſhrinks almoſt to nothing, when compared to the aqueducts which were in ſubſequent ages executed under the auſpices of Emperors and other perſons; as theſe, although ſome of them were carried over vallies, and had their channels cut through mountains, in a courſe of forty miles, (which was, we believe, their greateſt extent,) appear inferior to what is termed the civil architecture of this country in modern times. Of the navigable canals that connect the Forth and the Clyde, the Bridgewater Works, the Grand Junction, and many others, it may be obſerved, that although they by no means vie with the Roman in ornamental decoration, in ſize, length, and ſtability, they are infinitely ſuperior.

With reſpect to the Roman aqueducts, Procopius ſtates (*de Bell. Goth.* lib. i.) that through their *tunnels* a man might ride without the leaſt difficulty. Theſe, we muſt again obſerve, were certainly in magnitude inferior to many ſimilar undertakings of the preſent age in this country: at the ſame time, we muſt

* The Romans in Italy had, it is certain, motives that induced them to deſire a large ſupply of water, which, from the difference of climate, could not operate upon the minds of thoſe in London. In the former country they were anxious to turn ſtreams of conſiderable magnitude to their city for the ſupply of their baths. *Ammianus Marcellinus* obſerves (lib. xvi), that theſe were built *in Modum Provinciarum*; which, with ſome diſpute as to the meaning of the latter word, has been interpreted, as large as provinces. This Valeſius (*Nota ad locum*) thinks too large an interpretation; in which opinion we concur. Still, however, the unexaggerated accounts that we have from Seneca, Pliny, and other authors, of their ſize and furniture, ſufficiently ſhow that they were equally ample and luxurious, to attract the attention, and to contribute to the enjoyment of a people the moſt luxurious, and, in theſe inſtances, the moſt enervated, of any nation upon earth. While the auguſt ruins of the bagnios of the Emperor Dioclefian and Antoninus Caracalla enable us to form an idea of their architectural magnificence, Lady Mary Wortley Montague has withdrawn the curtain of ages, and preſented us with a view, equally claſſical and voluptuous, of their interior. In this delineation time ſeems to ſhrink from the touch of her pen, and the ſcenes which ſhe depicts in ſuch glowing colours appear what its bagnios formerly were when the city from which ſhe writes was the metropolis of the Eaſtern Empire.

Luxuriating in the tepid atmoſphere of their own country, the Romans had ſome excuſe for the profuſion that they laviſhed upon their baths; but in Britain, the bracing ſtate of the climate in general rendered their feelings, and conſequently their amuſements and indulgencies, in a great degree different. Not but that the terrene ſtoves, arches, flues, and teſſelated pavements, that have been diſcovered in and about the metropolis, might be adduced as inſtances of bagnios having been formed in ſome houſes, although upon a contracted ſcale: but theſe, we believe, have been ſo few, that we can no more infer from them than from our preſent hot and cold baths, that the ſyſtem of ablution for *mere amuſement*, as practiſed at Rome in former times, and at Bath and on the coaſt of this country in the preſent, was general.

muſt recur to the propoſition which gave riſe to this digreſſion, and reſtate our wonder that the Anglo-Romans, who endeavoured to make their colonial cities as like their own metropolis as poſſible, did not, with a view both to the health and utility of its inhabitants, cover thoſe abundant ſtreams which flowed through, and ſo frequently inundated London, and introduce thoſe kinds of aqueducts from which its citizens, in after ages, derived ſuch advantages *.

That this was not effected, we know; and having, at the cloſe of the laſt Chapter, deplored the fatal effects of a neglect, the influence of which increaſed with the increaſe of the inhabitants, we ſhall here cloſe our obſervations on this ſubject.

The general condition of the people ſeems, notwithſtanding the ſtrictneſs of the municipal laws during the reigns of the Normans, to have been but little improved from the time of the Anglo-Saxons. Indeed, if we turn our thoughts to the country whence the conquerors iſſued, we ceaſe to wonder that the change which had been effected, ſo far from meliorating their circumſtances, only afforded opportunities to theſe Monarchs to eradicate thoſe few broad, juſt, and generous principles which, infuſed into the laws, were felt and acknowledged by the citizens amidſt all the vices of the Saxon domination, and to introduce, as far as they durſt, that ferocity, cruelty, and treachery, which in thoſe times pervaded France.

Of all the reſtraints * impoſed upon the people of London, they ſeem, probably from the municipal liberty which they had in many inſtances enjoyed, to have conſidered the tolling of the curfew bell as the moſt intolerable. How far this regulation was neceſſary, in a country recently ſubjugated, and in which the different habits and different modes of life of the old inhabitants were oppoſed to that pride radically inherent in the human ſyſtem, when placed in ſituations of truſt and power, which operated in the conduct of the new, and produced frequent ebullitions, we have not the means of aſcertaining. All that we know is, that a conſiderable period elapſed before the mutations of paſſions and principles, the political and legal changes that occurred, and, more than all, the revolu-

* It may here be obſerved, that an aqueduct was diſcovered in the yard of a houſe belonging to the Canon Reſidentiary of St. Paul, near that cathedral; and another of the ſame deſcription in digging (after the fire of London) for the foundation of a new building in Creed-lane: but theſe were very ſmall, and evidently deſigned for no other purpoſe than to convey water to baths on thoſe ſpots: of one of thoſe, veſtiges were found.

Pipes of Roman workmanſhip have been diſcovered under the ſtreets of London, and in ſeveral places in its vicinity; but in no inſtance have any traces been found which indicated that even an attempt had been made to ſupply the metropolis with water upon the grand principle eſtabliſhed at Rome.

* Of the turbulent ſtate of the country at this period, and of the metropolis in particular, we may judge from the law which it was found neceſſary to promulgate and to enforce within the walls of London, whoſe country markets had been formerly held without, which enacted, that no markets ſhould be held but within burghs, walled towns, caſtles, and *ſafe places*, wherein the King's laws and cuſtoms could be ſecured from violation, &c. (*Leges Edw. & Will. c.* 6. 61—68, *in Selden's ed. of Eadmer, pp.* 191—193.) This law has been conſidered as advantageous to the ſubjects in two inſtances; becauſe, in the firſt, it not only rendered burghs, walled towns, caſtles, &c. places of ſafety to thoſe that brought their commodities to thoſe markets; but, ſecondly, becauſe it gave to them alſo the privilege of emancipating *thoſe ſlaves* who lived within them unclaimed a year and a day. Indeed we think it contained a ſtill more extended benefit; for while it enſured the ſafety of the market people, it enabled them to ſpread ſupplies of proviſions over the country with greater equality than before. Whereſoever a caſtle aroſe, (and, like convents, we know that they aroſe in every direction,) inhabitants ſpeedily accumulated within its ample demeſnes, and a market followed of courſe. In proceſs of time the place became a town. Many that have ſo ariſen are ſtill to be found, which, although the caſtles have long ſince fallen, ſtill retain the original cognomen; ſuch as, New Caſtle, Biſhop's Caſtle, Corfe Caſtle, Caſtle Riſing, &c.

tions

tions of exiſtence, would ſuffer theſe two heterogeneous bodies cordially to aſſimilate.

In contemplating the characters of the Engliſh and Norman inhabitants of the metropolis, (a place where the ſhades and lines of diſtinction were more obvious and more ſtrongly marked than in other parts of the kingdom,) we find that diſputes aroſe, and reſtrictions became neceſſary, from circumſtances that have in all ages been the ſource of the former, and frequently productive of the latter; theſe were *profeſſional*. The inhabitants of London, in thoſe times, were, generally ſpeaking, monks, tradeſmen, and merchants. That they had in their compoſitions but little of the military paſſion, their tame ſubmiſſion to the Conqueror, and their ſhameful abandonment of the repreſentative of a race of Monarchs, one of whom they had ſo lately almoſt idolized, and at whoſe ſhrine they daily proſtrated themſelves with the moſt enthuſiaſtic zeal and devotion, ſufficiently ſhow. That they were in a ſtate of timidity which rendered their ſubjugation ſo eaſy that it almoſt diſgraced their aſſailants to term it a conqueſt, is equally certain. While the Normans, who had for a long ſeries of years lived amidſt the convulſive throes of inteſtine commotions, rebellions, predatory expeditions, and all the various ebullitions to which governments purely military are ſubject, and by which, if the apparent ſoleciſm may be allowed, they *exiſted*, were admirably fitted to keep in ſubjection thoſe three claſſes of men, whoſe ſpirits appear to have been already depreſſed, but ſtill of whom, though he certainly had leſs reaſon for it, the Monarch was more jealous, than of his ſubjects in the other parts of his kingdom.

Yet although the citizens conſidered the tolling of the curfew bell as one of the indications of the ſubjection in which they were held, it is probable, that in the unſettled ſtate of thoſe times they derived from it ſome ſecurity, eſpecially as it was combined with a nightly watch, conducted with uncommon ſtrictneſs. This the two firſt Monarchs of the Norman race eſtabliſhed; though we find that Henry the Iſt, who, from the circumſtances of his ſituation, was induced to aim at popularity, and, as the firſt ſtep towards it, reſtored to his ſubjects the uſe of fire and lights, as they had enjoyed them under the Saxons, alſo relaxed the ſtrictneſs of thoſe police regulations adopted by his father and brother.

The conſequence of this repreſſion of an eſtabliſhment which, for many years, had the ſalutary effect of preſerving the public peace, was ſuch, that it is ſaid many, taking advantage of the ſupineneſs of municipal regulations, gave themſelves to robberies and to murders in the night. Upon which Roger Hoveden obſerves, that "in the year 1175 a Council was kept at Nottingham, in the time of which Council a brother of the Earl of Ferrers being privately ſlain in the night in London*, and thrown out of his Inn. When the King, Henry the IId, heard of this, he ſwore that he would be revenged of the citizens:" by which we imagine he meant, that he would cauſe the laws to be more rigidly adminiſtered in future; for it is not to be ſuppoſed that Henry the IId, (who, whatſoever faults he might have, has always been

* Nothing can give us a greater idea of the total relaxation of all the energies of civic government, than to learn, that in the metropolis it was a common practice for a hundred or more perſons, young and old, to make nightly invaſions upon the houſes of the wealthy inhabitants, and alſo to rob, and even to murder, paſſengers. Of theſe enormities there is an inſtance recorded by the hiſtorian above quoted of the attempt of a gang of thieves to plunder the ſtore-houſe of a wealthy citizen, for which a number of perſons were apprehended, and among the reſt one John Senex, a man of great conſequence, credit, and wealth, who not being able to acquit himſelf by the *water doom*, was, although he offered the King five hundred pounds of ſilver for his life, executed, and the city became more quiet for a long time after. In the beginning of the reign of Edward the IIId, we learn that a dangerous inſurrection of the bakers, fiſhmongers, tavern-keepers, cooks, poulterers, butchers, and other tradeſmen, aroſe: in conſequence of which, it appears by the King's letter to the Mayor, the inſurgents went through the city by night and day with ſwords, bucklers, and other arms, and, either by the inſtigation of others, or their own malice, ſome they beat and miſuſed, and committed other offences againſt the King's peace, &c. Such, in thoſe times, was the ſtate of civic ſociety.

allowed to poſſeſs uncommon ſagacity,) had any other ideas of rigour than ſuch as were conſiſtent with an energetic enforcement of the laws in order to bring offenders to juſtice; or, if this were found impracticable, in reviving the Saxon cuſtom of making the diſtrict anſwerable in a fine or fines proportionate to the enormity of their offence or offences.

Of the opulence of the city of London * at this period, we have a pleaſing picture by William of Malmſbury, (*Novels, f.* 107—*a Geſta Pontif. f.* 133 *b.*) who ſays, that "it is a noble city, renowned for the opulence of its citizens," (for we learn that ſeveral of them reſided in houſes built of *ſtone*,) "many of whom are conſidered as Noblemen and people of the firſt quality in the kingdom." It was alſo ſaid to have abounded in merchandiſe brought from all countries, but chiefly from Germany †; a connexion which probably produced the Hanſeatic league, though it is likely that its real germe was planted in the time of the Saxons.

Fitzſtephen (an author of this age, whom we before have had occaſion to quote,) is much more diffuſe in praiſe of the metropolitan city: ſtruck with its features, which appeared to him to combine elegance, politeneſs, and opulence, he ſeems to write, not only with a conſiderable knowledge of the ſubject, we mean as to the cuſtoms and manners of its citizens, but from the heart. He ſtates, that our anceſtors were remarkable for their politeneſs, the elegance of their dreſs, and the magnificence of their tables: and however we might be inclined to diſpute the two former poſitions, (for certainly the age of Henry the IId was neither remarkable for refinement, nor did the male or female drapery of thoſe times, as the ſtatues and ſtatute-book will evince, poſſeſs much elegance,) yet we agree with him reſpecting the latter. The magnificence of the tables of the citizens of London was, even then, proverbial; although it muſt be allowed that it was of a ſpecies that would now be termed *ſolid ſplendour*, and rather conſiſted in the ſize and quantity of the joints and diſhes than in their taſteful arrangement. However, the author goes on to ſtate that the matrons of London excelled in chaſtity, (and conſequently in every other virtue.) This we believe, becauſe there are ſtill upon record inſtances ſufficient to convince us that they were pious, charitable, domeſtic, and that their affection to their huſbands, and care of their families, would have been exemplary even in ages of far greater refinement.

Having broadly diſplayed the character of his civic compatriots, our author, with that honeſt zeal for his native land which clings to the heart of every Briton, informs us, that no city in the world exports its merchandiſe to ſuch a diſtance. Among the imports, he enumerates precious ſtones from Egypt, purple drapery from India; gold, ſpices, frankincenſe, from Arabia *; and

* In the charter of Henry the Iſt, (to which we have before adverted,) the higher claſs of citizens appear to have been ſtiled Barons, (*Spelman's Gloſſ. v. Baron,*) from a brief of Henry the Iſt, directed to Fulcher (Chief Magiſtrate), Euſtace the Sheriff, and all the Barons of London. This rank of Burgeſſe was, we have reaſon to believe, the ſame as the Aldermen are at preſent; though the Saxon term Ealdermen, which certainly in its original ſignification deſignated a claſs conſiderably higher, had not yet deſcended to the citizens of London, who, in common with thoſe of York, Warwick, and the Cinque Ports, were identified by the title of Barons, which is ſtill retained by the repreſentatives of the latter.

† This country, in early ages, (when, owing either to bad management of the Engliſh, their ignorance of agriculture, or unfavourable ſeaſons, a ſcarcity of corn occurred,) was conſidered as a granary, and reſorted to for ſupplies of this neceſſary article.

* Articles of theſe ſpecies, it will be recollected, were among the imports to England in the time of the Saxons. After the converſion of thoſe people, the former were uſed in the decoration of the Chriſtian churches and veſtments, and the latter in their religious rites: they were probably derived from Venice, and the other commercial cities of Italy. Our author has been cenſured for not affording to us correct information either of the goods exported, or of the countries to which they were conſigned, none of which were very diſtant, according to the extenſive ideas of the moderns. It is certain that this information is not afforded us: but the writer who launched this

and palm oil from Bagdad; furs of various kinds from Norway and Scythia, and wine from France.

"The city" at this time, (ſaith Fitzſtephen,) "contains thirteen large conventual churches, and one hundred and twenty-ſix that are parochial." The King's palace at Weſtminſter is two miles from the city, (that is, from Ludgate, then its weſtern extremity,) and the intermediate ſpace is almoſt wholly filled up with the houſes and gardens of the citizens*. On the north ſide are open fields of corn and graſs*, and a lake with ſeveral ſtreams, beyond which is a foreſt wherein the citizens take the diverſion of hunting. On the upper ſide of Finſbury-field, near Old-ſtreet-road, and alſo near the ſpot whereon the former hoſpital of St. Luke was erected, ſtood the Lord Mayor's Dog Houſe; and if we conſider that the ſpace from Moorgate Poſtern to Iſlington is only one mile and a half, it is curious to reflect how completely the face of the country, in this ſhort ſpace,

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this obſervation ſhould have conſidered, that Fitzſtephen was not a merchant, but a Monk, and that conſequently countries appeared diſtant to him in the exact proportion as his ideas of commerce were contracted. If he walked upon the quays, and ſaw goods ſhipped for Italy, he might, from what he had gathered of the commerce of other countries, with propriety aſſert, that no city exports its merchandiſe to ſuch a diſtance, as the term is comparative and indefinite.

"Aſk where the North? at York, upon the Tweed;
At Scotland, in the Orcades; and there,
At Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where!"

or, indeed, Fitzſtephen might have known that goods, by being conſigned to an Italian port, were in the then regular track to the Eaſt Indies.

* The author ſhould have ſaid of the Nobility, for it was long after the age of Fitzſtephen that the citizens of London had an idea of reſiding weſt of the metropolis. The nobility, as London became commercial, forſook their houſes within its walls, and erected many others betwixt the weſtern gate and the Court, conſequently ranging along the Strand, the ſites of which may be accurately traced by the names of the ſtreets built upon them and their demeſnes. Theſe it is not neceſſary here to enumerate; it may be ſufficient to advert to the plan of London about the year 1600, which ſhows, that even advanced as commerce was at that time, its influence was inſufficient to induce ſpeculators to cover thoſe large ſpaces with bricks in the manner which has been ſo extenſively and ſo happily practiſed ſince the Revolution all round the metropolis.

* Theſe fields are now the ſite of Finſbury-ſquare and the adjacent ſtreets. The manor adjoining to Moorfields is mentioned in an ancient record, it being granted, 20 Rich. II, to Robert de Wylingham, Prebend. of the pariſh of St. Giles Cripplegate, under the name of the garden of Vineſbury; whence it may be inferred, that this place had formerly a large garden for vines, or vineyard, annexed to it.

Of this kind of plantations having exiſted in and about the metropolis, as may be gathered from the places built upon their ſites being termed Vine yards, Vine ſtreets, Vine courts, &c. many inſtances might be adduced, were they neceſſary. It appears that vines were formerly cultivated in this kingdom to a much greater extent than at preſent, and that great quantities of wine were made. In the Domeſday Book it is ſtated, that "At Rogonia, in the hundred of Rochford, there is a vineyard, containing *ſix arpents*, which when it thrives yields *twenty modii* of wine." There is extant in the cathedral of St. Paul a ſurvey of the manor of Finſbury, in the county of Middleſex, belonging to the Prebend of Haliwell and Finſbury, taken 30th December 1567, 10th Elizabeth, by which it appears, that the houſes and gardens of Aldermen and opulent citizens were ſpread over this manor, particularly in Bunhill-field, Golding-lane, White-croſs-ſtreet, Finſbury-fields, &c. The Lord Mayor for the time being is Lord of the Manor. The court leet and court baron, wherein the Senior City Pleader ſits as Steward, are held annually ſo after St. Luke's Day. It appears, that from very early times this ſuburb was conſidered as a place of recreation for the citizens. The ſports of Finſbury-field have often been mentioned. Near this place were bowling-alleys, and, in latter ages, theatres, tumbling-booths, &c.

has

has been changed, even within living memory, and how totally every trace of its former ſurface is annihilated. We learn from authentic records, that cloſe to the wall of the city there was formerly a great more, or mere, to which alſo belonged a *fiſhery* that had more than once been the ſubject of diſpute, particularly in the reign of Edward the Iſt, when the Lord Chancellor (Walter de Maton) ſeized both the more and the right of fiſhing for the uſe of the King: theſe, however, were returned to their ancient owners. A variety of other revolutions, recorded by our civic hiſtorians, have happened with reſpect to this property. The right of encloſure of the common fields about Iſlington, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and other places in the vicinity of the metropolis, was diſputed in the year 1514 *. The people, it appears, reſorted to the rough expedient of levelling all the impediments to their recreation; ſince which the fields were never hedged †.

From this digreſſion, which the obſervations of Fitzſtephen elicited, we reſume the conſideration of the commerce of London in the middle ages; which city, it muſt be obſerved, in thoſe times concentrated a large part of that of the whole country; and therefore we deem it, in this inſtance, improper to paſs over the pompous deſcription of its trade and proſperity, which Matthew of Weſtminſter diſplays in the character of a perſon lamenting the miſeries occaſioned by the civil war. "Oh, England!" (ſays he, page 396,) "formerly glorious, illuſtrious, and exalted among the kingdoms, like the grandeur of the Chaldæans. The fleets of Tarſhiſh were not comparable to thy ſhips, carrying aromatics and all pretious merchandize throughout the four quarters of the globe. The ſea was thy wall, and caſtles ſtrongly fortified were the gates of thy harbours. In thee chivalry, the church, and commerce, flouriſhed. For thee the Piſans, the Genoeſe, and the Venetians, tranſported the ſapphire, the carbuncle, and the ſmaraydus, drawn from the rivers of paradiſe. Aſia ſupplied thee with the fineſt linen, Africa with cinnamon and balſam, Spain with gold, and Germany with ſilver. For thee Flanders, thy weaver, made pretious drapery of thy own materials. For thee thy own Gaſcoigne produced wine. To thee all the iſlands betwixt the Hyades and Areturus were ſubſervient. Thy inland parts abounded with wild beaſts of the woods, and thy hills with cattle of every kind. Thou didſt poſſeſs all the fowls of the air. Thy fields were beautiful. In the abundance of fiſh thou ſurpaſſed every region: and though thou haſt but a narrow tract of land, confined within the ſhores of the ſea, yet the coaſts of all nations, warmed by the fleeces of thy ſheep, have bleſſed thy celebrated fertility. In thee the ſwords were converted into ploughſhares, and peace and religion were ſo flouriſhing, that thou wert looked up to as a mirror to all catholic kingdoms. Alas! why art thou now ſtripped of ſuch great glory * ?"

Waiving, or rather curtailing, the exuberances

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* Lower Moorfield, it may be conjectured, from what has ſo lately *been undone*, is moſt rapidly reverting to that ſtate from which Sir Leonard Holliday, Mayor, A.D. 1606, recovered it. This worthy Magiſtrate, from a public nuiſance, by taſtefully laying out its walks which have been ſo lately torn up, planting thoſe trees which have been ſo lately felled, and bounding thoſe quarters that have ſo lately been *unbound*, converted it into an agreeable and healthful promenade for the citizens and their families.

† *Holinſhed's Chronicle, Vol.* III. The genius of *improvement* is in this age generally to be traced by the track of dilapidation. This certainly does not apply to the new buildings in Finſbury: but it is ſtated, that manſions of much ſuperior elegance are about to ariſe upon the ſites of the vegetable and architectural ruins of which Moorfields ſtill exhibit many melancholy inſtances.

* The comparative opulence of London may be gathered from a circumſtance much leſs romantic and exaggerated than this quotation, although it is one that does no great credit either to the humanity of the inhabitants, or the benignity of their Monarchs. This circumſtance is, its being conſidered as the principal place of reſort, or, as it has been termed, the *head-quarters* of all the Jews in England; a people who, though in all countries, in former times, labouring under the moſt grievous oppreſſions, impoſts, exactions, and cruelties, we have always conſidered

exuberances of this florid deſcription, and only conſidering the dry detail of its contents, there is ſtill ſufficient reaſon to believe that England in general, and London in particular, had, with reſpect to their manufactures and commerce, been in a progreſſive ſtate of improvement from the beginning of the twelfth century, in the courſe of which Fitzſtephen, William of Malmſbury, and Henry of Huntingdon, wrote. The latter is, indeed, in his deſcription of his country, little leſs florid than Matthew of Weſtminſter, whom we have juſt quoted, who wrote in the middle of the thirteenth; therefore it is probable that the ſituation of commerce, and the flouriſhing ſtate of the metropolis, warranted the aſſertions of all theſe authors. In fact, if we conſider the immenſe drains of ſpecie occaſioned by the Cruſades, by the avarice of the Court of Rome, by foreign wars, and even by the defence of the tranſmarine poſſeſſions of the Norman Monarch, we muſt obſerve, that this devoted kingdom has, from the period of the Conqueſt, ſeemed a bank to the other parts of Europe, and therefore muſt believe that its commerce, in thoſe times, was far greater than has been generally imagined; for although we have from the higheſt authority the account which is quoted in the note *, ſtill it will be remembered, that a very

conſidered as neceſſary links of that chain which connected and combined the commerce of the world. One of the many hardſhips impoſed upon this unfortunate, though opulent race, was an obligation to bring their dead from all parts of the country to be interred in one general cemetary in Red-croſs-ſtreet, Cripplegate, until A.D. 1177, when Henry the IId, ſeeing the inconvenience, as well as impolicy, of this reſtriction, permitted them to purchaſe burying-grounds in other parts of the kingdom.—(*Bromton Col.* 1129. *Stow's London.*)

* The following account, given into the exchequer by Walter Harvey and William of Durham, Cuſtodes, gives a view of the names and amount of dues collected from the eve of Eaſter till Michaelmas 1268, viz.

Divers tronages † and ſome ſmall *ſtrandages* ‡	97	13	11½
Cuſtoms of all kinds of merchandize coming from foreign ports, liable to pay the duty called *ſcavage* ‖, together with *peſages* §, during the half-year	75	6	10
Meaſuring dues for corn arriving at the port of Billingſgate, and water cuſtoms there	5	18	7½
Cuſtoms of fiſh to London Bridge (Fiſh-ſtreet-hill), and ſome other cuſtoms there	7	0	2½
Iſſue of the field and bars of Smithfield	4	7	6
Tolls taken at the gates of the city, and cuſtoms on the water of Thames toward the Weſt	8	13	2½
Stallages ¶, cuſtoms of the butchers and others exerciſing divers trades in the market of Cheap, tolls and iſſues of the ſaid market, the iſſues of the market of Garſchirche (Graſs Church or Grace Church) and Woolchirchhawe, with a certain annual ſoccage ** of the butchers in the city	42	0	5
Iſſues of Queehithe, being in the King's hands ††	17	11	2

Forfeits

† Money paid for weighing at the public beam.

‡ Money paid for laying goods on the ſtrand, ſimilar to wharfage.

‖ Fees for liberty to ſhow goods in the market.

§ For weighing.

¶ Rent for the uſe of a ſtall.

** *Soccage*, a word of diſputed meaning. In law it means tenure lands derived from Soc, a plough-ſhare. Here it ſeems to imply payment for certain privileges enjoyed by the butchers.

†† Henry the IId obliged all the veſſels laden with corn to deliver at Queehithe, and fiſh to be landed at the ſame place, which he directed ſhould be the only fiſh-market in London. 1246 it became the property of the City, by purchaſe from Richard Earl of Cornwall. For ſome time it flouriſhed exceedingly; but, it is ſaid, owing to the malpractices of the bakers of London, its profits became ſo low, that when Fabian wrote (about A.D. 1600) they ſcarcely exceeded twenty marks per annum of ſuch money as was then current.

a very great number of articles paid no duty to the King; and the cuſtoms, port dues, &c. of others were ſo ſmall, that, conſidering the difference in the value of money betwixt the time when it is dated and the preſent, we are rather diſpoſed to wonder at the large amount of the collection, than to view in any part of it ſymptoms of contracted commerce.

The condition of the people during the long reign of Henry the IIId was, in conſequence of the oppreſſions under which they laboured, deplorable. Theſe operated with a peculiar force upon the Citizens of London, who were upon the moſt frivolous pretences ſubject to the moſt grievous exactions. Many of the Officers of the King, whoſe names, ſaith Matthew Paris, it would be both tedious and dangerous to mention, quartering themſelves, in a manner, on the citizens, took every opportunity that the relaxed ſtate of the municipal laws afforded them of plundering the merchants, natives as well as foreigners, of their horſes, carts, wine, proviſions, cloth, wax, and other articles.

We have already glanced at the cruelty exerciſed in thoſe ages againſt the Jews; and as it would be neither uſeful, nor pleaſant, to dwell upon enormities that aroſe from that very paſſion in Monarchs with which they charged thoſe unfortunate people, who appear, in ſome inſtances, to have ſuffered under perſecutions that ſeemed to augur a revival of thoſe that diſgraced the times of Titus and Adrian, or their inflictions by the Cruſaders, we gladly drop the ſubject.

In taking a philoſophical view of the temper of the metropolitan ſubjects of Henry the IIId at this period, we find, that from the ſcene of extortion on the one hand, and of profuſion on the other, which were ſo conſtantly before their eyes, and conſequently ſo conſtantly the ſubjects of their cogitations, the train was laid which, in its ſubſequent exploſion, if it did wholly ſeparate the City from the Court, was certainly the cauſe of that want of confidence which ſoon after was ſo apparent, and of that ſcrutinizing jealouſy with which miniſterial meaſures were examined in the eaſt, and alſo of the tenacity with which the Londoners, in common with the ſubjects of many other parts of the kingdom, adhered to their property, when the influence of the Commons gave them an opportunity to reſiſt thoſe infractions upon it which, long ſanctioned by the Nobility, had before been reluctantly yielded to.

The citizens of London, conſidered collectively, however they may have been at times ſubject to the impoſition of falſe patriots, and exhibited as *butts* for the wit and ribaldry of the idle and extravagant, have, generally ſpeaking, been a wiſe, a prudent, and a loyal people. In all public exigencies their advice has been reſorted to. All parties have, by turns, endeavoured to obtain their ſanction. In times of public danger and pecuniary diſtreſs, they have both gallantly and liberally riſked their perſons and property; while the eyes of the nation have been fixed upon the metropolis, and the conduct of London has in moſt inſtances been the guide to other Corporations; and although, in the periods to which we allude, the commerce of the country could not be deemed extenſive, in compariſon to the modern, nor did the national revenue * depend ſo much

upon

* Enormous as the depreciation of ſpecie, from the times of Henry the IId to the preſent, has been, we can hardly give credit to the ſtatement of M. Paris, pp. 658—859, namely, that the annual revenue of England was, in that age, ſomewhat under ſixty thouſand marks, and the net royal revenue about twenty-three thouſand.

Forfeits of ſundry foreigners (countrymen) for buying and ſelling in the city contrary to the ſtatutes and cuſtoms thereof	10	11	0
Pleas and perquiſites in the city	86	5	0
From the Waidarii (dealers in woad) of Amiens, Corbye, and Neale (cities of France,) ſince Michaelmas	11	8	6
The whole amounting to £.	366	15	4½

Madox's Hiſtory of the Exchequer, c. 18, § 4.

upon it, yet we find, in the reign of Henry the III, that the royal, like the public income, was more than equal to the expenditure; for the Monarch, from the ſavings made in the courſe of his reign, amaſſed a ſum which would for thoſe times be thought immenſely large *, were it not to be obſerved that ſome individuals were, in proportion, conſiderably richer †. In fact, although the imports of the country could not be deemed extenſive, and were, except in the inſtances of wine, woad, and corn ‡, moſtly luxuries, conſequently only in demand by the ſuperior orders of ſociety, yet the articles exported, conſiſting of hardware, cloth, and a variety of other goods, adapted to the general wants of mankind, being paid for in ſpecie, produced gold and ſilver ſufficient to countervail the papal drain, and other expenſes, to which we have obſerved the country was, for a long ſeries of ages, expoſed. Thoſe ſources of commerce, while they rendered the citizens and merchants of London progreſſively rich, conſequently afforded to them the means to diſplay at once their magnificence and benevolence.

* This Monarch bequeathed above forty thouſand marks of ſilver and five hundred marks of gold to religious and charitable purpoſes. The nature of theſe pious bequeſts antecedent to the Reformation is pretty well underſtood; therefore, although we have ſeen ſomething like an implied objection to the diſpoſal of the marks of ſilver which we are not diſpoſed to controvert, except by obſerving that they might have been worſe applied, there certainly can be none to the application of the five hundred marks of gold, which were unqueſtionably a liberal and noble bequeſt, as it was directed "to be divided into marriage portions for young women of *free*, that is to ſay, of genteel condition."—*M. Paris, p.* 140.

† Roger, Archbiſhop of York, died in 1181, poſſeſſed of 11,000 *pounds* of ſilver, and 300 pieces of gold, beſides a gold cup, and a conſiderable quantity of ſilver plate.

‡ Large ſtores of this article were collected in the metropolis, which in years of ſcarcity, ſuch as has already been obſerved frequently happened from bad huſbandry, inattention to agriculture, and civil commotions, was termed the granary of the kingdom.

De Boigne.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE Marhatta war, and its conſequences, being likely ſoon to occupy the attention of the Public, the following ſketch of the life of one whoſe name will frequently occur in the courſe of the inveſtigation, will probably be not unacceptable to your readers. It was originally publiſhed at Calcutta in 1797 and 1798, and is as follows:—

Agra, 20th Dec. 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

GENERAL BENOIT DE BOIGNE is one of thoſe ſingular characters, which Nature forms in her whimſical moments, to ſurpriſe mankind, and ſhow the diverſity of her materials and the variety of her execution. If ſmall objects may be introduced to draw a ſimile for grand ones, I would obſerve, that the ſame motive which induced a *Spinoza*, a *Machiavel*, or a *Rouſſeau*, to compoſe their eccentric productions, influenced Nature to mould a Suwarro, Potemkin, a Kouſiouſko, or a de Boigne. He was by birth a Savoyard; of parents who were reputed reſpectable and poor. His firſt career was under the direction of Mars, in the ſervice of his Prince. Fond of novelty, and reſtleſs with ambition, he changed the poor proſpects of a Sardinian Officer for the ſplendid views offered by France, and entered into her Iriſh brigades as an Enſign. This was an harbinger of his ſubſequent conduct—the calm life, the inflated poverty, and the ſterile hopes of a Sardinian Officer, were ill calculated for de Boigne's mind, which was ever looking forward, ſtill ſoaring to the ſkies. I have never heard what induced him to quit the French banners, but I imagine it was no unworthy motive, as he had enemies alert enough, and ſufficiently willing to exaggerate every tale, and amplify every anecdote which was to his diſparage, or which could militate againſt his character;—could he have been cenſured, many voices would have vociferated his condemnation.—The next period in his diverſified life was an Enſign in the Ruſſian army, ſerving againſt the Turks. In an action on the frontiers of Turkey, a ſmall party, to which he was attached, was cut off nearly to a man, and de Boigne taken priſoner; he was led

to Conſtantinople, and ſold as a ſlave for fifty dollars! Could we have ſeen him carrying pots of water from the Helleſpont to his maſter's houſe, we ſhould have perceived much difference between de Boigne and other water carriers.

"Great Julius on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led;
He, that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green."

At the concluſion of the war, he was redeemed by his parents, went to Peterſburgh, and had the honour to be introduced to the Empreſs. Some ſuperſtitious retailers of anecdotes ſay, that her Majeſty then propheſied his future riſe, by remarking that he was born to be a great man; perhaps, like moſt prophecies, it was pronounced after the event, or an unpremeditated obſervation diſtorted to ſuit the circumſtance. At Peterſburgh he was admitted to the acquaintance of Lord M'Cartney, the then Engliſh Ambaſſador, and received, as a reward for his ſlavery, the rank of Lieutenant. From Peterſburgh he was detached to ſome Ruſſian poſt near the Archipelago, and he was ſo fortunate as to accompany Lord Percy in a tour his Lordſhip made through the Grecian Iſlands—this was the embrio of de Boigne's future ſucceſs, and produced thoſe ſcenes in which he has been ſo conſpicuous and ſo brilliant an actor: ſuch is the oddity of human events, ſuch the effects of chance. De Boigne formed no idea of his intimacy with his Lordſhip adequate to his ſucceſs. He paſſed over it as a trivially fortunate circumſtance, and not as that forcible aſtoniſhing cauſe which would elevate him to the de Boigne he now is; and Lord Percy, in giving him a letter of recommendation to Lord M'Cartney, the Governor of Madras, and one to Mr. Haſtings, of Bengal, little imagined he ſhould raiſe the ſubaltern who commanded his guard to the ſubduer of kingdoms equal to Britain. But a truce with digreſſions. It is probable, from the circumſtance of de Boigne's procuring letters of recommendation for India, that he, even at this early period of his ambitious career, had formed the idea of viſiting India, the continent of wealth and adventurous ſpeculation; for his life has been a ſeries of ambitious plans. His mind was ever viewing the ſplendid heights of fortune, and every ſtep he aſcended only acted as an incentive to proceed with bold perſeverance. Shortly after this fortuitous circumſtance, I believe he went once more to Peterſburgh, and propoſed, through the Ruſſian Miniſter, to the Empreſs, the execution of a voyage to India, and a circuit through Caſhmere, Tartary, the borders of the Caſpian, to Ruſſia. Catherine, who ever reliſhed and encouraged adventurous travellers, approved of the ſcheme; and de Boigne received the commiſſion of a Captain previous to his departure. On his arrival at Madras, in 1780, he enliſted under the banners of the Company, as an Enſign. This is a part of his conduct for which I can aſſign no reaſonable motive from the general tenor of his life and his plans, except as a veil to conceal his future ſchemes: however, he ſoon quitted a ſituation ſo ill adapted to his mind, not as ſome have imagined by the deciſion of a court martial. It is true, a court martial was held on him for taking ſome improper liberties with an Officer's wife, but he was honourably acquitted. Of this I have been aſſured by the late Captain Harvey, who was one of the Members of the Court. De Boigne often ſaid, that a progreſſive ſervice held out no enticing proſpect to his mind, nor ſuited his years or his views. From Madras he came to Calcutta, in 1782, and was cordially received by Mr. Haſtings, who paid every attention to Lord Percy's recommendation. De Boigne declared the plan of his intended tour to the Governor, concealing the perſonage for whom it was undertaken; and Mr. Haſtings, to promote his views, gave him a ſtrong letter to the Nawab of Lucnow and the Reſident. De Boigne, on his arrival at Lucnow, was introduced to the Nawab, and received a *Khelut*, which he ſold for 4000 rupees; alſo, as an encouragement to his intended travels, a bill of exchange, on Caſhmere, for 6000 rupees. With this conſiderable ſum, he purchaſed ſome arms, cloths, &c.—came to Agra, and entered into the Rajah of Jeypore's ſervice, on 2000 rupees a month. Intelligence of this tranſaction being ſent to Calcutta, de Boigne was ordered down by Mr. Haſtings. Though he was not liable to the Governor's orders, conſequently might have diſobeyed them, yet, to ingratiate himſelf ſtill more with Mr. Haſtings, he went without heſitation

tion to Calcutta, exculpated himſelf of ſome invidious charges, and was once more permitted to proceed to Lucnow. Having realized ſome money, his avarice triumphed over his ambition, and he ſet up in the cloth trade at that place, and was very ſucceſsful. He might have continued the purſuit of commerce with eaſe and proſperity, but his mind then formed thoſe grand projects which were afterwards realized. He came to Agra in 1784; and to evince his military talents to the Princes of India, he propoſed a plan of defence to the unfortunate Ranah of Gohud, who was then cloſely beſieged by Mhadojee Scindea in his fort. De Boigne offered to the Ranah a propoſition by which he could extricate himſelf from his difficulties and diſtreſs, and defeat the hoſtile operations of his enemy—that if the Ranah would ſend him a ſum of money, he would raiſe 1000 men at Agra, 1000 at Jeypore, 2000 at Dhailee, and 1000 near Gohud—that theſe troops ſhould meet, with all imaginary ſecreſy and precaution, at an appointed time and place, on the borders of the Ranah's territories, attack Scindea in the rear, and make a diverſion to enable the fort of Gohud to be relieved. The raiſing of men at different places obviated many chances of diſcovery, and the plan would probably have been ſucceſsful, had not the correſpondence between the Ranah and de Boigne been intercepted by Scindea. What de Boigne then conſidered as a diſappointment, turned out the moſt fortunate circumſtance in his plans; for Scindea formed ſo high an opinion of his military talents, his reſolution, and his intrepidity, from the intercepted plan to ſuccour Gohud, that he conſulted Mr. Anderſon, the Britiſh reſident at his Court, to take him into his ſervice. De Boigne had good recommendations to Mr. Anderſon, who ſent for him, introduced him to Scindea, and procured him the command of two regular battalions, to be raiſed by himſelf, and diſciplined according to European tactics. Such are the leading circumſtances which gave de Boigne a footing in the Marhatta dominions. You will perceive that fortune conſpired with de Boigne's talents and perſeverance to open to his view the magnificent ſcenes in which he was ſoon to be a conſpicuous and important actor. I will in my next purſue the narrative, and now remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

LONGINUS.

Agra, 2d January, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have already conducted General de Boigne from Savoy to the Marhatta empire, through an irregular and diverſified path, with various ſucceſs; the ſcene is now to be fixed, and only variegated with rapid triumphs in the field, proſperity in the cabinet, and the perſpective adorned with all the charms of a ſplendid fortune. To trace his regular progreſs from the command of two battalions with Appakhundo Rao, a Marhatta Chief under Mhadojee Scindea, to the General of an army of twenty thouſand men, would be too diffuſive for my limited plan. I ſhall juſt notice the principal battles he gained which confirmed the confidence and good intentions of Scindea, and cleared the path for the ambitious hopes of de Boigne. After long and attentive experience, Mhadojee was perſuaded that by regular troops alone, commanded by Europeans, he could vanquiſh his enemies, and ſubdue and retain the ſtill extenſive territories of the dilapidated empire of the race of Timoor. He had ſeen the ſurpriſing effects of two battalions led on by a de Boigne in the memorable battles of Lallſont, Agra, and Chaklana, from 1784 to 1789, where large armies fled before their grape and their bayonet; and he eaſily adopted the propoſal to augment them to eight battalions, then to ſixteen, with a train of eighty pieces of cannon: an efficient force adequate to the conqueſt of any native Prince in India.

The territorial avidity of Scindea concurring with the talents and ſucceſs of de Boigne, formed the preſent army of our hero—the largeſt and beſt regulated in the European mode which has ever, under the obedience of an Eaſtern Prince, frowned on the plains of Hindoſtan—and Scindea was not diſappointed. The firſt conſiderable ſervice in which it was employed was important to him and glorious to de Boigne: this was the famous battle of Mairta in 1790. De Boigne had only eight battalions in the field, conſiſting of ſeven hundred men each, and

he was oppoſed by a multitude of Rattores, a race of Rajpoots, celebrated for their ſavage bravery;—to aſcertain their number is difficult, from the exaggeration and uncertainty of oriental intelligence; but moderate reports ſays, forty thouſand. De Boigne gained the day after an obſtinate ſtruggle, and took thirty pieces of cannon. The enemy was commanded by various Chiefs, whom de Boigne, by his deep initiation in eaſtern diſtruſt, contrived to diſunite, divide *et impera*. Shortly after, with the ſame force, and in the ſame year, he combated the ſucceſsful arms of Iſhmael Beg, and fifty thouſand men at Patun. The engagement continued from nine in the morning till night. Conſidering the numbers of the enemy, and the high martial reputation of their leader this was the moſt obſtinate and glorious conteſt in which victory declared for de Boigne. His troops committed terrible ſlaughter, and took ſeventy pieces of cannon. In 1792, at Lukhairee, he engaged the army of Tookajee Holkur, commanded partly by Holkur himſelf, and partly by the Chevalier Dudrenec. In this battle Tookajee had four regular battalions commanded by the Chevalier, and a hoſt of infantry and Marhatta horſe. His lines were ſtormed by three battalions of de Boigne, and five hundred Rohillas, and carried with little loſs. Every European Officer in Dudrenec's detachment was killed or wounded and he narrowly eſcaped *. Another conſiderable action was fought in 1792, at Canond, by four battalions of de Boigne's brigades, under the command of Captain, now Colonel Perron, againſt Iſhmael Beg. Iſhmael had twenty thouſand men and thirty pieces of cannon. In two hours he was completely defeated, loſt all his guns, and obliged to ſhelter his fugitive troops and himſelf in the ſtrong fort of Canond, where he was ſhortly after beſieged, and compelled to ſurrender himſelf a priſoner to Captain Perron. He now lies in confinement in the fort of Agra, with a penſion of ſix hundred rupees per month; fierce, though fallen. This is an epitomized narrative of de Boigne's military career, which was ever marked with ſucceſs, for he never loſt a battle. Let us now ſketch his preſent ſituation and power, and endeavour to pourtray his head and his heart, keeping Horace's advice in view,

"Commend not, 'till a man is thoroughly known;
A raſcal prais'd, you make his faults your own."

He now commands an army of fourteen battalions of ſepoys and ten of Nujeebs, of ſeven hundred men each, including gunners and ſtaff; four thouſand Sebundies, twelve hundred regular Cavalry, and a large train of one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. His ſepoys are armed, accoutred, and diſciplined in the Engliſh manner, and commanded by European Officers. The Nujeebs are armed with match locks, with bayonets, commanded moſtly by Europeans, and diſciplined nearly the ſame as the ſepoys; only the words of command are delivered in Perſian. They have ever diſtinguiſhed themſelves for bravery and enterprize. His Sebundies are armed with match-locks, and moſtly employed in the collection of the revenues of the Jaydad, or country allotted for the payment of de Boigne's army. Among the Sebundies are one thouſand Rohillas, who are not leſs famed for their courage than their countrymen on the plains of Betorah. The cavalry are well mounted; ſeven hundred armed with match locks and ſwords, and five hundred with carbines, piſtols, and ſwords *; they are diſciplined to perform European evolutions.—De Boigne is formed by nature and education to guide and command; his ſchool acquirements are much above mediocrity; he is a tolerable Latin ſcholar, and reads, writes, and ſpeaks French, Italian, and Engliſh, with eaſe and fluency; he is not deficient in a general acquaintance with books, and poſſeſſes great knowledge

* In theſe battles de Boigne had large bodies of Marhatta horſe; but they were of little aſſiſtance in the action, and only ſerved to increaſe the ſlaughter of the routed enemy, and the pillage of their camp.

* The muſkets and arms of de Boigne's army are moſtly made at Agra, in manufactories eſtabliſhed by his rewards—they are nearly as good as Europeans, when new, but the locks do not laſt long; each ſtand of arms coſts about ten rupees.

of

of the world; he is extremely polite, affable, pleaſant, humourous, and vivacious; elegant in his manners, reſolute in his determinations, and firm in his meaſures; remarkably well verſed in the mechaniſm of the human mind, and has perfect command over himſelf—to the political ſubtility of the Italian ſchool he has added conſummate oriental intrigue; made his approaches to power in diſguiſe; and only ſhowed himſelf when too ſtrong to be reſiſted. On the grand ſtage, where he has acted a brilliant and important part for theſe ten years, he is dreaded and idolized, feared and admired, reſpected and beloved: latterly, the very name of de Boigne conveyed more terror than the thunder of his cannons; a ſingular inſtance of which I ſhall relate, *en paſſant*: Nojufkoolee Khan, in his laſt moments, adviſed his Begum to reſiſt in the fort of Canond the efforts of his enemies, who would aſſuredly graſp, on his demiſe, at the ſmall remnants of his patrimony: "Reſiſt," ſaid he; "but if de Boigne appears, yield." Our hero will be long regretted long recollected in India. His juſtice was uncommon, and ſingularly well proportioned between ſeverity and relaxation; he poſſeſſed the happy art of gaining the confidence of ſurrounding Princes and governed ſubjects; active and perſevering to a degree which can only be conceived or believed by thoſe who were ſpectators of his indefatigable labours, from the time he raiſed eight battalions, until his departure from his ſtation. I have ſeen him daily and monthly riſe with the ſun, ſurvey his * *Karkhana*, view his troops, enliſt recruits, direct the vaſt movements of three brigades, raiſe reſources, and encourage manufactures for their arms, ammunition, and ſtores; harangue in his durbar, give audience to ambaſſadors, adminiſter juſtice, regulate the civil and revenual affairs of a Jaydad of twenty lacs of rupees, liſten to a multitude of letters from various parts on various important matters, dictate replies, carry on an intricate ſyſtem of intrigue in different courts, ſuperintend a private trade of lacs of rupees, keep his accounts, his private and public correſpondence, and direct and move forward a moſt complex political machine. All this he did without an European aſſiſtance; for he is very diffident in placing his confidence, and extremely cautious in beſtowing his truſt. He uſed to ſay, that any ambitious perſon who repoſes confidence in another riſks the deſtruction of his views. Such was his laborious occupation from ſun-riſe till paſt midnight, in which he even ſurpaſſed the famous de Witt, of laborious memory; and this was not the fortuitous avocation of a day, but the unremitting employment of nine or ten years. To this exhauſting and unceaſing toil he ſacrificed one of the firmeſt and moſt robuſt conſtitutions which ever nature formed to bleſs mankind. He left his ſtation with accumulated diſeaſes, an extinguiſhed health, and a debilitated frame, but with the poor comparative recompenſe of uncommon fame, and a ſplendid fortune of 400,000l.!—In his perſon, he is above ſix feet high, giant boned, large limbs, ſtrong featured, and piercing eyes. There is ſomething in his countenance which depicts the hero, and compels us to yield implicit obedience. An adept in the Zophirian ſcience would perhaps gueſs the man from his phyſiognomy—in his deportment he was commanding, and he trod, like Ajax, with the majeſtic ſtep of conſcious greatneſs. De Boigne, luminous as he is, has his ſhades; and great as he appears, has his foibles and little weakneſſes:—he is avaricious to a degree, verging on contempt, exceedingly tenacious of power, greedy of authority, meanly jealous of merit in thoſe under him, and unworthily envious—but where is perfection?

"There's none but has ſome fault; and he's the beſt,
Moſt perfect he, who 's ſpotted with the leaſt."

He roſe the riſing power of Mhadojee Scindea to an height which Scindea could never expect or ſeriouſly hope—he fixed and conſolidated that power, and eſtabliſhed it on the firm baſis of a powerful, well diſciplined, and well paid army. He was religiouſly faithful to his maſter; and amidſt the moſt enticing offers to betray, he preſerved his allegiance unſullied; and his merit in reſiſting the charms of gold was greater, as his avarice was ſuperior. From being only a ſecondary planet in the Marhatta ſyſtem, he expanded Scindea to be the firſt; he inſpired him with a taſte for European tactics, European arms,

* Arſenal, a manufactory.

arms, and European Commanders; he manifested their superiority, and he determined the wavering determinations of Scindea. Mhadojee left, and his successor Dowlut Row Scindea possesses, the largest and best disciplined army that ever was under the obedience of an Eastern Prince, in the European mode; he may now defy, and he has defied, the united force of the Marhatta empire. Young Scindea now has six brigades; three of General de Boigne's, one of Major Hessing's, one of Major Filoze's, and one of Sombre's, besides detached battalions, under single Commanders: the whole consists of thirty battalions of sepoys and ten of Nujeebs, of seven hundred men each—two thousand regular cavalry, and a grand artillery of two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. To this regular force you may add forty thousand Marhatta horse and ten thousand irregular infantry. Though only twenty years of age, and surrounded by numbers of Marhatta Chiefs, and their multitude of troops; above all, though attacked by the masked batteries of Marhatta intrigue and political finesse, he has dictated laws to their empire in the centre of their capital; he has bowed the hoary and superlative cunning head of Nana Furdnawees to his will, and appropriated to his use a part of his Croesuhan riches. It has often been a subject of surprise to many, how de Boigne could so long, and so invariably, aggrandize his power, whilst many adventurers in the same line have repeatedly failed. Setting his talents, perseverance, and his policy aside, there is another cause which is not generally known or considered:—Other Europeans, who have attempted the project which de Boigne realized, failed from the want of a fixed and sufficient fund to pay their troops; for the faith and assurances of Oriental Princes are mere sounds. The soldiery have increased in arrears; desertion, tumult, treachery, and revolt, ensued; and the Commanders either lost their lives or their commands. De Boigne's penetrating genius foresaw and obviated this fatal error. Soon after the establishment of his two brigades, he persuaded Mhadojee Scindea to consign some certain pergunnahs for their payment—this was done in 1793. A Jaydad, producing sixteen lacks per annum, was granted for the expense of his army, which still continues appropriated to that purpose; and as long as this is the case, this army will be well paid, well regulated, powerful, and victorious. *Point d'argent point de Suisse*, is a true axiom every where, but more especially in India: the purse commands the sword, and the sword generally ensures conquest. This Jaydad has been augmented, by the attention and equity of de Boigne, to twenty lacks a year, and is in as high a state of cultivation as the most fertile parts of Benares; and the Ryots are as happy as sensual beings can be, abstracted from intellectual enjoyments;—*fruges consumere nati*. It may not be superfluous to remark some humane measures adopted by de Boigne in his army, to mollify the horrors of war: every Officer and soldier, when wounded, receives a certain present in proportion to his wound, from fifteen days to three or four months' pay, without any stoppage of pay during the time of his cure. The disabled of his army have a pension for life to the amount of half their pay, and lands besides; and the relations of the killed, and of those who die of these wounds, get the property of the deceased. This is more than any European has ever done to the poor natives, except the English Company. There is another singular fact which ought to recommend de Boigne to the esteem of the British Government:—When he first entered into Mhadojee Scindea's service, one of the principal articles of agreement he contracted in writing was, "Never to bear arms against the English."—Adieu—Excuse the prolixity of this letter, and believe me ever

Yours very sincerely,

LONGINUS.

ESSAYS, HISTORICAL, LITERARY, *and* MORAL.

No. III.

The EMPIRE *of* REASON.

"Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in this work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ."

POPE.

AMONG the many subjects which have courted the attention, and employed the pens, of writers in every age

age of the world, none has more excited curioſity, or afforded ſo vaſt a field in which to range, as the ſtudy of man. It is a ſubject in which all are intereſted, and of which the meaneſt and moſt illiterate of the human ſpecies deems himſelf a judge. Before a man is thought competent to determine upon other ſubjects, he muſt devote his hours to ſtudy, and form his judgment on the models of others: but when he enters upon this, he needs little aſſiſtance but what nature ſupplies him with; he turns his thoughts into his own breaſt, and requires no great force of penetration to diſcover that all mankind enter the world with the ſame paſſions, vices, and inclinations, and, unleſs poliſhed by education, or refined by philoſophy, differ from each other as little in the diſpoſitions of their minds, as in the form of their limbs or mould of their features. Hence we obſerve, that every author who has choſen human nature for his ſubject, has ſucceeded in proportion to the correctneſs of his copy.

The ſtructure and mechaniſm of the human frame, as well as the diſpoſitions of its tenant, have repeatedly furniſhed matters of ſpeculation to the learned: in ſhort, the whole ſubject is of ſo comprehenſive and ſo copious a nature, that there is little poſſibility of its being exhauſted; every age brings ſome new diſcovery, and enlarges the avenues of our knowledge. It is like a well finiſhed picture, the moſt prominent beauties of which may be comprehended at a diſtant glance, but which multiply on a nearer ſurvey, and grow faſt upon us on a more minute inſpection; every figure has its proper ſituation, each part has its ſeparate beauties, and the *tout enſemble* is uniform, harmonious, and graceful. The ancients, whoſe knowledge of the ſeveral parts of the human body, their reſpective offices and functions, was comparatively ſmall, found ſufficient cauſe for wonder and admiration. They drew from it the ſtrongeſt proofs, and the moſt indubitable evidence, of the exiſtence of a Supreme Being, and was enabled to form ſome idea of his wiſdom and his goodneſs.

Indulging theſe and the like ideas, they were ſo ſtrongly impreſſed upon my mind, that, giving a looſe to my imagination, I was quickly wafted into the regions of fiction.

I fancied myſelf tranſported into an extenſive garden, which was laid out on all ſides with exquiſite order and ſymmetry: no ſpot appeared barren; on the contrary, every part was in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation, and was clothed in the brighteſt verdure. Refreſhing ſtreams flowed in all directions, and watered the moſt diſtant parts. It was, in ſhort, a terreſtrial paradiſe, which appeared formed for the reſidence of ſome deity. After contemplating, for a while, the charming proſpect around me, I beheld at a diſtance a magnificent manſion; whither I directed my ſteps, in order to view it more cloſely. On my nearer approach, I found it to be a noble temple, or palace; it ſtood nearly in the midſt of the garden, and was, indeed, a conſummation of its beauties: it was ſtudded with the gems of India, and blazed with meridian ſplendour; it extended its influence to the fartheſt limits of the place, and added a luſtre to the ſurrounding objects. There were many entrances; ſome of which were ſo embarraſſed with obſtructions, that all approach was extremely difficult; others, on the contrary, were perfectly eaſy. I entered with others, and was hurried through a variety of apartments, till I came to a ſpacious hall, in which I ſaw the deity of the place ſeated on her throne: her name was Reaſon; her garb was of a ſable hue; dignity and gravity were ſtamped upon her countenance; her form was majeſtic and commanding; and her whole deportment conciliated affection, and demanded reſpect. Around her were ſeveral beings of very different aſpects, whom, from their reſpective emblems, I knew to be the Paſſions. Theſe, whoſe exiſtence was interwoven with the happineſs of the place, were, nevertheleſs, ſo turbulent and unruly in their natures, that, unleſs kept under proper ſubjection, they were dangerous enemies to Reaſon: of which the goddeſs was ſo ſenſible, that, unſatisfied with their complete ſubjugation, ſhe was unwilling to ſuffer them from her preſence, but kept them bound by her ſide. This precaution, however, was ſometimes inſufficient; for, notwithſtanding the care and caution of Reaſon, it frequently happened, that ſhe fell into a lethargy which proved fatal to her government. To accompliſh this, there were not wanting beings who, concealed in the moſt ſecret re-

ceſſes

ceſſes of the garden, waited only for a favourable hour to ſhow themſelves. Pleaſure tuned her ſyren voice, Luxury ſpread his tables, and presented his tempting poiſons; each endeavouring to lull her to reſt, to aſſiſt in her deſtruction, and to ſhare in the ſpoil. When it thus happened, the conſequences were dreadful, according as the being that took the lead was violent or furious. Among this motley tribe, none was ſo tempeſtuous in their nature, or deſtructive in their effects, as Rage: this monſter, whoſe form inſpired terror, and who was ever ready to ſeize on the reins of government, either from the milder natures of the reſt, or from his own ambitious diſpoſition, generally took the command, and ſpread devaſtation on all ſides. The face of things was then completely changed; the atmoſphere became troubled; the earth was convulſed; the ſtreams were diverted from their courſe, and ſought the neighbouring meadows. Fortunately he ſeldom was ſupported by the reſt; jealous of his growing power, they arreſted his progreſs, till Reaſon was rouſed from her torpor, and the uſurper reduced to obedience.

Beſides theſe, there were many others, too numerous to mention, each of whom ruled in their reſpective capacities, though tributary to Reaſon. After having fully ſatisfied my curioſity, I withdrew from the palace, and prepared to take a farewell view of the ſurrounding proſpect. Obſerving a perſon near, and queſtioning him, I learnt that the goddeſs was not the owner of the place, and though veſted with great power, was not poſſeſſed of ſupreme authority; ſhe held it in a ſort of vaſſalage, and did homage to a Superior Being, who had reared and beautified the manſion, and to whoſe hand the garden was indebted for its ornaments. After thanking my informant, and preparing to return, my fancy, unable to purſue the ſubject farther, dropped it, and left me at leiſure to conſider its ſingularity.

T. N.

NOVELS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

To inſtill into the minds of the riſing generation a love of virtue, to ſhow vice in its true and native deformity, and virtue in its proper colours, will ever be the employment of thoſe authors who are not themſelves under the deſpotic government of Vice. Such authors there have been, and probably will be, as long as man exiſts in his preſent ſtate of frailty: but it is one conſolation to a virtuous mind, that writings of this kind, tending to corrupt the morals, and to lure the youth into the deceitful and licentious paths of vice, have generally failed in their attempts; and the works, with their authors, have, by the diſcerning part of mankind, been held in that general deteſtation which they merit.

To promote the love of virtue and the deteſtation of vice in the heart of youth, is an employment which will yield infinite pleaſure and ſatisfaction to thoſe authors who (in defiance to thoſe works daily iſſuing from the preſs teeming with immorality and licentiouſneſs, under the ſpecious maſk of fiction and romance,) dare to maintain the cauſe of truth and religion, in oppoſition to infidelity and falſehood. That author who has been thus employed, and whoſe writings have been uniformly compoſed under the inſpecting eye of Truth, can, amidſt the ſtorms of adverſity, the bitterneſs of perſecution, or even on the bed of death, look back with ſatisfaction on his endeavours to ſtamp vice with the general odium which it merits, and at the ſame time to ſow the ſeeds of virtue in the heart of youth, to encourage its growth, and to aſſiſt its progreſs to maturity.

Books are the moſt general vehicle for conveying ſentiments both in uniſon or in oppoſition to religion and to virtue; and we, perhaps, may be at a loſs to determine whether the art of printing in this country has been more beneficial or injurious in its conſequences to the inhabitants. Certain, however, it is, that this art has been the means of corrupting the hearts of many; though, perhaps, it may be overbalanced by the inſtruction and entertainment it has furniſhed. The liberty of the preſs is what an Engliſhman is particularly jealous of, and forms a part of that glorious ſyſtem of liberty enjoyed only by the Engliſh: but never, perhaps, was that liberty more abuſed by ſome than at the preſent time. Where the preſs is employed in reviling Government, and in propagating ſedition, it is deſervedly puniſhed; and it certainly as well merits

rigorous

rigorous puniſhment, and alſo the attention of the Legiſlature, when men write in oppoſition to religion and to virtue: they are alike attended with dangerous conſequences; one aims at the depreſſion of the loyalty of the ſubject, and the other at depraving the manners and corrupting the heart.

But there is no ſpecies of books which is more employed in this practice than Novels; and their number as much increaſe as their immorality. Novels are now the means of inſtilling into the minds of youth ſentiments directly oppoſite to religion and to virtue. The male and female authors now vie with each other in immorality and licentiouſneſs; villainy is almoſt held up for our imitation; and ſentiments which are fit only for the language of the infidel, and which ſtrike at the very root of religion itſelf, are wrote without a bluſh. Religion ſhudders at the miſchief it may produce, and Virtue finds her throne almoſt totter at the ſhock.

It muſt not, however, be underſtood that all Novels are alike ſubject to cenſure. No: there are works of this kind which do credit to their authors, who, ſenſible of the importance of inculcating virtue, even in a Novel, mix inſtruction with amuſement. Yet we often ſee theſe works neglected, while the immoral Novels of Godwin and others are read with delight.

If, Sir, theſe ſentiments ſhould coincide with yours, and be thought worthy a place in the European Magazine, you are welcome to inſert them.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

19th Feb. 1806. T. H.

A TOUR *through the* SOUTHERN PROVINCES *of* FRANCE.

(*Tranſlated from the original Series of Letters, never publiſhed.*)

LETTER I.

Mr. V——— to Mr. B———, at Paris.

Clermont, Auguſt 15th, 1788.

I PREPARE to fulfil my promiſe of giving you ſome account of my travels, and I hope that it will afford you a portion of amuſement in theſe unſettled times. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that I regret as much as would become any man the abſence which I endure from my oldeſt friend; but you know that my departure from home was urged by circumſtances. I was a ſingle man, and ſaw my country involved in the miſeries of civil contention that would not eaſily yield to the ſuggeſtions of humanity, nor become calm from the admonitions of Reaſon. What, then, was a man of my manner of thinking to do? Fond of other, and I hope of better, purſuits than politics, farther than they relate to hiſtory, I ſet out to ſeek thoſe conſolations which were denied to me at home. The philoſopher is never at a loſs where to go: the boſom of his family is the univerſe, and the world is his garden. Averſe to political diſquiſition, and the fury of controverſy, the true philoſopher ſeeks the path where the hedge-flower grows, and the village rather than the city. He may, it is true, ſee what is curious, and learn what is hiſtorical; but he will not ſtop long to engage with buſtle and vice ſo much reſembling the ſcene he has left; he will rather chooſe to tarry where the beauties of nature and the undiſturbed character of man invite him, and will chooſe for his acquaintance the happy few who, by the decency of their deportment, and the honeſty of their natures, bring a bluſh in the cheek of the deſpoiler, whoſe fury for innovation has brought him nothing but diſquiet and deſpair.

I regret, my dear B———, that we are not together in this journey, our ſentiments are ſo allied, and our habits ſo ſimilar. However, the duties of your avocation require your preſence, and the uprightneſs of your views and intentions will place you *à l'abri* from danger in any times. For my own part, although I traverſe the moſt delightful countries in the ſofteſt climates, I muſt own, that I travel *comme un etre egaré*, bearing about me the marks of ſadneſs and inquietude. I ſeem to prove the truth of Boileau's admirable deſcription of the man who goes abroad to diſſipate his thoughts,

"*Le chagrin monte en croupe, et galoppe avec lui.*"

However, in hopes that I may hear from you, and benefit by your judicious obſervations, I write you my thoughts on whatever paſſes before me. You will find me at times without *de mauvaiſe humeur*. I am not always a prey to this complaint of Boileau; for a pleaſing incident

incident or rencontre with either honeſty, friendſhip, or a pretty woman, will at any time make me merry *comme une Sauterelle*.

I have employed the firſt days of my arrival at this place in making myſelf acquainted with, and in ſeeing, whatever was moſt worthy of notice, and in eſtabliſhing ſuch hiſtorical facts as claimed my attention.

CLERMONT is a very ancient, as well as a ſtrong city. It is not authenticated that it exiſted as a town in the time of the conqueſts of Cæſar, as that warlike hiſtorian makes no mention of it, although he has ſaid a great deal of Auvergne, of the inhabitants whom he could not ſubdue, and of their fortreſs called GERGOVIA, of which he could not poſſeſs himſelf.

This city was at that time, or a very little time afterwards, called NEMOSUS, or NUMETUM. It was conſiderably enlarged during the reign of Auguſtus; and the inhabitants, in gratitude for the munificence of that Emperor, added his name to that of NUMETUM, which made it afterwards called AUGUSTO NUMETUM. It was honoured with a Parliament, which laſted until the ſeventeenth century; and with a celebrated temple dedicated to Mercury, which was called VASSO GALATIUS: the walls of this temple were thirty feet in thickneſs, ornamented with ſculptural deſigns. The pavement was entirely of marble, and the roof was covered with plates of lead. Gregory of Tours, who was only able to judge of this temple from ſeeing it in ruins, ſpeaks of it as having been a building of wonderful ſtructure.

The temple of Mercury was not, however, the only celebrated monument of this town. Pliny ſpeaks of a coloſſal ſtatue repreſenting Mercury, which paſſed in his time for one of the wonders of the world; he calls it The STATUE of the AUVERGNATS; it was of bronze, and was four hundred Roman feet in height; it coſt four hundred thouſand ſeſterces, which may be valued at five millions of our money. Zenodorus, the famous Greek ſculptor, employed ten years at this work; by which he made himſelf ſo celebrated, that the Emperor Nero, who reigned at that time, prevailed on him to viſit Rome, where he cauſed him to make alſo his coloſſal ſtatue in bronze.

The greater part of the Roman antiquities which ornamented this city were demoliſhed in the incurſions of the Saxons into Gaul. Clermont was afterwards ravaged, or almoſt entirely deſtroyed, by ſeveral French Princes. This town may, however, boaſt of having, for a long time, reſiſted the attacks of the Viſigoths, and of having remained the laſt capital in Gaul under the dominion of the Romans. It bore for a length of time, like other capitals of Gaul, the name of the province. Thus, at the ninth century, it was called the town of D'AUVERGNE. It then became divided into two parts, the town and the caſtle. The town extended along the plain and about the *Monticule*. Upon the top was built the citadel, or the caſtle, which, on account of its height, had the name of *Clarus Mons* (CLERMONT). The frequent incurſions of the Normans obliged the inhabitants to fortify, and to ſhut themſelves up in the citadel, from which the whole town took its name.

There are very few Roman antiquities to be ſeen here now, except ornamental vaſes, baſſo relievos, trunks of marble columns, imperial medals, and Moſaic pavements.

I do not remember to have ſeen a town worſe built than this. The ſtreets are narrow and crooked. There are, however, ſeveral public promenades, which owe the greater part of their beauty to the intereſting proſpects to be ſeen from them. Since ſome years the ſuburbs have been improved; the dykes have been filled up; and they have contrived to build round the town ramparts planted with trees. LA PLACE DE TAUREAU, and the neighbouring quarter, are of modern conſtruction. The walk which bears the ſame name is very high, and is ſupported on three of its ſides by a ſtrong mud wall. It is planted *en quinconce*, and has a very extenſive proſpect from the eaſt.

There are few towns in France that have any thing like the market-place here. It ſerves for a horſe-market and an arſenal; and ſeveral regiments may parade with eaſe.

The traveller may count in this town above thirty-ſix churches or chapels.

The church of Saint Allyre contains the aſhes of a great many other Saints. I ſhall only, my dear friend, give you an account of two, which may perhaps, though you are a good Catholic, occaſion a ſmile; Saint Injuriouſus,

rioſus, and Saint Scolaſtique his wife, who are known by the title of the two lovers of Clermont.

An intelligent Monk, who ſmiles himſelf when he relates the ſtory, gave it me as follows:—INJURIOSUS, ſon of a Senator, married the young and virtuous SCOLASTIQUE, who having conſecrated her virginity, perſuaded, by her tears and prayers, her young huſband to live with her without deſiring her to violate her oath. Injurioſus, after a great ſtruggle with the fleſh, promiſed to reſpect her chaſtity: but Scolaſtique exacted from him another vow, which pourtrayed the character of her ſex. "Other women," ſaid ſhe, "may be handſomer than myſelf; they may appear to thee more amiable; wilt thou always look upon them with an indifferent eye? Doſt thou promiſe it me?" Injurioſus promiſed all: they ſhook hands; and ſeveral years elapſed in this manner, our lovers having only one will, one ſoul, and one bed.

The virgin Scolaſtique died the firſt, and her chaſte huſband, at her burial, made the following exordium over her grave:—"I thank Heaven that this dear treaſure with which I have been entruſted is returned untouched as I found it."—The offended virgin inſtantly aroſe, and ſaid, "Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! you need not tell the ſecret to every body neither."

It was not a long time before Injurioſus followed his ſpouſe, and was interred in the church of Saint Allyre, and his tomb placed againſt the wall oppoſite to that of Scolaſtique. Gregory of Tours relates, that the next day, when the bell had called the faithful to prayers, they found theſe two tombs had miraculouſly approached each other, and formed only one.

I cannot reſiſt telling you, while I think of it, that the province I am now in gave birth to Francis Maynard, of the French Academy, Poet and Secretary to Queen Margaret. He was a native of Aurillac, a city of Upper Auvergne. Towards the decline of life, Maynard, diſguſted with the buſineſs of a courtier, addreſſed the following ſtanzas to his ſon, in which may be diſcovered both diſappointment and philoſophy:—

"Toutes les pompeuſes Maiſons,
Des Princes les plus adorables,
Ne ſont que des belles priſons
Pleines d'illuſtres miſerables.

"Heureux qui vit obſcurèment
Dans quelque petit coin de terre,
Et qui s'approche rarement
De ceux qui portent le tonnerre.

"Puiſſes-tu connoitre le prix
Des maximes que te debite
Un Courtiſan à cheveux gris
Que la raiſon a fait Hermite.

The following *quatraine* of the ſame poet you will read with pleaſure: it was written over the door of his ſtudy:

"Las d'eſperer et de me plaindre
De Muſes, des grandes, et de ſort,
C'eſt ici que j'attends la mort
Sans la deſirer ni la craindre."

And after all that can be ſaid, it muſt be a valuable philoſophy that can wean us ſo well from the proſpects and pleaſures of this life: the worſt of it is, that we cannot eaſily truſt to it. It promiſes much, and, like a good reſolution, we are glad to try the remedy; but the phyſic is ſo nauſeous to man, ſocial converſible man, that we always are glad to let one half of the doſe run outſide the cup. I have often tried, my dear B——, to ſhut myſelf up in my cloſet, and to pout at the world and all its follies; but I have tired very, very ſoon; I have longed to meet ſome one whom I knew, to hear the welcome of a friend, the muſic of a woman's voice. I have yearned to have a look at Mademoiſelle E——s, who was always kind and complaiſant, who would try to amuſe me, and who never did try in vain: "*Allez, donc, mon ami*;" and then, in ſpite of all the quiet and repoſe of my *boudoir*, I take my hat, ruſh into the ſtreet, and huzza for liberty and buſtle. Yet to the honour of philoſophy be it ſpoken, a man is never ſo well as in his own room. Query, Whether he ought not to have ſomebody *pour apporter du caffé*. The ſolus is very well when it is *ſolus cum ſola*.

I know that you are now and then as fond of a digreſſion as myſelf; but I will return moſt faithfully to my ſubject.

In the ſuburbs of Saint Allyre is a curioſity which has been the admiration of every naturaliſt, and which was formerly regarded as ſomething ſuper-

natural. It is a bridge, and long wall at the ſide of it, formed by nature, and which is commonly called the Bridge of Stone. This bridge and wall owe their formation to the ſucceſſive ſettlings of a mineral ſpring ſituated near the ſpot. The water of this ſpring, although very limpid in appearance, contains in diſſolution a great quantity of calcareous earth and ferruginous ſubſtances, which it depoſits the whole length of the ground. This depoſit hardens inſenſibly, and produces a rock of a yellow colour: and it is by theſe means that the bridge and wall is formed: the quantity being conſtantly accumulated has ſtopped up the ſource of the ſpring itſelf, which has taken its courſe elſewhere at the place where it is now ſeen. Theſe waters, in depoſiting this ſubſtance the whole length of their courſe, have formed a wall in a ſtraight line of great length and height, at the end of which is a bridge over a brook, where the mineral water falls, which in its way has accumulated ſo much the volume of ſubſtance from its drainings, that another bank is created; and even that ſtretches acroſs to join the other arm of the brook.

This wall and bridge form one ſolid maſs, and in the ſame direction, being two hundred and forty feet in length; the greateſt height of the wall is ſixteen feet. If we aſcend to the top of this production of nature, we may ſtill obſerve the hollow of the canal the whole way, and which ſtill ſerves as a drain.

The ſpring, at the place where it is now ſeen, is near a neighbouring mill; and over the ſame rivulet there is another bridge, over which carriages can paſs. It would have formed a third where it falls into the brook, if the progreſs of its petrifactions were not every year deſtroyed.

It is a remarkable fact, that if any ſubſtance, or even a fruit, is left in the current of this mineral water, after ſome time, when taken from its depoſitary, it preſents a very curious piece of incruſtation.

King Charles the IXth, during the time he was at Clermont, in the year 1566, had the curioſity to viſit this ſpring. The ancient geographers, and above all Kirker, ſpeak of it as a prodigy.

I know that you, who are ſo fond of natural philoſophy, will thank me for being ſo particular in this deſcription. Would that I could have viſited this place aided by your knowledge of mineralogy!

It was at Clermont that the firſt cruſade was determined on; an expedition, the conſequences of which were, a conſiderable change in the manners and in the ſtate of Europe.

Clermont has given birth to many illuſtrious men: among others, Gregory of Tours, who was ſon of Florentius, Senator of Clermont, and the firſt hiſtorian of the MONARCHY. He was born about the year 544 A.D., and his uncle Gallus, Biſhop of Clermont, watched with particular care over his education. In 573 he was elected Biſhop of Tours. He ſhowed a great deal of fortitude on ſeveral occaſions. His hiſtory, and his other writings, ſhow an ardent and exalted imagination; whilſt nouriſhed in the prejudices of his time, we find every where in his ſtile STRENGTH and BEAUTY, but with much incorrectneſs. Replete with gall, he paints with energy. His deſcriptions are affecting, following the different impreſſions of his mind. On the ſubject of ſome pretended miracles which he recites, we find pictures truly poetical, full of taſte and fancy. In ſhort, his hiſtory, written without order and without date, is a maſs of hiſtorical facts, of miraculous romances, of pictures finely painted, and of ſingular anecdotes, both affecting and comic. His works are, however, eſteemed curious, becauſe they are filled with particular facts which are of uſe to the hiſtorian, although without arrangement; and the more ſo, as they furniſh the only hiſtory of thoſe times.

Speaking, however, of illuſtrious men, I muſt tell you that Blaiſe Paſcal was alſo of Clermont; a circumſtance that does the greateſt honour to that city. He was not only the moſt celebrated man of d'Auvergne, but one of the greateſt in Europe.

Before I conclude, I muſt give you, my dear B———, ſome account of that part of this delightful country which borders on Chamaillère, where every object charms and intereſts you, enchanting landſcapes, ſublime ſcenery, the eye delighted, and the mind enraptured with the contemplations of the works of nature and the monuments of art.

On the north of Chatè, there is yet

ſeen

ſeen a Roman way in good preſervation, which reaches from Chamaillère to the top of the mountains which ſerve for the baſe of the Puy de Dome.

I muſt deſcribe to you, my dear B——, this famous mountain, which I have had the courage and pleaſure to climb to the ſummit. It requires an hour's labour to attain the height of the lower mountains which form the baſe of the enormous, and almoſt regular formed pyramid of nature, called the Puy de Dome.

The ſpace upon which this pyramid reſts is a tolerably level and very extenſive plain; from whence, in an inſtant, the ſight becomes dazzled with the view of this immenſe COLOSSUS, which preſents itſelf at the diſtance of about a quarter of a league, and which with its bulk darkens a conſiderable part of the horizon. I will ſpare you the recital of the fatigue I endured in this expedition, to deſcribe to you the pleaſure which I felt in my ſucceſs. The traveller ſeems, in his journey, to acquire a new body; he becomes lighter, and uncommonly lively and gay. The air which he reſpires is not common air: ſounds ſtrike his ear with a new and pleaſing effect; he ſeems renovated, and tranſported into a new world. But the change which is experienced at the top of this mountain is not leſs aſtoniſhing than the vaſt and magnificent theatre which preſents itſelf to the eye. The hall of Auvergne, a part of la Marche, du Bourbonnois, are at your feet. The eye, heſitating where to fix, embraces a ſpace of more than thirty leagues, wide countries, the extenſive and beautiful plains of Limagne d'Auvergne, ſeparated by roads bordered with trees, by brooks and rivers, and ſown here and there with towns, villages, and hamlets, which, ſeen from the height of the Puy de Dome, appear in miniature, and, as a bird's eye view, compoſe a picture the moſt admirable and ſingular, and of which I can only give you a very faint idea.

When the weather is cloudy, the ſummit of the Puy de Dome enjoys a ſerene ſky, while the thunder which impends over the heads of the inhabitants of the plain ſeems to roll at the feet of this immenſe mountain, the top of which often appears above the clouds.

Upon this mountain was firſt made the memorable experiment of the weight of air. This was done with more exactneſs by M. Perrier, after the way had been pointed out by the celebrated Paſcal, and was the ſource of ſeveral uſeful diſcoveries. After a variety of experiments, they found out how to meaſure heights by the means of mercury, and they diſcovered particularly that the Puy de Dome was raiſed above the bed of the ſea eight hundred and eighteen *toiſes*, and above the lower part of Clermont five hundred and ſixty *toiſes*.

This mountain, in the fine ſeaſon, is covered with verdure, and produces an abundance of grain, both rare and common. In the receſſes of the rock is found the *ſpar ſpeculares*. Towards the lower part of the top of this mountain is another adjacent, which preſents all the character and form of the mouth of an extinct volcano, the crater of which is known by the name of the *Hen's Neſt* (*du Nid de Poule*). There exiſts ſeveral other of theſe extinct volcanoes in the environs of the Puy de Dome, which are very curious, and ſerve to prove alſo, by the enormous quantity of *lavæ* which has been frequently found in theſe Cantons, that the whole country has been, in times back, devoured and overthrown by ſubterraneous fire.

The obſerver who is placed upon the top of theſe ſtrata, which deſcend to the feet of the precipices, becomes enwrapt in the greatneſs of the contemplation, which recalls to his mind the moſt proſtigious events; he cannot bound his imagination, he becomes plunged in the depth of time, he ſeeks in the boſom of the earth that ſubterraneous flame whoſe prodigious power has thrown up together on one point an immenſe heap of earth, which forms at this time enormous ſterile mountains. Exalted, aſtoniſhed, but convinced of facts without being inſtructed of cauſes, the mind wanders in the vaſt field of conjecture.

On another ſide are well cultivated plains, bordered with plots of vineyards, villages, and ſeats in delightful ſituations; and what characteriſes more particularly this Canton, are ſeveral ruins of ancient caſtles upon the heights, which give a variety to the landſcape, and an harmony which, with the fertility of the neighbouring countries, form a ſtriking contraſt in the mind with the habitations of thoſe haughty tyrants over the peaſantry, the aſylums of oppreſſion and of vice.

I can repreſent to you but very faintly

faintly the ſtrong impreſſions theſe pictureſque ſcenes made upon my mind; but it is the fault of the painter, and not of the ſubject; nor can I ſpeak of every object which is offered to my view in this country, however worthy of mention. I will, therefore, be as little diffuſe as poſſible, and dwell only on thoſe which have found moſt intereſt in my mind.

Upon the high road from Clermont to Limoges, and upon the borders of the river Sioule, at about four leagues, and to the weſtward of Clermont, is the town of PONT GIBAUD; which Lordſhip has, for a great length of time, belonged to the illuſtrious houſe of la Fayette.

Upon the borders of the Sioule, and two leagues from the Pont Gibaud, is the caſtle DU PORTE SANCTÆ MARIÆ, founded at the beginning of the twelfth century, by a Baron named Beaufort de St. Quentin. This Baron, while hunting in the neighbouring foreſt, had a viſion: Saint Brune appeared to him, and required him to found a monaſtery of his Order on the ſpot where he ſhowed himſelf to the Baron. Some time afterwards the ſame Baron, when hunting again, had another viſion, and beheld very diſtinctly ſeveral friars dreſt in the habit of the Order des Chartreux, who were walking ſlowly in a very devout manner in the foreſt. After this ſecond apparition, Beaufort de St. Quentin thought that he could no longer delay fulfilling the deſire of Saint Brune to found a monaſtery des Chartreux: in conſequence, he beſtowed on the Order of Saint Brune the ground where the Saint and the Monks had appeared to him. To this donation he annexed a ſingular condition: it required expreſsly, that if any one of the elder branches of his family ſhould come to want, the monaſtery ſhould be bound to find him meat and drink, lodging and clothing, beſides furniſhing him with a horſe, and a couple of harriers for the chaſe. Several Lords, and even Biſhops of Clermont, were emulous to give donations to this new monaſtery, of which the poſſeſſions very ſhortly contradicted the ſtate of extreme poverty they profeſſed.

This ſolitude has ſomething ſilent, awful, and intereſting, and which ſeems to invite the mind to tranquil meditation. I believe that in a moment of weakneſs we might almoſt imagine that we could lead in this place a life exempt from inquietude; but Reaſon, in a well organized underſtanding, will call us to our duties. There is a noble courage in ſurmounting the difficulties we meet with in the world, and a ſuperior virtue in fulfilling the reciprocal duties of ſociety: but when we fly from theſe difficulties, when we renounce theſe duties, frequently grand, and always uſeful and beneficial, to live ſecluded in a convent, we are more weak than juſt, and have more of egotiſm than of virtue.

I lay down the pen, my dear B——, with regret; for while I am writing, I loſe ſometimes the recollection of the diſtance between us, and fancy myſelf in converſation with my friend. Pray remember me to your moſt amiable and accompliſhed ſiſter; and aſſure her, that I ſhall take the earlieſt opportunity of writing her a letter; that is, as ſoon as I can collect materials worthy of the contemplation of ſuch a mind. Believe me, my dear B——, in every circumſtance and ſituation of life, with great conſideration and reſpect,

Your very ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

V******.

BAKERIANA.

Baker's MSS. Univerſity of Cambridge, Vol. XXIX, *p.* 189.

SIR NATHAN WRIGHT was born at Thurcaſton, in Leyceſterſhire, where his father was Rector. His mother was a ſiſter and coheir of Sir John Oneby, of the ſame county, Knt. In 1676 he married Elizabeth, the daughter of George Aſhby, of Quenby, in the ſaid county, Eſq. In 1668 he was, by the care of his mother, placed in Emanuel College, Cambridge, and in due time removed thence to the Inner Temple, where (notwithſtanding an eſtate left him by his father had been much improved during his minority) he loſt no time for more than ſeven years, which he entirely ſpent in the ſtudy of the law. However, having a good fortune with his lady, he neglected to practiſe for ſome years, till the increaſe of his family, and the advice of friends, who foreſaw what a conſiderable figure he was like to make in the profeſſion, prevailed with him to attend the Bar, where he approved himſelf as conſummate a lawyer, and made as ample acceſſion

ceſſion to his fortunes as any of his contemporaries. In 1690, King William and Queen Mary, by their writt, called him to the ſtate and degree of a Serjeant at Law; and in 1696 that King conſtituted him one of his Serjeants at Law; and 21 of May, 1700, made him Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. He would gladly have been excuſed accepting that great poſt for his health's ſake, which had been much impair'd that Spring by a dangerous feaver. Beſides, he thought it imprudent to forgo the great profits he might make by his practiſe yearly, which might have laſted his life, for the precarious enjoyment of the moſt profitable place. But his Majeſties command muſt be obeyed: it was not decent, nor perhaps ſafe, to diſobey them. He ſubmitted to his pleaſure without any bargain, or the leaſt gratuity whatever: he never aſked for any, even the loweſt, title of honour; and tho' he had not practiſed much in the Court of Chancery till the laſt 3 or 4 years before he was appointed to preſide over it, yet it ſoon appeared how equal he was to that great office, and he executed it with great integrity and judgment, as the records of Parliament will teſtify, which can ſhow as few reverſals of his decrees as of any of his predeceſſors. He continued in that high employment during his Majeſties life, and till the 6 of Oct. 1705, having been content all that time with the uſual profits of the place, and without any penſion after he had loſt both that and his buſineſs. 'Tis remarkable, that none beſides himſelf was ever advanced to that poſt without the aſſiſtance of ſome great friend or party, or having been made Attorney General, or having ſat long in Parliament, (of which he never was Member); and whatever was the occaſion of his being neglected after he had left his place, he had ſhewn an inviolable fidelity to the Crown during the whole courſe of his adminiſtration, and upon critical junctures had given wholeſome and proper advice, which others declined doing, for fear of diſpleaſing, or from ſome other ſiniſter views. He had an hearty and ſteddy regard to the Conſtitution in Church and State; and as he always acted with diſintereſted viewes, he could never be induced to go into the exorbitant lengths and violence of parties; and this the King took notice of, and commended him for it; and tho' upon this account there were ſtrong endeavours uſed to get him diſplaced before the King died, 'tis well known the Kings inclination was otherwiſe, who would often expreſs his ſatiſfaction in his Keepers ſervice, and his unwillingneſs to part with him. Queen Anne had the ſame value for him that her predeceſſor had, and when ſhe gave him the Seales was ſaid to tell him he ſhould not have had them if ſhe had known a fitter perſon in the kingdome. He had an exact regard to juſtice, and was very angry if he had the leaſt ſurmiſe of corruption in any of his domeſticks. He had a juſt reſpect payd to him, whilſt in a publick character, by all who knew what was moſt valuable in perſons of rank and diſtinction, and were not influenced by envy or party paſſions; and during the time of his receſs was lov'd and eſteem'd for thoſe ſocial virtues which render a man acceptable in a private ſtation. He was ſucceeded in his eſtate by his eldeſt ſon, George Wright, Eſq.; on whom, for the ſake of his father's good ſervices, and his own high merit, K. W. had beſtowed the place of Clerk of the Crown, which he now enjoyes.

N.B. One particular in my view when I mention'd his fidelity in counſelling the King was, his being earneſt with his Majeſty not to diſſolve that Parliament which continued but a very little while, which to be ſûre you take notice of, and I dare ſay find that it was as unacceptable as it was ſurprizing to the Nation. As I remember, 'twas ſaid the Arch B^p and Ld Godolphin, and another whom I cannot recollect, were ſaid to joyn with him in that application to the King.

[Sent from Dr. Thos. Littell to Mr. Laur. Echard.]

See Biſhop Burnet's Character of Lord Keeper Wright, in Hiſtory of his Own Times, Vol. II, p. 379, "Money did every thing with him, and yet" In his Court he never heard him charged with it. But where could the Keeper be guilty of corruption If not in his Court? Is hard to ſay. See Mr. Salmon's Hiſtory of Queen Anne, Vol. I, p. 255, 256.

LITERARY GLIMPSES; *or*, SHORT REMARKS *on ſeveral* SUBJECTS.

Being the Lucubrations of W. C., *a ſolitary Recluſe.*

Meanwhile OPINION gilds with varying rays. POPE.

I.

THE calamitous incidents of life, though they may much injure the happineſs of individuals, certainly, from their ſimple *detail*, communicate ſome degree of pleaſure to the world at large. This may be acknowledged, I preſume, without ſuppoſing the gratification to ariſe from any malignity in our nature. Our ſympathy will in thoſe caſes be in proportion to the *magnitude* and *nearneſs* of the incident. But nearneſs can only affect a partial diſtrict. The emotion then, in moſt caſes, muſt be too ſlight to overpower the great and natural pleaſure we are formed to receive from ſocial chat and hiſtorical communication. In many caſes the counter emotion is weak indeed. Thus, if we were to find ourſelves all ſnown up in our houſes when we awaked in a winter's morning, the event, from the various *tales* it would occaſion in the courſe of the day, would yield more real pleaſure than, perhaps, was ever felt from the airs and ſunſhine of as many hours paſſed in the gay ſeaſon of midſummer. To the larger calamities of *inundations*, *wars*, and the like, we own this counterbalance cannot be ſo fafely applied. But ſtill, even here, it operates with *ſome* weight againſt them all. And, granting the *fact*, we may put it to the credit ſide of *this world's evil*, and piouſly hope, that, though in ſome unſeen manner, the whole of it, both *moral* and *natural*, admits of a like ſatisfactory and *compenſating* manner of ſolution.

II.

Man is an imitative animal as well as a parrot; and hence he has a ſuggeſtive faculty of forming *ſentences* in *ſpeech* which is truly ſurprizing. It is, doubtleſs, the ſame faculty which prompts the *trills* of birds and the *chatterings* of the ape; only it is with him applied with higher art to a more extended perception. This ſuggeſtive gift, like any other, may, in different individuals, vary in *dexterity*, and, in particular inſtances, exhibit ſomething truly extraordinary. Hence it is, that many men of very inferior abilities and learning, from having been much converſant with life, have acquired an *addreſs* and *facility* in the management of *converſation* that has quite eclipſed the efforts of others of infinitely better ſenſe and greater knowledge. This circumſtance often renders converſation no juſt criterion of a perſon's ſenſe or abilities. For *Locke* himſelf was ſo puzzled with the talk of a *parrot*, that he ſcarce knew what to think of the nature of its intellect. One thing, however, luckily ſets the matter to rights in either man or bird; and that is, *time* and *further acquaintance*. The fund of a parrot, and of every thing *imitative*, is ſpeedily exhauſted; its changes are ſoon rung, its flippancy readily deſcried; while real abilities and extended knowledge (drawing their ſupplies, as Dr. *Johnſon* ſays, from a *ſpring*, and not a *reſervoir*,) never experience want, either in *matter* or *form*, either in the *flow* of ſubjects or the *manner* of treating them.

III.

Some inferiority in the *female* mind, compared with the *male*, I think, is evident from theſe conſiderations. Has it not been the caſe in all ages and countries, that, in any great emergency or diſtreſs, public or private, the female part of the ſpecies, by *inſtinct* as it were, looked up to the male part for advice and aſſiſtance? In ſudden *fires*, *inundations*, *attacks of war*, and the like calamities, can we for a moment ſuppoſe that any *opinion* or *ſuccour* would be either aſked or wiſhed for but from the males? This ſhows that nature has determined in favour of the preference of men's *wiſdom*, as well as *ſtrength*. We acknowledge a near reſemblance of the minds of the two ſexes as well as of their bodies; but they have, nevertheleſs, a characteriſtic difference, which, in general, can never be deſtroyed, and which the two terms *maſculine* and *feminine*, in their common acceptation, properly ſuggeſt. Though ſome women may have excelled in certain literary provinces, as the *belles lettres*, yet the laborious paths of learning, and the intricate labyrinths of ſcience, have not hitherto received any opening or elucidation from female powers and perſeverance. Strength of *conſtitution*,

conſtitution, and even ſomething of *courage*, as well as mental abilities, are requiſite for ſucceſs in many literary reſearches and undertakings. In fine, but for the *robuſt* and *enterpriſing* faculties of man, ſhould we have had our *libraries and univerſities?* and without them, even yet, would not theſe noble monuments of human labour and generoſity ſpeedily fall into neglect and decay?

IV.

May not an eager propenſity to accumulate riches be accounted for in many inſtances, without having recourſe to the depravity of mind which is generally attributed to the *miſer?* 1. Is not this propenſity often brought about merely from want of having ſome other object to engage the attention; a *habit* ariſing from *imbecility*, or a *taſte* for *hoarding* ſimply? 2. Does not the circumſtance of falling in the way of eaſily *getting* money ſometimes bring on the love of it; a love which, of courſe, muſt increaſe with the indulgence, and the ardour always appear the ſtrongeſt in *years?* 3. And is not avarice frequently only *connoiſſeurſhip*, exerciſed on the *current* coin, in like manner as antiquaries accumulate *medals*, and naturaliſts *ſhells* and *butterflies?* Every thing is liable to abuſe, and ſo is the appetite for riches. But it is worth while to remember, on this topic, that the appetite in queſtion is the ſource of much virtue, as well as comfort to mankind. Money and its uſes are level to every capacity which can tell that two and two make four. And as every human being muſt have an object in which the idea of *accumulation* is contained, (for who can be thoroughly ſatisfied that his time ſhould be ſpent to no viſible purpoſe?) a love of money hence becomes the beſt ſtimulus for encouraging induſtry in a portion of our ſpecies who, from their ignorance, would have few chances to employ themſelves to advantage in the indulgence of any other reputable propenſity, and in whoſe active endeavours a great part of human happineſs evidently depends.

V.

A great part of the murmurs againſt Government ariſe not from any bad effects that are felt from its laws and management, but from pure *vexation* that things are not conducted as we would have them, or according to ſome favourite and preconceived plan; and in this caſe, we evidently ought to attribute to *ourſelves* the chief of our uneaſineſs: for the fault lies in a fond expectation, which, from the nature of things, muſt, of courſe, generally be diſappointed, and for which *experience*, *philoſophy*, and particularly *religion*, ſhould have furniſhed in every one, arrived at maturity, the remedy of *potent acquieſcence*. If we be not poſſeſſed of this ſpecific paſſive virtue, but muſt fret and complain at every thing which diſpleaſes us, ſociety would prove rather a curſe than a bleſſing, and the ſolitude of a hermit be preferable to *the buſy haunts of man*. For let me aſk, what individual *perſon*, what *family*, does or *can* act to our wiſh? And becauſe they may thwart this wiſh, are we therefore to be continually miſerable in ourſelves, and out of temper with them? This is neither wiſe, nor chriſtian-like, nor indeed to be openly avowed, except we wiſh to be ridiculous. Why then cannot we extend this forbearance a little further, and, in like manner, ſpare a *pariſh*, a *body corporate*, or a *national government?* But the ſtrongeſt of theſe *home* arguments may be ſeen, if not *felt*, by him who either is engaged *in*, or is acquainted *with*, the nature of the *married* ſtate. For here, if a temper to remark on what is done amiſs (I will not ſay in the *extreme*, but ever ſo *ſlightly*,) were to be commonly indulged, what would become of houſehold peace and domeſtic happineſs? And in theſe kingdoms, on the general topics of political complaint, in the mouths of moſt men, it will be hard, I think, to find a reaſon, either in prudence, philoſophy, or religion, which will not, in *ſome* degree, dictate a ſimilar regard to a peaceful reſerve and the government of the tongue.

VI.

In talking of *ſuperſtition*, we often find the neglect of a due diſtinction miſlead the minds of many, and urge them to remarks which are not altogether conſiſtent with Chriſtian charity; which diſtinction is this: Men may be prone to ceremonious obſervances upon two accounts; *one*, as thinking them ſubſtitutes for the practice of religious precepts; the *other* as not at all connected

nected with any ſuch abſurd and ſilly views, but merely with intent to ſignify to the Almighty how much they have his Will and their own unworthineſs before them; and that, thus influenced, they with delight ſubject themſelves to the occaſional practice of things which (according to our narrow conceptions) contain ſome indications of theſe ſentiments being truly entertained in the heart. It was to the latter and better of theſe notions that Dr. *Johnſon* manifeſted a tendency, and which certainly may be juſtified by revelation as well as reaſon. What, then, was the *ſuperſtition* (as it is called) which has brought on this good as well as great man ſo much indecent ridicule? Was it not a pious, natural, and therefore dignified and rational, recognition of what ſhould ſtrike every human being when he conſiders his probationary ſituation, and the unſpeakable importance of what may befal him in the world to come? And if ſo, how much does his chriſtianity, as well as his powers of mind, deſerve our praiſe and admiration?

VII.

One reaſon why the ancients exceeded the moderns in figures of poetry *ſimply ſublime*, as we may term them, was their having few objects to contemplate, beyond themſelves, ſave external nature; and which latter particular turned their attention generally to the mountains, the ſkies, and whatſoever elſe appeared intereſting to imaginations naturally brilliant and elevated, and which objects evidently could not *then* be very extenſive in their range, or various in their kind. At this time, when arts and ſciences are carried to ſuch perfection, and engroſs ſo much thought as they do, the eye is drawn *down*, as it were, from the heavens to the endleſs *minutiæ* of the parts and properties with which they abound. This gives reflection a new *turn*; enlarged, indeed, in extent, but attenuated as to force; and inſtead of *ſimplicity*, introduces into our writings *multiplicity*, and figures *tame* and *artificial* inſtead of the touching ones of *nature*. Suppoſing, then, the human mind, at all periods of the world, to have been equally *active* and *capable*, this circumſtance will eaſily ſhow why the ancients would exceed the moderns in *true, ſtriking* ſimplicity. And is it not a reference to theſe appropriate and grand objects and contemplations, aided by the *Holy Spirit*, that makes the *Bible* the moſt ſublime and affecting of all other books?

VIII.

It is poſſible to be ſilent in ſome companies, and talkative in others, without having one blamable motive for the variation. It might, indeed, be ſaid, in the *firſt* caſe, that it proceeded from pride or diſguſt in being eclipſed by ſuperior abilities, and in the *latter* from a more favourable opportunity of gratifying vanity amidſt relative ignorance. But may not ſuch change alſo proceed from better motives? In the *firſt* inſtance, from a conſcious inferiority governed by a true humility, not more willing to appear fooliſh, than happy to liſten to others and be informed; and in the *ſecond*, from a good-natured exhibition of what was known would at that time be actually inſtructing and entertaining, though, in ſome ſort, it gave trouble to the ſpeaker? Certainly it is not impoſſible for a man to form a juſt opinion of *himſelf* as well as of *others*; and then candidly to wiſh himſelf to be ſilent as ſoon as another. In ſhort, the appearance may doubtleſs be accounted for from *ſenſe* and *modeſty*, as well as from *pride* and *vanity*; and, therefore, whether of them is the real cauſe muſt be gathered from other circumſtances of a leſs dubious nature.

IX.

Our ſocial connexion with the civil eſtabliſhment is very much like that of marriage. As a man may not put away his wife but for *adultery*, ſo no one has a right to reſiſt the higher powers but in caſes of *hopeleſs tyranny*. There are ſome, however, who would wiſh for a new form of government whenever they *diſlike*, or become weary of, the old one; and *Milton*, the prince of this *ſelf-willed* ſpecies of ſophiſtry, aimed, during his polemical life, to prove, that *confirmed hatred*, either to a *help-mate* or a *civil inſtitution*, was ſufficient ground for a *divorce* in the firſt inſtance, and a *revolution* in the ſecond. The plea, without doubt, is equally weak, overbearing, and childiſh. Yet in *politics* it has at this day its turbulent abettors; and in *domeſtics* it would not be without others equally diſcontent, were it as difficult to get a *kept miſtreſs* as to overturn a government.

X. To

X.

To thoſe who are fond of referring every thing to its *final cauſe*, it may appear to contain a deal of corrective information, as well as retributive juſtice, to find, that the *phyſic* which is moſtly wanted to cure diſorders brought upon us by our crimes, or our follies, is of a nauſeous and diſagreeable taſte. They that are too fond of the pleaſurable cups of life muſt often drink their *bitter* bottoms. Did not this monitory rebuke enter into the ſchemes of Providence, one might be tempted to think it a broad hint that phyſic ſhould not be taken *at all*; and then both grace and nature would be in arms againſt the Doctors. As the world goes, phyſicians are, however, certainly of uſe: but, if it were to proceed as it ought to do, they might in a good meaſure be ſpared; for though we ſhould loſe the adminiſtration of their pleaſing, though often fallacious, hopes of cure, we ſhould be free from many of the grounds of a rational and diſtreſſing fear.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTICKS.

No. II.

PAUSARIUS is a well-meaning man, but, unfortunately for himſelf and his friends, he is too reaſonable. His greateſt misfortune was having ſtudied the mathematics at an early age, and having ſurmounted the aſſes' bridge in the Elements of Euclid when he was only twelve years old. Pauſarius is tall and thin, and has a face ſtrongly marked with the lines of reflection. Pauſarius will not do the moſt trifling affair without thinking upon it with the deepeſt conſideration; and frequently arrives at the determination of what he ſhall do, when it is too late for the thing to be done. Every thing is a problem to Pauſarius. Pauſarius reflects upon what he ſhall eat at dinner until the diſh he would have choſen is taken away. Pauſarius heſitates upon aſking a favour until the thing is given to another who had not half the claims as himſelf. Pauſarius deliberates in his chair when he ſhould act; and acts with ſo much caution, that he gets into the very ſcrape he had been ſolicitous to avoid. If Pauſarius has to ſerve a friend, no one more ſincerely wiſhes to do it; but the language of Pauſarius is, "Why you know it is a matter that requires much conſideration. Is it likely to turn out ſo beneficial as you imagine? Have you demonſtration of its effects?" Pauſarius would do every thing by degrees; and the worſt of it is, that thoſe degrees are *degrees* of longitude. Pauſarius, after conſiderable deliberation, made up his mind to be married to a woman of excellent qualities of mind, with a handſome perſon and fortune; but Pauſarius had to go to church, and loſt the bride by keeping her waiting until the canonical hours were over. Pauſarius was detained, not by any croſs accident, not by any interruption in his way: Pauſarius had ſtood on the landing-place at the top of the ſtairs of his own lodging, ſolving the problem of matrimony, and the cauſes and conſequences of happineſs or miſery in the marriage ſtate. Pauſarius was aſtoniſhed when he found the party was gone home; and was completely vexed, until a friend came in who engaged him in the ſtudy of logarithms, which put the mortification of loſing a wife completely out of his head. Pauſarius is the moſt inſtructive companion in the world; that is, when he hears what is ſaid to him, and when he is not engaged in the *preciſion of the equinoxes* or in the *doctrine of the tides*. Pauſarius, when on horſeback, frequently goes through a turnpike where he meant to have paid, until he is ſtopped by the man, and then, inſtead of giving the money, begins to calculate the diſtance he had proceeded, and is deliberate enough in the only thing which he had to do to get abuſed. Pauſarius is never in a paſſion; and as far as the ſcience of mathematics would make the beſt pugiliſt in the world; that is, if he once made up his mind to fight. Pauſarius is not mean nor avaricious, though he appears to have all the characters of avarice. If a friend applies to Pauſarius for money, he gets into a deep meditation, until the man goes away under an impreſſion that he is refuſed, and Pauſarius looks for him in great aſtoniſhment, with the guineas in his hand, ready to do him the ſervice. If Pauſarius's opinion is aſked on any ſubject, he looks like a fool, and anſwers, that is when he does anſwer, like a wiſe

man. Pauſarius is an IDIOT from having too much THOUGHT, and a MADMAN from having too much METHOD.

G. B.

The TALES *of the* TWELVE SOOBAHS *of* INDOSTAN.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

Continuation of the STORY *of the* LADY *in the* CONCH SHELL.

I FOUND prepared for me, in a pavilion at the end of the apartment, a bed richly ornamented with embroidery, brocade, and ſilk, upon a magnificent carpetting. A variety of perfumes, the muſk pod, the chuwah, the myd, and the eſſence of orange flower water, had been thrown upon the linen, which was of the fineſt texture of the Caſhmerian work, and of the whiteneſs of the bud of the *Koozeh*, or white roſe. A veſſel of the water of the Ganges, cooled with ſalt petre, was placed nigh me, that I might refreſh myſelf with the water of life. The delightful flavoured diſh of the *Sheerberinj*, conſiſting of fine wheat, of four *miſkals* of cinnamon, three of cloves, with ſaffron, and the juice of the lemon, was placed ready for my ſupper.

I retired to reſt, attended by ſeveral of the women, who were all of them eager to pleaſe me, and ſupplied me with coffee and ſherbet during the night, ſprinkling me every now and then, as I lay, with the perfumes of the *Mendely* aloes and eſſence of jaſmin.

I did not fall aſleep until towards morning, though I had no reaſon to fear any danger, for I knew very well that I was among the good *Dewtah*, as the evil genii never have the holy water of the Ganges in their rooms. My ſlumber was very ſweet and refreſhing; but I was very much aſtoniſhed when I awoke, to find that every one of my attendants had left the place.

There was, however, prepared for me the choiceſt fruits, with the milk of the *Kataſs* cow for breakfaſt; and my dear parrot was on the throne cloſe by me, with the greateſt delicacies alſo placed before him.

I aroſe, and walked through ſeveral of the apartments, but returned at the voice of my parrot, who called out, "*Do not leave me! Do not leave me!*" I could not help wondering at the cauſe of the place being entirely deſerted; and my curioſity to ſee if any of the attendants were in the palace became ſo great, that, forgetting the words of my poor parrot, I went through the apartments into a long avenue made with myrtles and roſe-trees, and which led into a beautiful garden.

I wandered about in this delightful place ſome time, but not a creature was to be ſeen but birds of the fineſt plumage among the flowers and trees. I obſerved, however, outſide of the gate a building with an immenſe black marble dome, which had doors of braſs, over which was burning a lanthorn full of a bright flame. I ſaw too, on the outſide of the gates, an inſcription, which I had a great curioſity to read, but could not ſee it without going nearer. I thought that I would venture out of the garden for a few minutes to read the writing; which I did: the words of the inſcription were, "Day and night, the Creator is at hand." I was very much pleaſed at this ſentence, as I knew by it that the palace was inhabited by good genii; and being curious to ſee the inſide, I tried the braſs lock of the doors, which fell back at my touch, and inſtantly cloſed again. The place was totally dark, except from the light of an immenſe large ruby, which was at the end of the avenue. I was frightened, and tried to open the gates to return, but in vain. I went on, therefore, along the entrance, until I came to a flight of black marble ſteps, which I aſcended into a large room covered with a beautiful tapeſtry carpet, but lighted only by a ſingle lamp and ſeveral cenſers of burning perfumes. The ceiling was lined with gold tiles, and the columns which ſupported the roof were of that metal.

I beheld, on my entrance, a young man ſuperbly dreſſed lying on a couch under a magnificent canopy. I obſerved that he had wings, and that he was awakened by my entering the room. He aroſe from his couch, and, looking upon me, hid his face, ſaying, "Daughter of light! Beauty of day! Excellence of the ſun! Child of Abdalmalek! the rays of whoſe eyes are too ſtrong for the Genii of the Night to bear!" With theſe words the Genius threw a veil over his face, and continued, "Welcome to the palace of

ZAHID,

ZAHID, one of the Princes of the good *Dewtah*, whoſe buſineſs is, when the rays of the golden ſun are hid beneath the plains of Periſtan, to go forth over the face of the earth to protect the good as they ſleep, and to intercept and avert the deſigns of the bad, and to fulfil the work of the great BISHEN. Thou ſhalt behold my power," cried he, ſtamping his foot on the ground; when in an inſtant the room was filled with the innumerable genii of night, whoſe wings were ſhining with a bright flame. "Theſe genii," cried Zahid, "are all of them ſubſervient to my orders; they have each a particular duty aſſigned them, and are inviſible to the children of men, unleſs they chooſe to appear to them, which they may do in any ſhape they pleaſe: but we have not the power of going upon the face of the earth, nor out of this palace, when the light of the riſing ſun appears above the plains of Periſtan. Then we retire home, and leave the good *Dewtah*, whoſe buſineſs it is to riſe with the day, to direct and ſavour man; for if we remain a moment after it is light, we are within the power of the wicked genius KARUSS. I know," continued he, "beautiful Zeraba! the whole of thy ſtory, the power of Abdalmalek thy father, the circumſtance of thy quitting his houſe, and that laſt night thou ſlept in the palace of NAKET, one of the genii of the day, who is in the form of the golden parrot, to which he was transformed by the Genius KARUSS, who found him on the earth after the ſun had ſet; for the genii of the day are ſubject to the ſame danger then as we are by the appearance of morning. KARUSS, however, had no power to deſtroy him; and the magician Abdalmalek, by means of his art, delivered him from his impriſonment in the rock MEHINDER. "Alas! beautiful Zeraba!" cried he, "thou haſt yet greater ſorrow to undergo; but the virtuous muſt not yield. The virtue of mortals is a greater ornament than the nine heavens and the ſeven ſtars, for it has innumerable temptations to encounter. But from the black ſtone the rays of the ſun can obtain a jewel, and from the ſeven ſeas obtain pearls. Be but diſcreet, lovely Zeraba! and all peace and joy ſhall return to thee again. Here thou art ſafe, and will preſently partake of the eſſence of the genii of night, with which the room, like the odour of frankincenſe, is filled. It will be neceſſary, however, that thou ſhouldeſt be ſprinkled with the liquid flame of *Chunderkeraut*, which is extracted from the beams of the moon; after which I ſhall be able to look on the face of the moſt lovely of the daughters of BRAMA."

A female genii, as Zahid ſpoke, ſprinkled me all over with the celeſtial flame, and I felt a new being. My mind was tranſported with the pure eſſence of the love of the Deity, and peace and joy was in my boſom.

I think that I never beheld any thing ſo lovely as the form of Zahid: he was very tall; his hair was light, and hung gracefully down his ſhoulders; the features of his face were perfectly regular; his eyes ſparkled with the celeſtial flame; and the dew of fire was on the white feathers of his wings. He wore a robe that reſembled the *Tedzy* velvet, brocaded with gold, which ſhowed to advantage the white ivory of his arms. The ſandals of his feet ſeemed enriched with gems, and a ſhining ſtar was placed upon his forehead.

Zahid now invited me to ſit next him on the throne, before which was ſpread a delightful repaſt. I had little inclination to deny him this favour, and he ſhowed me all the attention he could, preſenting me every inſtant with ſome of the fruit of the fifth heaven, which would be death to mortals to take, and would have deſtroyed me if I had not been the child of a magician, and had not partook of the celeſtial eſſence.

The genius Zahid was ſo handſome, that I permitted him to take hold of my hand, which he preſſed very tenderly, and although a genii, entreated that I would become his wife. I was too much pleaſed with the Genius of Night to refuſe; and in an inſtant the place was filled with the innumerable good genii of darkneſs, to whom he communicated his deſign; which was received with great joy among them, and which they teſtified by clapping their wings in a way that filled the apartment with fire. The celeſtial crown with the ſhining onyx in front was now put on my head; and Zahid embraced me in his arms. Preſently the innumerable genii diſperſed, and I retired to a bed of the roſe leaves of Baſrah, which never wither. The Genius Zahid preſently came to me, and the time paſſed in the ſoft dallian-

ces

ces of love, until the ſound of a *Neckareh* trumpet, called Zahid from ſlumber. The Genius aroſe, and, looking at me tenderly, ſaid, "Delightful Zeraba! ſweet roſe of love! whoſe breath is more fragrant than the *Dupabrya* which blows at noon, and whoſe beauty is as the *Chelteh*, or the tulip, the time is arrived when I muſt leave thee, though not for long; for before the day ſhall Zahid return to the boſom of his Zeraba. The Genius, after having reminded me, if I left the place to ſee my poor parrot in the palace of cryſtal, that I muſt return before morning, as I was now partly become one of the genii of night, and ſhould be expoſed to the power of the wicked Karuſs. Zahid ſhook his wings, and opening a glaſs door which was over the garden, I beheld him ſoar into the air; but I did not, owing to the luminous appearance of his wings, loſe ſight of him for a conſiderable time, as he appeared to me like a meteor in the ſky. There was not a ſingle genii left in the palace; and as ſoon as Zahid was gone, I went down the marble ſteps; the gates opened and ſhut as before, and I croſſed over into the garden of Naket, the genius of day; but I was very much aſtoniſhed, when I entered the palace of cryſtal, to find that all the eunuchs and women ran away, and hid themſelves from me. I went on, however, into the apartment where I had left my dear parrot; but was ſtruck with horror when I ſaw my poor bird lying dead on the ground. I threw myſelf down at its ſide; and, burſting into tears, cried out, "Ah, wicked Zeraba! who haſt permitted the delights of pleaſure, and the ſoft blandiſhments of love, to wean thee from the duty of affection. Thus is it that thou haſt ſerved every thing which has loved thee. Unlucky, fatal-willed Zeraba! My poor bird is gone from me for ever. Not flown away, for then, perhaps, he would return. I ſhould ſee him coming through the air, and he would ſpeak once more to me."

I lay for a conſiderable time on the ground with the bird in my boſom, until I began to recollect that it was drawing towards morning. I was very much vexed to find that not one of the eunuchs or women would come near me, to tell me by what accident my favourite parrot was deſtroyed; till at laſt, tired out with ſorrow, I returned with a dejected heart to the palace of the Genius Zahid. He had not yet returned; but it was not long before he arrived, attended by all the innumerable genii who had left the place. He came to embrace me; and ſeeing that I burſt into tears, he took my hand and ſaid, "Beloved Zeraba! the daughter of anxiety and care; do not diſturb that boſom with uſeleſs grief. Zahid knew of the bird being killed at the time it happened, and which had been done by the wicked Karuſs, who could not uſe his power until that thou hadſt left the bird; for being a gift from a magician, nothing but parting from it could have left it expoſed to danger. However, the ſpirit *Naket* cannot be deſtroyed, though it is at this time confined in the rock of Mehinder.

I began to lament my misfortune afreſh. "Ah, wretched Zeraba!" cried I, "who is always committing miſtakes, who does nothing but miſchief, who is the moſt ungrateful of creatures, who is unfavoured by Biſhen, and forſaken by the good genii, would that I were dead!" Zahid looked at me ſtedfaſtly as I uttered theſe words, and replied: "Zeraba! who is untaught in the myſteries of Providence, and who doſt not know the cauſe of the various evils of the daughters of man, liſten to the voice of Zahid. Though thou haſt been liable to err, yet the wicked of heart only are the deteſtation of the Deity, and Zeraba is plunged into ſorrow, that the brightneſs of her joy may be complete. Refreſh thy mind, O Zeraba! with the thought that love and mercy are about thee as a mantle, and that there is a time of repoſe on earth for the faithful."

I was very much comforted with theſe words of Zahid, and continued to live twelve months in the palace of the Genii, when I found myſelf big with child. During the whole time I was attended with the greateſt care by Zahid and the female genii, until I was delivered of a boy, the moſt beautiful infant that was ever ſeen. I preſented it with great joy to my huſband Zahid, who embraced it tenderly, and told me, that it would become a genii of the ſecond order. For this purpoſe a favourite attendant delivered it to one of the *Dewtah*, who immerſed it in a veſſel filled with the celeſtial fire. I was very much frightened

ened at firſt, but reconciled my mind to the circumſtance, as I knew they would do it no harm.

I continued very happy in the palace of the Genius of Night, until one evening, after he had taken his flight, I took it into my head that I would take a walk by moonlight with my infant, as I knew that I was perfectly ſafe from all danger at that time; but as I was returning home, I ſtopped to liſten to ſome ſweet ſounds. It was the muſic of the junter, with other inſtruments, in a houſe. An old man came to the door and invited me in. Four blacks were ſeated playing the *Bheen* with three ſtrings, the *Saringee* with the hollow cups, the *awej* drum, and the *muſhk* played with reeds. The infant was quite delighted with the muſic, and preſently ſome dancing women entered, ſo that I found it was ſome rejoicing. I did not know how to account for it, but I felt no inclination to leave the muſic, which was very pleaſant, until I recollected all at once that it muſt be near morning. I aroſe haſtily, and ſeeing a gleam of light in the ſky, I ran as faſt as I could towards home, and had juſt reached the gate of the palace of my huſband, when the ſpot where I ſtood became all at once darkened by the immenſe wings of a black monſter of prodigious ſtature, who ſeized me in his arms and bore me away through the air to the rock MEHINDER.

I was brought in, with my child in my boſom, to the preſence of the genius Karuſs, who was ſeated on a throne, and had a cap of red hot iron on his head. I never ſaw ſo frightful a monſter; but he ſmiled very graciouſly, and invited me to ſit by him. However, I only ſhuddered at the ſight of him, and he ſaw my hatred for him. Nevertheleſs he continued to treat me kindly, and by preſents of all kinds ſought my love. I rejected all his offers with ſcorn; for though I had committed many thoughtleſs crimes, I had never had the deſire of doing deliberately any thing that was wrong. I knew that the good genius Zahid was my huſband, and nothing could tempt me to be wicked. However, when Karuſs found that I rejected all his entreaties, he threatened to uſe force; but as I partly partook of the celeſtial purity, he could not bring his wicked deſires to paſs, but in his rage he cauſed me to be encloſed in a conch ſhell with my infant, where I remained until you came there, and it was the ſound of the junter which, vibrating as it fell from thy hand, broke the enchantment; for the conch ſhell in which I had been ſo long impriſoned, burſt with the magic of the ſound, and I was at liberty.

I had, however, prudence enough to lie quiet until the genius Karuſs went abroad, when I aroſe, and took care to make ſure of the junter which you had left, for they had taken care to impoſe another upon your credulity, the effects of the muſic of which were quite oppoſite, and of that deſcription which excites luſt, hatred, malice, the deſire of ſhedding blood, and all the horrible inclinations of the evil *Dewtah*.

I found, on my deliverance from the conch ſhell, that my beauty was the ſame as ever; for being partly of the nature of a genii, time could have no effect, as upon the children of men. My infant too was as lovely as ever.

I was ſo unhappy as to forget that I ought to have concealed myſelf in the boſom of ſome cavern, or to have remained in the rock MEHINDER until night, when I ſhould have been under the protection of the good genii; and it was owing to this neglect that one of the evil *Dewtah*, who overtook me, had power to take the infant from my arms, and who was going to throw it from the rock, when the good Biſhen ordered it ſo that you was to paſs by at the inſtant to ſave it from being daſhed to pieces; which misfortune could not have arrived if I had not, without conſidering what I was doing, laid down the magic junter for an inſtant to reſt myſelf. Once more is Zeraba delivered from the ſad effects of her thoughtleſſneſs. Would that ſhe were again in the arms of her beloved Zahid, and ſhe would wander no more from her own happineſs in ſearch of new pleaſures! And thou too, my beloved bird! who art ſtill confined within the jaws of the rock MEHINDER, would that I had known where thou waſt, that I might have played the ſweet-ſounding muſic that might have diſſolved the ſtone in which thou waſt encloſed. Haſten, Chanda! to find the junter, which is among the high graſs at thy feet, and the ſorrows of miſtake and miſchief will be at an end.

I obeyed the deſire of Zeraba, and found, near the ſpot, the inſtrument of ſweet ſounds which I had ſo long loſt.

loſt, and had no ſooner taken it in my hand, than I felt the moſt delightful ſenſation of pleaſure; but at the ſame time found my mind loaded with the ſevereſt reproaches for the miſchief that I had done, and the cruelties that I had ſo often practiſed, and which I could not repair.

The ſun had now ſet, and at the wiſh of Zeraba I entered with her into the palace of the Genius of Night, who received her on his throne with all the tranſport of joy; but I obſerved, that when he ſaw me he ſhuddered at the ſight. "Unhappy Chanda!" cried he, "who haſt ſo long been the aid and inſtrument of the wicked genii; it is well for thee that thou haſt, in a moment when evil was from thee, done ſo much good. For a long time paſt have the good *Dewtah* had an eye upon thy actions, and thy doom was fixed, had not the great Biſhen diſcovered, under all the horrors of thine enormities, the characters of good. Away, unhappy Chanda! ſince it is permitted to thee to live; repent of thy wickedneſs, and repair as much as thou canſt the miſchiefs thou haſt done."

I left the preſence of the genius Zahid, but I became hateful to myſelf. I recollected the death of the poor old man; the falſe evidence which I had given againſt the innocent; the murder of the wife of the Emeer; and the having occaſioned the deſtruction of him and his children. I became, O Prince Yesdijurdd! hateful to myſelf, and life was only a burthen. I wandered, however, from place to place, and found, that by the effects of the ſweet-ſounding ſjunter I produced love and joy. Thoſe who were enemies forgave each other; the wandering ſtranger was received; and the offending child was reſtored to the affection of its father. Yet, O Prince Yeſdijurdd! is not the muſician Chanda happy. Let the ſentence of the *Dewan* be pronounced upon his crimes.

(*To be continued.*)

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR MARCH 1806.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FLIM-FLAMS; *or, The Life and Errors of My Uncle and his Friends. With Illuſtrations of Obſcurities. By Meſſrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. A Literary Romance. In Three Volumes: with Eleven Plates. A new Edition; with material Alterations and Additions.* pp. 376. 12mo.

THE weakneſſes and the follies of mankind have, in all civilized times and countries, preſented a ſubject not only for ſerious ſatire or indignation, but for wit and humour. In ancient times we find an Ariſtophanes and a Lucian; in modern times, a Rabelais; and in recent times, a Voltaire, Swift, and Sterne. Of Sterne, the author of theſe volumes is an imitator in the one half of his book, and of the Purſuits of Literature in the other. In his text he imitates Triſtram Shandy; Mr. Matthias, or whoever may be the author of Purſuits of Literature, in his comments or illuſtrations. It is needleſs to obſerve, that his imitation of Sterne is chiefly that of his manner. Our author's ſubject is merely literature, including, however, ſcience: the weakneſſes, the vanity, the fooliſh and abſurd pretenſions of literary men; their

their ſelf-conceit, their credulity, and the ardour with which they often purſue either trifles, or objects wholly beyond the reach of human inveſtigation.

The author's deſign is announced in the extracts from other writers, which he has prefixed to his volumes by way of mottoes.

Vol. I. "Every thing in this world is big with jeſt, and has wit in it and inſtruction too—if we can but find it out. Here is the glaſs for the LITERATI, DILETTANTI, and COGNOSCENTI, to view themſelves in, in their true dimenſions; and there is a huſk and ſhell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unſkilfulneſs knows not how to fling away. SCIENCES may be learned by *rote*, but wiſdom not."—STERNE.

Vol. II. "While he is accounting for the origin of the WINDS, he has no leiſure to attend to their influence on himſelf; and while he conſiders what the SUN is made of, forgets that he has not ſhone for a month. One PROJECT ſupplants another; the *vortices* of DESCARTES gave way to the *gravitation* of NEWTON; and this, again, is threatened by the *electrical fluid* of a modern *. One generation blows bubbles, and the next breaks them."—*Cowper's Letters, Vol.* III, *p.* 196.

Vol. III. "It is not, my dear Lord, by electrical experiments, nor by conductors of wire, that we ſhall be able to avert the black ſtorm which hangs over us. Let you and me, therefore, be PHILOSOPHERS NOW AND THEN, but Citizens always. Let us ſometimes obſerve with eagerneſs the *Satellites of Jupiter*, but let us inceſſantly watch with jealouſy the SATELLITES of the King."—*Sir W. Jones to Lord Althorpe.*

Having ſtated the ſubject and deſign of this publication, we proceed to give our opinion of the execution. This ſubject is naturally divided into two parts, or queſtions: Firſt, Has the author ſelected the proper, and moſt proper, objects of ſatire and ridicule? Secondly, How far has he ſucceeded in making them appear ridiculous? As to the ſubjects of his ridicule and animadverſion, he is, in our opinion, for the moſt part, though not always, right. As to the ſucceſs of his wit and humour, though ſometimes, it is not in our judgment on the whole very great, yet we candidly acknowledge that there is a great diverſity of taſtes, mental as well as phyſical, and that what may ſeem, and really be, a good joke to one perſon, may not be ſo to another. And alſo, that it appears, from the acceptation of theſe volumes in the world, that there is a great number of readers who entertain a higher opinion than we do of their wit and humour. On this point, the appeal is made, as it ought to be, to the world. For this appeal is not made by the author to what may be called the *Idioſyncraſy* of any particular taſte, turn, or habit, of reading or thinking, but to readers of books in general. What Mr. Tag-rag has obſerved, on this ſubject, is ſenſible, ſhrewd, and ingenious. It is moſt true, and deſerves attention. "I have found that there are not wanting readers who, as ſoon as they have caught up an author's *title*, inſtantly write off, in their mind, a *book of their own*. They are all in rapture with their *inviſible volume*; and when they come to place the author's real work by the ſide of this, its *chimerical rival*, the compariſon is fatal to him! So that a pugh! a piſh! and a pſhaw! points their criticiſm.

"An author now a days has to anſwer for two kinds of nonſenſe; he muſt write off his reader's, as well as his own! They will clap their faggots

* Here Tag-rag, &c., who quotes this paſſage with approbation, betrays an ignorance of the great principle of the NEWTONIAN philoſophy; which is not, by vortices, or electrical fluids, or any other theory, to penetrate into the nature of EFFICIENT CAUSES, but only to mark the proceſs of NATURAL CAUSES—the order obſerved in the ſucceſſion of events—the Newtonian philoſophy is ſure and ſound, as far as it goes. It cannot be overturned by any delirium on the one hand, nor yet by any future diſcovery, however vaſt and tranſcendant, on the other. Opinions concerning the EFFICIENT cauſes by which phenomena are produced, have not any neceſſary connexion with our inquiries concerning the laws according to which the phenomena take place. Whether, for example, the cauſe of gravitation be material or immaterial, is a point about which two philoſophers may differ; and yet two Newtonians may, and muſt, agree perfectly in their phyſical opinions.

gots into his bundle, though the unhappy man is ſinking under his own weight. He muſt write up—or write down—to the fancy of his reader; he muſt not be too clear for the eagle-eyed, nor too dim for the purblind; but above all, he muſt gratify the reader's ſolitary taſte, whatever whim that may be.

"But truſt me, 'tis but a poor mind that reads all books with the ſame diſpoſition, and, like honeſt John at a *table d'hote*, has no notion of the variety and refinement of the cookery ſo ſtudiouſly placed before him—Alas! the poor man ſits growling all the while for his favourite houſehold diſh."

Very well! That our readers may judge of the repaſt ſet before them for themſelves, we ſhall extract, or point out, 1ſt, Some of the diſhes that appear to us to be the moſt ſubſtantial and ſalutary, as well as palatable; 2dly, Some of thoſe that appear leſs ſubſtantial and ſalutary, and leſs palatable.

"One of the moſt aſtoniſhing inſtances of human ſagacity is, the ſingular diſcovery Mr. MALONE has made reſpecting a ſervant-maid of MILTON.

"This maid, it ſeems, depoſes, in his nuncupative will, that he died late at night on a *Sunday*, about a month preceding her giving evidence in that cauſe; it was on Sunday, 15th November.—Good!

"Now Milton was buried on the 12th! From this accurate ſtatement Mr. MALONE has diſcovered, (we believe very correctly,) that this maid *miſtook a week in her reckoning!*"

"The WHALE-LOUSE is a ſmall teſtaceous (perhaps teſty) creature, which inſinuates itſelf under the fins of that powerful animal, and is *attached* to him through life. There are alſo *ſmall Zoiluſes*, who will faſten on the *fry of literature*—ſo terrible a gorger is Malice! Theſe may be compared to *the louſe of a louſe*. A naturaliſt aſſures me, that even the *ſmalleſt creatures* have ſtill *ſmaller creatures* to torment them; ſo that even ſuch animated ſpecks as *mites* and *maggots* do not lead ſuch comfortable lives as ſome imagine."

"Bulbo was a cattle-fancier, who thought to deſerve well of his country, by giving them more fat than lean, and had a notion that he could nearly new create an animal into any ſize or ſhape. This prime breeder would nurſe an ox into a plethora, and rock a bull into a lethargy; yet one of his barrel-ſhaped monſters, while it devoured four times as much as any natural ox, after all, was not conſidered in Smithfield as fit to be eaten by Chriſtian people *.

"In his familiar intercourſe with brutes, it was to be expected that he would naturally contract ſome of their habits. Bulbo, chafed in argument, would butt his head like his own celebrated black ram, and often haughtily knit his brows, affecting the air of his prize-ox in a ſhow of cattle.

"With this favourite purſuit he united a patriotic paſſion for our cyder counties, but with a perpetual jealouſy for Herefordſhire, and an equal rancour againſt its oxen and its apples. At times he experienced very uneaſy ſenſations reſpecting the extinction of the *races* of apples, and pathetically deſcribed their forlorn ſituation. With the ſame intrepidity of ſoul that characterizes my Uncle and his friends, he boldly aſſumed the magnanimous title of "The Orchardiſt of all England †!"

"On arriving at the houſe of the prime-breeder, we wiſhed immediately to ſee his prodigious ox; but the bull was taking his afternoon nap, and the ruſtic Socrates would not have his favourite Alcibiades diſturbed.

"However, as we inſiſted on ſeeing ſomething gigantic alive, he did ſhow us a hogan-mogan—a huge black Flanders waggon-horſe, about twenty-five hands high, which he had offered to breed from, but not one in the county would venture a natural mare in his tremendous embrace. BULBO ſorrowfully obſerved, 'that after all his coſt and care, the hogan-mogan would probably die a bachelor; his maſter would never live to ſee a race of waggon-horſes ſaddled.' He added, 'there is a *littleneſs* in this age! notwithſtanding they wear pantaloons, every thing elſe about us is on a very ſmall ſcale!'"

"We have of late abounded with 'ornamental deſigns for cottages;' but

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* They aim to render an animal ſlothful, and, if poſſible, incapable of motion, becauſe thoſe which poſſeſs what they call "a diſpoſition to quietneſs," fatten on a leſs quantity of food than the ſprightly healthful animal of nature."

† See a ſeries of communications, under this *title*, in the Tranſactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences.

cottages

cottages can require but little aid from the architect, and admit not of ornament. Every artiſt, too, proceeds on ſome occult principle of his own: theſe 'deſigners' are for changing 'the whole face of the country'—to force it into one broad grin! Some would build merely as objects on which to repoſe the eye; but it is a mockery of poverty to ſqueeze a peaſant, his wife, and ten children, into a cathedral of twenty feet ſquare, in plaiſter and canvas; or induce a cottager to envy, for his habitation, the tower and battlements of his barn. A ſpot is often fixed on, becauſe its maſter has unluckily diſcovered a pictureſque ſcite; it is to be Chineſe, Indian, or Turkiſh; and the poor labourer has, after his day's labour, to walk ſometimes ſeveral miles to return to a habitation which, if he knew what it was deſigned for, he would wiſh in its *proper place*, diſtant enough! 'A pair of lodges,' at the entrance of a park, conſiſts of a gate between two ſquare boxes, which a lady, with great humour, declared were like *tea caddies*, and wrote on two ſuch lodges, in large letters, GREEN and BOHEA; but Mr. Repton, with equal feeling and taſte, obſerves, 'that it is an attempt to give conſequence to that which in itſelf is mean; and the habitation of a ſingle labourer, or a ſolitary old woman to open the gate, is thus ſplit into two houſes; the moſt ſqualid miſery is found in the perſon thus baniſhed from ſociety, who inhabits a dirty room of a few feet ſquare.'

"The ornamenting of farm-houſes, barns, pig-ſtyes, &c., is reprobated, with as much good taſte as ſenſe, by Archdeacon Plymley, in his Agriculture of Shropſhire. 'Cattle (he writes) protected by the ſide of a *barn*, form a pictureſque group, but ſheltering under a *Grecian portico*—the impropriety is glaring! *Linen* hanging to dry on the hedge of a cottage garden may be paſſed without diſpleaſure; but the clothes of men, women, and children, ſurrounding the *cell* of an *anchorite*, or the *oratory* of a *monk*, have their natural unſeemlineſs increaſed by the contraſt. A *dunghill* in a farm field creates no diſagreeable idea, but connected with a *gothic gateway*, or embattled *tower*, it is bad.'"

"'Topſy-turvy times! (cried my Uncle.) In my opinion Caconous's age of univerſal illumination has begun.—Oh! that I had been born an old man, that I might begin to comprehend what is going forwards. Gobbo ſhowed me ſpecimens of *unborn frogs!* He ſent the ſpawnlings to the French Inſtitute, and the delicate unorganized bantlings were all obſtetrically laid out, like ſo many yellow ſpecks on a ſheet of Indian paper *!'

"'How the devil did he get at them? How did he ſee them? He muſt have had the nice thumbs, and ſpeck-like eyes of the father-frogs!'

"'By his microſcope, to be ſure! (replied my Uncle.) Gobbo is a very great man; he never condeſcends to look at any thing, unleſs it be ſo very minute that no other eyes but his own can ſee it.'

"'We live (cried Wilmot) in an age of microſcopes and teleſcopes, and we ſhall ſoon loſe the uſe of our eyes! We talk as familiarly of *new things* as if they were *old*, and ſtare at *old things* like *new ones!* If Gobbo proceeds, he will be but a miſerable hound with his microſcope! He will dread ſhaving himſelf! He will *ſee* the teeth of a ſaw on the fine edge of a razor! A microſcope, in this world, will never add to a man's comfort. Now your men of ſenſe are often very ignorant of theſe things, and yet they can ſee with 'half an eye!'

"'And I prefer ſeeing things with fifty eyes! (cried my Uncle teſtily.)—I like to look at things which no one can ſee but thoſe who have the beſt glaſſes.'

"'To pore on a tadpole! what care I how it is begotten! (cruſtily cried Wilmot.)—Gobbo ſympathiſes with a tadpole in cholic pains! How is a man intereſted in the philoſophy of frogs?'

"'Tis not impoſſible but you yourſelf have been nothing more than a tadpole!' (pertly retorted my Uncle.)

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* One of the favourite inveſtigations of Spallanzani is that of generation. It is ſaid, that owing to his friendſhip for Bonnet, he zealouſly defended the latter's fanciful ſyſtem of *pre-exiſtent germs*. On the ſubject of generation, 'he relates a variety of experiments which he performed, in order to prove that *tadpoles* exiſt previous to fecundation, and that they are developed by the contact of an almoſt inconceivably ſmall quantity of the ſperm of the male.' He collected ſpecimens of them, for the univerſity of Pavia.—*Annual Review*, Vol. III, p. 831.

" ' There's more ſenſe in Bulbo's monſtrous ſheep!' (cried Wilmot.)

" ' Bulbo is another great genius! (obſerved my Uncle)—but Gobbo hates him becauſe he likes every thing ſo big! a microſcope ceaſes to be of any uſe in Bulbo's hand. Gobbo delights in unborn tadpoles, Bulbo in prize oxen! One wiſhes to cover the earth with the fatteſt monſters; the other ſighs to graſp his with the point of a needle!' "

CACO-NOUS, here mentioned, is Mr. Godwin, who makes a greater figure than any other delirious philoſopher in theſe volumes, and whoſe miſchievous extravagancies and whims, ſincere or affected, certainly offer a very fit ſubject of ridicule. In connexion with Caco-nous, Tag-rag now and then introduces " the brain ſick brained KILL-JOY," Mr. Holcroft.

" Pray, Mr. Caco-nous, (my Uncle aſked,) in what manner may a man build up a ſyſtem ſo indiſputably his own, that no reaſonable perſon ſhall ever lay claim to it?"

" The great metaphyſician replied, ' In whatever ſenſe a great genius underſtands a particular expreſſion, we are poſitively at liberty to apply it in the ſenſe *we think proper* *. It is thus I make any thing of ſomething, and ſomething of nothing!'

" This was true—and give Caco-nous but an ABSURDITY for his premiſes, and he would keep up ſuch a racket in his metaphyſics, that he ſeemed as diſorderly as a drunken man in a dark room!

" My Uncle turned to the great Philo, laying his hand gently on the other's heart—' As gentlemen, (cried he,) can we go on at this coercive rate? Do you ſtill cling to your ſyſtem of the ' omnipotence of mind over matter?" There was a pert briſkneſs in the interrogatory; and I detected his ſecret, lying between a ſimper and a grin. Even Caconous ſtared, at the unuſual temerity of my Uncle. Never till now had he ventured to impugn, or adumbrate, or offuſcate, his illuminated metaphyſics.

" So he bounced out with a thunder-clap of a fact that made my Uncle's brain ſpin like a tetotum.

" ' A little circumſtance occurred the other day (ſaid Caconous) that ſhows how I am proceeding. In our neighbour's orchard I fell from a pear-tree. You know what a diſcovery an apple falling upon the cranium of a philoſopher has occaſioned; it ſet him a thinking; and Newton diſcovered gravitation! That was lucky! But when I plumbed down from the pear-tree, I diſcovered what *out gravitates* gravitation! I call it—*Will-ye Nill-ye!* the omnipotence of mind over matter! As I was falling, I *reſolved* not to hurt myſelf!"

" Here we ſtared!

" ' And ſo it happened! I came down with full calmneſs of intellect, and without a ſcratch *!'

" ' Then,' ſaid my amazed Uncle, ' you have diſcovered the connexion between mind and matter! My ſecret is not worth the telling!'

" ' Your ſecret!' exclaimed the bluff metaphyſician, ' ſomething, I ſuſpect, you have blundered on in your philoſophical journey. *Will-ye Nill-ye* is the germe of the ' infinite perfectibility of man;' it is *more* than *volition!* The *volition* of a gouty man in his arm-chair will not walk him out of it; tell him his houſe is in flames, he throws by his crutches, and flies down ſtairs—*Will-ye Nill-ye!* To what amounts the *volition* of a faſhionable lady, three months in the country? It will hardly ſtir her, hand or foot! See her in town, what does ſhe not get through—*Will-ye Nill-ye!* A whimpering urchin, who by *volition* declines all his declenſions by having nothing to do with them; tickle him, and lo! he is a claſſical ſcholar—*Will-ye Nill-ye!*'

" ' This *Will-ye Nill-ye!* ſeems to be a kind of *electrical ſhock!*' obſerved my Uncle, ' and if ſo, my ſecret is worth the telling! Gobbo aſſerts, that mind

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* " We find in " POLITICAL JUSTICE" (two ſtrangely-coupled words!) this memorable obſervation:—

" FRANKLIN, a man habitually converſant with the ſyſtem of the external univerſe, and *by no means propenſe to extravagant ſpeculations*, conjectured that MIND will one day become omnipotent over MATTER. In *whatever ſenſe* HE underſtood this expreſſion, WE *are certainly at liberty to apply it in the ſenſe* WE THINK PROPER.'

* An authentic anecdote! A certain great *maſter* in the ſchool of CACONOUS, in falling from a pear-tree, inſiſts this happened to himſelf!

and

and matter form what he calls a *magic battery*; in a word, that MAN is nothing but *an animated Leyden jar* * !'

" 'Oh, the devil carbonado that fellow; he croſs-grains my fineſt-ſpun theories!' exclaimed the vexed metaphyſician. Here he proceeded in a ſtate of orgaſm!

" He aſked us, why we were ſuch fools as to *conſent* to be ſick, or to die? That a man was only old, becauſe he did not *perſiſt* in being young. Why were we not immortal? In the approaching age of *Will-ye Nill-ye*, the whole earth will be covered with a people of men, and not of children! There will be no ſexes! The deſiccating power of metaphyſics (for it has wonderful *dryneſs*) will ſhrivel up every lineament of ſex in the animal machine; then men will ceaſe to propagate! they will ſleep without night-caps, and be metaphyſicked — *Will-ye Nill-ye* † !

" Here the metaphyſician had a huſkineſs in his voice, and complained that the *matter* in his throat was omnipotent over his *mind*. In theſe long monologues of his, he was often as hoarſe as a creaking-wheel. Caconous finally ſubmitted to Wilmot's preſcription of *album græcum* — ſuch a quantity was uſed, that Wilmot ingeniouſly calculated how many *dogs tails* went to the cure of a *metaphyſician's ſore throat!*"

That theſe extravagancies are maintained by Caconous, is proved by references to the writings of Godwin.

" 'Solitude,' ſaid my Uncle, 'has been the catch-word, through all ages, of literary men. Zimmerman maddens me!' He pauſed, and then continued —'I have often thought, that while the vulgar have their *portable water cloſets*, why ſhould the literary man, whoſe wants are ſo urgent, be without *a portable ſolitude?* I have actually contrived a thing which will ſerve him in all times and places!'

" My Uncle exultingly held up ſomething, which having clapt on his head, the latter diſappeared—'HERE IS SOLITUDE!'

" It was a long triple quilted CAP, which came down an inch over his eyes, and quite covered his ears, in which part it was ſtuffed with great care.

" This is

A PHILOSOPHICAL CAP!

Furniſhed with this, the LITERATI need no more weary us with perpetual querulouſneſs, that they cannot retreat into ſolitude—or travel three hundred miles for a ſequeſtered ſpot, which may be made in Holborn. With this CAP, Sir, they may loſe the *entire uſe of their ears and eyes*, the deſirable object ſome ſeek in profound ſolitude! As ſoon as I clap this philoſophical cap on my head, I inſtantly loſe *the uſe of my ſenſes*, which coſts ſome people a great deal of time and trouble to do.'

" 'May I aſk you,' interrupted the Swede, with a ſmile at the invention, and a ſneer at the inventor—'what authorities you have to prove that people *think beſt in the dark?*'

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* " On this theory depends the ſcience of GALVANISM, according to its firſt great fathers. See a letter by M. Vaſſalli-Eandi, an Italian naturaliſt, in Wilkinſon's 'Hiſtory of Galvaniſm,' Vol. I, p. 82. 'According to the theory of Galvani and Aldini, the animal body is a *deſcription of Leyden phial*, or magic battery: in one part of which there is an exceſs of electricity, and in the other a deficiency.' — The writer proceeds, pointing out the analogies. He thinks however, as is uſual in every new ſyſtem, ſome difficulties occur not eaſily to be got over, but calls man by the curious philoſophical denomination of '*The animal Leyden phial.*'

" Galvani conjectures, that 'the nervous fluid paſſes from the nerves to the muſcles, by a law analogous to the one which governs electricity in the experiment of the Leyden phial,' p. 10. When he firſt conceived his theory, he flattered himſelf that he had diſcovered one of the moſt important *ſecrets of animal organization* and of *animal life!*" p. 12.

† " See the 'Utility of Utilities' for theſe ramblings. 'We are ſick, and we die, generally ſpeaking, becauſe *we conſent to ſuffer theſe accidents!* — Man becomes *old*, becauſe he *deſiſts* from *youthful habits*—Why may not man be one day *immortal?*'

" POLITICAL JUSTICE, p. 862, 864, 869, 4to. edit. Never! by metaphyſicking his ſpinal marrow! that is not the ſecret!

" He alſo informs us of 'MEN—who will ceaſe to propagate, for they no longer will have any motive either of error or duty to induce them. They will, PERHAPS, *be immortal!* The whole will be a *people of men*, and *not of children!*" p. 871.

" My

"My Uncle ſcrambled into his common-place book, found out the article *Toga*, and looked bluff with Athenæus, Ariſtophanes, Plutarch, Plato, Eſchines, Heſychius, and Spence—they all aſſured him, that philoſophers, in their profound meditations, *covered their heads with their cloaks*—' a fact, proving that they found the benefit of loſing the uſe of their ears and their eyes in deep thinking—the boaſt of my philoſophical cap!' "

"My Uncle had in our houſe a grand favourite of a toad. He and the toad had now lived together going on for forty years! Never was toad ſo well fed, ſo comfortably holed, and ſo affectionately tended. It was a foundling, a Tom Jones, which my allworthy Uncle had found conſtantly haunting 'the ſteps before our hall-door.' Its monſtrous ſize had attracted his eye, and its quiet diſpoſition ſoon faſcinated his heart. He conſtantly paid it a viſit every evening; my Uncle's affection enlarged as the toad increaſed in ſize. In a fit of enthuſiaſm he domeſticated it, declaring, like Uncle Toby, 'the houſe was large enough for them both!' Whenever he had company, the toad was always ſeated on the table. I heartily joined in flattering this monſtrous beauty, and fed it with the choiceſt inſects, whenever I wanted a little pocket-money *!'

"Urania wiſhed to have this toad for a week on a viſit! My Uncle, at firſt, politely refuſed the invitation. He aſſured her, 'he did not dread the change of air, or diet, or want of any proper attendance from her ſervants—thank heaven! his toad was a healthy toad! but there was ſomething in her houſe he did not like! He would not explain, and wiſhed not to ſet Urania againſt any of her domeſtic favourites'—but Urania perſiſting in her requeſt! my Uncle parted from his toad with a melancholy preſage! forty years had they known each other, and never had the toad before quitted its hole! Our great toad had not been three days in Urania's houſe, when a tame black raven, that was ſuffered to hop about her Obſervatory, made one peck at its eye, and two at its head, and, alas! our toad had no 'jewel on its head,' as Shakſpeare falſely conceived! It came back to us with one eye, and a broken head!"

The ridiculous rage of antiquaries for curioſities, which abſolutely, as is well known, carries them ſometimes the length of purloining, is very humourouſly deſcribed.

"I remarked, that my Uncle latterly ſuffered his nails to grow ſo long, that his hand looked like the talons of an eagle.

"All the world knows that the *copper* of the Emperor Otho is worth more than the *gold* of George III. As this Emperor only reigned three months, his coins are ſo ſcarce, that a braſs halfpenny of his is worth—about 50 guineas! But this price is rather low.

"Now Dr. Glum poſſeſſed an OTHO! —my Uncle did not! In the courſe of time it ſo happened, that my Uncle poſſeſſed an OTHO, and Dr. Glum did not!—This made Dr. Glum ever afterwards ſuſpicious.

"I believe the Doctor had his conjecture how the Emperor was got over by my Uncle. It was done cavalierly. Jacob kept feeling at the Emperor, till he got him, juſt as his Premier would have wiſhed, under his thumb—he then took him up as careleſsly as a pinch of ſnuff, and ſtrangled the Emperor in his pocket handkerchief.

"But when Dr. Glum departed this life, he left a cruel clauſe in his laſt will. He pointedly declared, that whenever his old rival, Mr. Jacob, was deſirous of examining his coins, he ſhould be cloſely watched by a perſon on each ſide of him, and not ſuffered to blow his noſe, at leaſt with his handkerchief.

"Yet, after all, Dr. Glum, like every

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* "See a minute detail reſpecting this toad in two letters from J. Arſcott, Eſq. to Dean Milles, written at the requeſt of our late great naturaliſt Pennant, inſerted in his Britiſh Zoology, Vol. III, p. 323, &c. Some of the ideas may entertain the reader.—'It gives me the greateſt pleaſure to inform you of any particulars *worthy* Mr. Pennant's notice concerning the TOAD, who *lived ſo many years with us*, and was ſo *great a favourite!*—It had been admired by my father for its *ſize, who conſtantly paid it a viſit every evening!*—I cannot ſay how long my father had been acquainted with the toad before I knew it—I can anſwer for thirty-ſix years—he uſed to mention it as '*the old toad I have known ſo many years.*' "—(What affectionate language! I begin to ſuſpect he meant Mrs. Arſcott, his beloved wife!!)

other great collector, was as great a thief as my Uncle, and that clause in his will came ungracefully from him. Once my Uncle and the Doctor met at an inn in the country; my Uncle had in his pocket a sixpence of Alfred; but so rude was art in Alfred's age and country, that his face does not look human—however, it is well worth *twenty guineas!* This Saxon jewel my Uncle could not refrain exultingly to show to Dr. Glum. The Doctor was as envious at my Uncle and Alfred, as the devil at the sight of the loves of Adam and Eve. In the height of his rancour, he wondered how collectors could pay down their money for a face that had no nose and mouth!—'I understand you,' replied my Uncle; 'you have not an Alfred in your collection! Your battered *Canute* has no head at all, and yet you value it, as no one ever did.' When my Uncle heard that he and his brother in antiquity could only sleep in a two-bedded room, he at first betrayed considerable agitation—however, he seemed to get over it, and soon fell asleep; but sleepless was Dr. Glum! He rose, 'smooth-sliding without step,' and breathlessly slid his hand under my Uncle's pillow, into his pockets, and even ripped a seam; but ALFRED did not appear! Next day the baffled antiquary hinted to my Uncle, that whenever he travelled he always concealed his medals.—'So do I,' said Jacob, with a sarcastic grin—'And when I sleep in a two-bedded room with a brother, I always sleep with ALFRED——*in my mouth!*'"

But the finest piece of ridicule in these volumes, as well as the boldest flight of fancy, is the description of an UNCREATED man, in Chapter XLII. It is a piece of well merited satire on Herder, Dr. Darwin, and others, who pretend to penetrate into the manner in which an animal may have originally been formed, antecedent to the usual, and now established, course of generation. For this Chapter, which, though pretty long, is not tedious, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

We now proceed to point out some of those particular passages on which we ground our judgment; but though our author discovers not a little wit and humour, and a fine Rabelaision extravagance of fancy, in some instances the wit and humour is not diffused throughout the whole, nor yet the greater part of his volumes. It is not every one who can raise a laugh by a good story, that possesses a constant and uninterrupted vein of wit and humour through a whole work. Our author is often too serious, and apparently angry, for true wit and humour. We are led to suspect that his ridicule flows sometimes, or rather is squeezed out of some personal provocation. The fine and delicate genius of true wit and humour vibrates on the confines of truth and absurdity, sense and nonsense. It is like tickling—if you press too hard, you cease to tickle, though you may give pain.

The very assumption of the title of Messieurs Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, is a vulgar and pitiful attempt to raise a laugh. Of the same cast is the story of the PUDDING, in the apology for this second edition. The BAKING of WRONGHEADS, of which a plate is prefixed to Vol. I, is a poor and low conceit. Such puns as that of the disputes at literary meetings "being hotter than their tea," and which very often cover none but miserable efforts of genius. A literary dinner, at which two learned Grecians, a PROFESSOR and a DOCTOR, are disputing about trifles, and throwing their wine and wigs at one another, is but heavy entertainment. In a word, the wit and humour in these volumes is, in many instances, though not always, forced, far-fetched, and smells of the lamp. Neither is the satire, though generally and on the whole it be, in every instance justly or properly directed. In general, the author aims a thrust at all HYPOTHETICAL THEORIES whatever; which, however, by narrowing the field of experiment, are of unspeakable advantage in philosophical investigation; and, in fact, what Lord Bacon considers as hints for further investigation derived from experiments. The whole of his philosophy, indeed, is divided by himself into INDUCTION and LITERARY EXPERIENCE. In one place Tag-rag speaks of the vanity and uncertainty of Scotch metaphysics, as of a thing known, admitted, and proverbial. Now it is the distinguishing character of the Scotch metaphysicians, that they aim to clear away the "VAIN rubbish of former systems of pneumatology," and apply the Baconian method of analysis and experiment, or observation, which has had so much success in natural philosophy, to the human mind. The progress made by this mode of investigation,

inveſtigation, though ſlow, is ſure, and cannot be called either vague or uncertain. Nor ſhould this be called Scotch metaphyſics: it originated with the great and renowned Chancellor of England; and it has been adopted by the moſt learned and able men at both our univerſities in England.

Our author, Mr. Tag-rag, dwells by far too much on the vagaries and ridiculous pretenſions of Caconous, who appears almoſt in every chapter and every ſcene, and on ſome others of this new and delirious ſchool. Yet for this there is ſome apology; for Godwin, though wrong headed, poſſeſſes both great ſubtilty of reaſoning and vigour of fancy. But why introduce and ſay ſo much of ſuch miſerable compilers as Dr. Creekory, &c. Though Mr. Tag-rag has read a world of books, it would be raſh to pronounce him learned. To be learned, we muſt not only read books, but digeſt them; and read them too, not at random, but in a certain order, and for the purpoſe of acquiring knowledge. He has had his ſubject in his head probably for many years, and he has read an infinitude of books for confirming and illuſtrating it. With the nature and preſent ſtate or ſtage of the ſound philoſophy he does not appear to be well, or indeed at all, acquainted. If we may be permitted to conjecture, he has not had the advantage of an univerſity education; which tends at leaſt not only to ſhow the *deſiderata* of ſcience, but the right road of philoſophizing, and the progreſs that has been made in it.

Yet Mr. Tag-rag is a perſon of great alertneſs of thought, as well as of induſtry in collecting anecdotes to his purpoſe. And as he not unfrequently amuſes and makes us laugh, we ought to excuſe him where he fails. Certainly, there was never ſuch a collection of the vanities, follies, abſurdities, and ridiculous pretenſions of the LITERATI, DILETTANTI, and COGNOSCENTI: nor has he been at any great pains to conceal the perſons whom he expoſes to ridicule. It is not often that any one at all acquainted with London can be at a loſs to conjecture who is deſigned: though this ſometimes happens; as in the inſtance of TOO-MANY of the Row, "the Parnaſſus of London." In ſhort, if this book does not always tickle the fancy, it is uniformly calculated to gratify, we ſhall not ſay malignity, but a diſpoſition to pull down ſelf-importance and ſelf-conceit.

Mr. Tag-rag is entitled to our thanks for dragging into light many ſhameful practices of both reviewers and booksellers.

The MORLANDS. *Tales illuſtrative of the Simple and Surpriſing. By R. C. Dallas, Eſq.* 8vo. 4 vol.

The novelty of the plan of this inſtructive and entertaining work, although not its principal, is a ſecondary recommendation. The chief object of the well known and juſtly eſteemed author, in this, as well as in his former publications of a ſimilar nature*, is to ſhow, by example, that novels may be ſo conducted as to be the vehicles of ſound morality; and to promote the intereſts of religion and virtue, by uſeful leſſons, through the medium of fictitious biography.

The ſentiments of the friends and guardians of the riſing generation are divided with reſpect to the prevalent faſhion of novel-reading; and whilſt the preſs teems with theſe productions, univerſally encouraged by means of circulating libraries eſtabliſhed like country banks, in every conſiderable town and city of the united kingdom; the principles of candour and moderation render it a duty incumbent on the reviewers of literature in all its branches, to draw a line of diſtinction between ſuch novels as have a pernicious tendency, by corrupting the minds of youth, and exciting falſe hopes and extravagant expectations, which render them unfit for the common concerns and duties of ſocial life; and thoſe which inculcate a firm reliance on the diſpenſations of divine providence; reſignation and fortitude under the moſt trying circumſtances of adverſity; benevolence and affability in proſperity; loyalty and affection to the Sovereign; reſpect to the laws and government; obedience to parents; conjugal fidelity; and other domeſtic virtues; and cheerfulneſs and contentment in every ſituation; while at the ſame time they afford a

* Percival, or Nature Vindicated, in 4 vol. 1802; and Aubrey, a novel, in 4 vol. 1804. Both theſe performances met with general approbation at the time of publication, and without one diſſenting opinion on the part of the different reviewers.

fund

fund of rational amuſement in the hours of leiſure and relaxation from ſevere ſtudies, arduous labours, and intricate or perplexing worldly buſineſs.

The preſent Tales are of this deſcription, and may be claſſed with the novels of Fielding, and the moral tales of Marmontel. The maxim of our celebrated poet,

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies,

POPE.

forms the baſis of the intereſting memoirs of the *Morlands*, a fiction not ſo extravagant as to overleap the bounds of probability, or to call in the aid of marvellous and ſupernatural agency. Haunted towers, enchanted caſtles, magic ſpells, and horrid ſpectres, have had their day; and a rational ſyſtem has been adopted by our beſt noveliſts, to inſure to themſelves laſting reputation, and to their productions, the patronage of unprejudiced and liberal minded readers and critics.

From the ſingular introduction to theſe Tales, we have extracted the following dialogue, which compriſes a general outline of the finiſhed piece.

Author. The value of theſe works of imagination conſiſts in the faithful picture they preſent of mankind. When an author tranſports his reader into the regions of improbability, his only view is to amuſe idleneſs, and gratify wonder, the paſſion of children.

Friend. Men are but children of a larger growth, and the view of every writer, I preſume, is, to be read.

Author. Yes; but it ſhould not be his principal one.

Friend. Chapter Firſt. Pray read me this chapter.

Author. With all my heart.

Friend. (The chapter being read.) It will not do to go on thus. Work in a little of the marvellous, or at leaſt of the ſurpriſing, and depend upon it the book will ſell the better.

Author. In Morland all muſt be nature. He writes his own memoirs, you ſee, and I have no right to alter his facts: I have only to pay attention to the ſtyle, and correct the preſs.

Friend. A thought ſtrikes me: will you allow me to put it into execution?

Author. What is it?

Friend. To ſtart with you from the firſt chapter; ſimple as it is, it may be turned into a faſhionable romance. Do you go on arranging your every day facts and character, and allow me to engraft a romance of *ſurpriſing* adventures on your ſtock of natural and ſimple life.

Author. With all my heart. As ſoon as you have done, we will compare our manuſcripts. But by *ſurpriſing*, do you mean to give looſe to impoſſible, or improbable flights.

Friend. No: I do not mean to write a fairy tale, or an Arabian Night's entertainment. Perhaps, however, I ſhall attempt to aſtoniſh—but I muſt not betray myſelf. Let us ſay nothing to each other of our compoſitions till we are ready to read them.

This was agreed upon. The Morlands were finiſhed nearly about the ſame time, and the following is the firſt tale.

The firſt tale commences with chapter I of the firſt volume, and is carried on to its concluſion, through three volumes.

The ſecond tale is compriſed in the fourth and laſt volume. To this arrangement we have an inſurmountable objection, which, however, by no means affects the merit of the work. It muſt ſtrike every reader, that the author and the ſuppoſed friend are one and the ſame perſon; and that the memoirs of Edward Morland conſiſt of a ſtory twice told, with different facts, variegated adventures, and appoſite moral reflections annexed to each by the ſame writer. This being the true ſtate of the caſe, we are inclined to tranſpoſe the tales, conſidering the *ſecond*, or the ſuppoſed friend's ſtory, as the more ſimple and leſs ſurpriſing, and adhering more cloſely to nature, and the general occurrences of human life, than the *firſt*, which approaches nearer to a romance of ſurpriſing adventures bordering on the improbable, and relates ſome facts moſt truly aſtoniſhing. This defect apart, we have examined both ſtories with due attention, and can ſafely recommend them as calculated to improve the underſtanding, to meliorate the heart, and to ſupply a fund of innocent amuſement, combined with ſalutary inſtruction.

In both tales, Edward Morland is a ſuppoſed orphan, his parents unknown, and his future deſtiny dependant from a boy on the care and affection of a lady of the name of Waller, a widow,

widow, reſiding at Reading, where he received the early part of his education, and at the age of eighteen was ſent by her to the univerſity of Oxford, with a decent allowance, regularly paid every quarter; ſufficient for his maintenance and the proſecution of his ſtudies; Mrs. Waller intending him for the church; but fortune had determined to diſpoſe of him otherwiſe. Charmed with the book of Nature, he poſtponed the ſtudy of divinity till his reaſoning faculty ſhould obtain a greater degree of maturity. Newton and Buffon had no reſt for him; he then became anxious to be more acquainted with the nature of man: he ſtudied anatomy, went through a treatiſe on logic, read Locke, and found himſelf again involved in metaphyſics. He ſought for information of the actions of men, and the ſprings of thoſe actions; he was referred to hiſtory. He read hiſtory with pleaſure, yet with diſappointment: he did not find what he was in ſearch of: he felt little affinity between the perſonages introduced and himſelf. Kings and princes, ſtateſmen and heroes, founders of ſects, and royal miſtreſſes, preſented an immenſe and agreeable drama, but he heard nothing of the ordinary race of mankind, except as communities; and to contemplate things in the aggregate was not the way to become acquainted with them. To analyſe was the method to obtain knowledge, but analyſis was the operation of experience. This concluſion convinced him that he ſhould loſe time in endeavouring to ſtudy men in books; and in the ſecond year of his reſidence, he reſolved to return ſeriouſly to thoſe ſtudies which were to fit him for the profeſſion to which he was deſtined; ſatisfied with thinking that he ſhould, in time, mix with the world, and judge for himſelf; meanwhile he had an agreeable, if not a brilliant proſpect, and the morning of his life dawned without clouds. At this criſis, an event took place, which occaſioned a total change in his ſituation, and is the ground plot of the whole fabric of his future fortune: it muſt be related in his own words.

I had nearly completed my twentieth year, when one day, as I was weighing the arguments in favour of a particular providence, the curate of Reading came ſuddenly into my room, and taking me by the hand, ſaid to me, with tears in his eyes, "my dear Ned, I have bad news for you, which it would not be friendly to withhold from you a moment. I feel extremely for you—you are loſt—Mrs. Waller is dead." "Mrs. Waller dead!" cried I, agitated, and far from thinking of all the conſequences of ſuch an event; I recollected my obligations to the worthy woman, my feelings were ſeverely ſhocked, my heart ſwelled, and I burſt into tears.

"Give way to your tears, my friend," ſaid the good curate, embracing me; "I love theſe proofs of an amiable nature: theſe tears cannot be ſuſpected, and they are ſweet in compariſon of thoſe you will have to ſhed for yourſelf."—"What more," ſaid I, "have I to lament than the death of her who acted the part of a mother to me?"—"Yes, my dear boy," replied the curate, "ſhe did indeed act the part of a mother to you, and no other will ſupply her place. You are at the mercy of the world." He then informs the unhappy youth, that he had applied in his behalf by letter to Mrs. Waller's brothers, the inheritors of her property, ſtating the dreadful poſition into which he was ſo unexpectedly thrown, his kind benefactreſs having died of an apoplectic fit, and inteſtate, calling upon them, in the name of juſtice and humanity, to take your caſe into conſideration: very far from it, they returned an anſwer full of reproachful reflections on their ſiſter for ſquandering part of her little property on the perſon ſpoken of, who, for the matter of juſtice, ought to pay them back what their ſiſter robbed her own blood of, to ſpend on him, and requiring to hear no more on that buſineſs, &c.

Morland now, with an anxious and ſorrowful countenance, aſked the curate what was to become of him? The good man replied, "I have already weighed in my mind ſeveral plans for you. I have thought of your being introduced into ſome wealthy family as a tutor; but your youth is againſt it; for you are in fact little more than a boy yourſelf, and you will find no one to truſt you. The army would not be amiſs; but then there is no obtaining a commiſſion without money, or powerful intereſt, and thoſe delicate limbs, formed in the ſhade of academic bowers, will never do for a common ſoldier. You may have the courage and honour of a Hotſpur; but to be a ſoldier in the ranks, you ſhould be five

feet

feet ten, ſtrong, and patient; any other quality is uſeleſs, and perhaps dangerous. You are not young enough to begin the life of a ſailor; the habits neceſſary for that profeſſion muſt be acquired at a very early period, and, as it were, wrought into the conſtitution. As to a trade, though you were diſpoſed to learn one, you muſt ſerve an apprenticeſhip; but where is the apprentice fee to come from? My dear fellow, I tremble to mention to you the only means before you to procure in the heart of the fineſt country, what the earth yields in the moſt unfavoured parts of the world, to thoſe men living without laws, and without labour, called *ſavages*: you have no reſource but ſervice."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Morland; "ſervice! wear a livery!"—The tears he ſhed at the bare idea were, indeed, as the curate predicted, bitter in compariſon with thoſe which were the melancholy but ſoft effuſions of gratitude. His friend attempted to conſole him—"Why diſtreſs yourſelf in this manner, Ned?" ſaid he; "though many things might be mentioned in ſupport of the ſtate I have recommended, I allow that to an educated mind it is humiliating: but you have no choice; and recollect that virtue ennobles every ſtate. Your ſoul will not become ſervile: you will do your duty, and by making yourſelf neceſſary to your employers, they will be attached to you. Far from leading the lazy life of perſons in the ſtation to which you are obliged to deſcend, you will privately cultivate and mature the fruits of your former ſtudies; and who knows but you may be as fortunate as ſome who are now making a figure in the world, after having ſtood behind a chair. Come, come, keep up your ſpirits; it requires more courage to fall than to riſe, particularly when the deſcent is rough; but preſerve the magnanimity and good ſenſe which guides you down, and you will ſee that the humbleſt part may be ſuſtained without debaſement. Take the plan in another point of view—you find yourſelf on this planet called the earth, in a manner iſolated, dropped from the clouds, without relation or connexion; conſider yourſelf then as a being of another ſphere, unacquainted with the one into which you are fallen. You are not devoid of curioſity, and with the attainments your faculties have acquired, no form, no walk of life is ſo adapted to give you a complete knowledge of this nether world. If any thing occur to change your fortune, and to give you a taſte for this planet, it will be no diſgrace to you to have deſcended, like the gods of antiquity, in diſguiſe: if, on the contrary, nothing happen to extricate you from this lowly path that leads you to the knowledge of mankind, you will have a reaſonable conſolation in obſerving the characters of men, and in feeding well, while your ſoul and body keep together, till you ſtart for another world, where you are ſure all earthly diſtinctions are levelled; taking care, however, never to perſuade yourſelf that you have a right to haſten your departure from this."

The neceſſity, the hope, the philoſophy of the curate's argument, at length prevailed; and having firſt made a farewell viſit to Oxford, to withdraw his effects and take leave of the few perſons with whom he was acquainted, he returned to Reading, and ſet out on his journey to Holcomb in Devonſhire, with a recommendation from his kind adviſer, to the vicar his relation, whom he requeſted to obtain a ſituation for the deſerted youth.

As it is an invariable rule in the conduct of our *impartial Review*, not to encroach upon the juſt rights of authors, we ſhall carefully avoid the illiberality of extracting *the eſſence* of their works, whereby they are deprived, in ſome reſpects, of the fruits of their labours; we ſhall only notice that Morland is diſcovered to be a gentleman by birth; leaving the moſt intereſting memoirs of his life entire for the gratification of his readers; and ſhall cloſe the article with a ſpecimen of the religious philoſophy of the vicar of Holcomb.

"Be aſſured," ſaid he to Morland, "that true philoſophy conſiſts in adapting ourſelves to our ſituation in life, and in ſecuring happineſs to the mind, by rendering it independent of *externals*. Modern times exhibit, comparatively, but few examples of ſtoiciſm, yet modern times can afford many inſtances of great ſouls that have the complete command of their emotions and paſſions; that place happineſs in the conſciouſneſs of rectitude, and native dignity; that conſider fortuitous gratifications as beneath wiſdom, bear the injuſtice of fortune with indifference, defy the attacks of malice, and diſregard the ſlights of caſual philoſo-

phy; men who envelope themſelves in the covering of their actual condition in life, to look with pity on the agitated multitude, and paſs with unruffled ſpirits through all the buffets of a ſtormy world. Without this, what are we? The ſport of the whims and inſolence of others, and the victims of our own fancy. Certainly the mind *can* be rendered independent of externals; certainly it was intended by its Creator that it ſhould. Are we not expreſsly directed to caſt off the things of this world? In ſhort, my boy, we muſt be philoſophers poſſeſſing *inward* independent happineſs, or we muſt mingle with the herd, and eat our bread in bitterneſs. I thank God, I am myſelf a living teſtimony of a mind independent of externals. My vicarage, though ſmall, yields me a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and I neither dream of lawn, nor ape the venerable graces of the mitre. I am only a country clergyman, yet nothing can diſturb my happineſs, nothing ruffle the ſerenity of my mind; and if I were in the condition of a domeſtic to-morrow, it would be the ſame."

M.

An eaſy Introduction to the Game of Cheſs; containing One Hundred Examples of Games, and a great Variety of critical Situations and Concluſions; including the whole of Philidor's Analyſis, with copious Selections from Stamma, the Calabrois, &c. Arranged on a new Plan, with Inſtructions for Learners, rendering a complete Knowledge of that Scientific Game perfectly eaſy of Attainment. Two Vols. 12mo. *With a Cheſsboard.*

The game of cheſs having become a very faſhionable ſource of amuſement in all polite circles, we may ſuppoſe that the public attention will be ſtrongly excited by a work which profeſſes to render a perfect knowledge of it eaſy of acquiſition.

It is not to be doubted that thouſands of perſons have been deterred from perſevering in learning this game by the apparent intricacy in which the movements of the various pieces are involved, and the difficulty of obtaining an intelligible guide to conduct them through the labyrinth. In ſome old Cheſs-books that we have ſeen, the moves were deſcribed by letters and figures; in thoſe of later date, the operations are deſcribed by words at length. Much time, however, muſt be ſpent before the learner can become acquainted with the directions of his teacher; and after that difficulty is ſurmounted, he finds, in playing over the examples of games according to thoſe directions, the operation ſo tedious, and ſo liable to miſtakes, that unleſs he poſſeſs great power of perſeverance indeed, he retires from it in diſguſt and deſpair.

Theſe difficulties appear to be obviated in the volumes now before us, by the adoption of a ſimple method of deſcribing the moves by *figures only*, and giving with each copy of the book a cheſs-board, properly marked with correſponding figures; by which, accompanied with clear and ample inſtructions, we think any perſon, with due attention, may in one day acquire the rudiments of the game.

Though this work is compreſſed within a ſmall ſize, it appears to be more comprehenſive than any other on the ſubject that has been publiſhed in this country; containing 109 examples of games (among which are ſome of thoſe which were played by the late Mr. Philidor, without ſeeing the board*,) and alſo 116 examples of critical ſituations, and concluſions of games, including the whole of Philidor's elaborate work, with copious ſelections from other authors, and a large portion of new matter. For the convenience of two perſons practiſing the examples at one time on the ſame board, the moves of the black are repeated ſeparately in the ſecond volume.

The various alterations that have been made in the game of cheſs ſince its invention, are deſcribed by this author under the following heads: *Carrera's Game*; *Arch Cheſs*; *the Duke of Rutland's Game*; *The Round Game*; *Chataraje, or The Four Kings*; *The German Military Game*; *The King and Pawn's Game*; *Games of Calculation, &c.* which will be found amuſing varieties to thoſe who are proficients in the common game.

Among the miſcellaneous matter in theſe volumes, we find Sir William Jones's charming poem of "Caiſſa; or, the Game of Cheſs," with illuſtrative and explanatory notes; "The Morals of Cheſs," by Dr. Franklin; "Cheſs

* See Jones's Biographical Dictionary, art. *Philidor*.

and

and Whiſt compared;" "Obſervations on Cheſs," from various authors; a collection of anecdotes relative to Cheſs and Cheſs-players; and an ancient poem on "The Famous Game of Cheſſe-Play (1652); which together form a very uſeful and entertaining appendage to the work.

It is now becoming cuſtomary at our public ſeminaries to introduce cheſs as a recreation for youth; and we think it a laudable paſtime for lads who grow too old for tops and marbles; for, as Dr. Franklin ſays, it is "not merely an idle amuſement; ſeveral very valuable qualities of the mind, uſeful in the courſe of human life, are to be acquired and ſtrengthened by it, ſo as to become habits ready on all occaſions; for life is a kind of cheſs, in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adverſaries to contend with, and in which there is a vaſt variety of good and evil events, that are, in ſome degree, the effect of prudence, or of the want of it." Among other uſeful leſſons that may be learnt from playing at cheſs, the Doctor enumerates foreſight, circumſpection, caution; the habit of not being diſcouraged by preſent bad appearances in the ſtate of our affairs; the habit of hoping for a favourable chance, and that of perſevering in the ſearch of reſources, &c.

Poetic Sketches. By T. Gent. 8vo. pp. 120. Printed at Yarmouth.

The Author of this volume deſcribes himſelf as

"A penſive pilgrim, worn with baſe turmoils,
Plebeian cares, and mercenary toils;"

and appears to be modeſt in his expectations, his hopes extending no higher than to *beef* and *beer*, which we ſhall not by any act of ours deprive him of. As ſpecimens of his poetical powers, we ſhall extract the following two ſonnets:—

"MORNING.

"LIGHT as the breeze that hails the infant morn
The milk-maid trips; as o'er her arm ſhe flings
Her cleanly pail, ſome favourite lay ſhe ſings
As ſweetly wild, and cheerful, as the horn.
O happy girl! may never faithleſs love,
Or fancied ſplendour, lead thy ſteps aſtray;
No cares becloud the ſunſhine of thy day,
Nor want e'er urge thee from thy cot to rove.
What tho' thy ſtation dooms thee to be poor,
And by the hard-earn'd morſel thou art fed;
Yet ſweet content bedecks thy lowly bed,
And health and peace ſit ſmiling at thy door:
Of thee poſſeſs'd—thou haſt a gracious meed,
Which Heaven's high-wiſdom gives, to make thee rich indeed!"

"NIGHT.

"NOW when dun Night her ſhadowy veil has ſpread,
See Want and Infamy, as forth they come,
Lead their wan daughter from her branded home,
To woo the ſtranger for unhallow'd bread.
Poor outcaſt! o'er thy ſickly-tinted cheek
And half-clad form, what havoc want hath made!
And the ſweet luſtre of thine eye doth fade,
And all thy ſoul's ſad ſorrow ſeems to ſpeak.
O miſerable ſtate! compell'd to wear
The wooing ſmile, as on thy aching breaſt
Some wretch reclines, who feeling ne'er poſſeſs'd;
Thy poor heart burſting with the ſtifled tear!
Oh, GOD OF MERCY! bid her woes ſubſide,
And be to her a friend, who hath no friend beſide."

The Poſt Captain; or, The Wooden Walls well manned; comprehending a View of Naval Society and Manners. 8vo. pp. 300.

Naval ſociety and manners appear ſo well delineated in the work before us, that thoſe who are deſirous of an acquaintance with a ſea life will not be diſappointed in the peruſal of it. The men are brave and amorous, and the ladies are fair, and ſo very obliging as to conſent to elope with their lovers at the firſt ſolicitation. There are few incidents in this performance, and none

none that can be denominated novel or ſtriking; yet the narrative will not be peruſed without intereſt.

The Juvenile Preceptor; or, A Courſe of Moral and Scientific Inſtructions. 2 Vols. 12mo. Printed at Ludlow.

This is a uſeful compilation, in which the Editor profeſſes to have avoided giving his young friends any controverted biss; objects of univerſal importance only having engaged his attention. "From us, therefore," he adds, "they will not imbibe any taint of ſuperſtition or bigotry, nor become familiar with evil or ſupernatural agents. Inſtead of indulging in fantaſtick imagery, we have endeavoured to copy nature; have choſen reality inſtead of fiction; preferred what is rational to what is abſurd; and confined our narratives to well authenticated occurrences."

Stenography; or, A new Syſtem of Short Hand, included in a ſingle Page, and illuſtrated by Eleven Engravings. 12mo. pp. 56.

Another of the uſeful publications of Mr. George Nicholſon, of Poughnill, near Ludlow. It profeſſes to be, and we believe really is, an improvement on Dr. Rich's Syſtem of Stenography.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 21.

THE Oratorios commenced at Covent Garden Theatre, for the Lent ſeaſon, under the able management of the Aſhleys. The principal vocal performers were, Meſſrs. Braham, Doyle, Gibbons, Smith, and Pyne; Signora Storace, Mrs. Dickons (late Miſs Poole), Mrs. Salmon (late Miſs Munday), and Mrs. Bland. The performances have been generally well attended.

MARCH 8. At the ſame Theatre was produced, for the firſt time, a Comedy called "A HINT TO HUSBANDS."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Tranſit	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Sir Charles le Brun	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Heartright	Mr. POPE.
Fairford	Mr. FAWCETT.
George Trevor	Mr. BRUNTON.
Pliant	Mr. FARLEY.
Harry Sumner	Mr. FIELD.
Hardiman	Mr. JEFFERIES.
Codicil	Mr. EMERY.
O'Dogherty	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Lady Tranſit	Miſs SMITH.
Lady le Brun	Mrs. GLOVER.
Ruth	Mrs. EMERY.

FABLE.

Lord Tranſit, a young nobleman of many pretenſions, becomes captivated with the natural charms of a girl in an humble ſtation, and marries her; but ſoon growing weary of retirement, he launches into the mazes of diſſipation, and ſends Lady Tranſit back to her family. At the time of their marriage, Fairford, the father of his lady, was in Ruſſia on a commercial ſpeculation, and his family were left in rather diſtreſſed circumſtances; but, on the return of Lady Tranſit to her father's reſidence, ſhe finds him juſt arrived, and poſſeſſed of a conſiderable property, in conſequence of the death of the principal partner in the continental firm. He becomes reconciled to his daughter, who had married without his permiſſion, and places a conſiderable ſum of money in her hands to maintain her dignity; but which ſhe privately tranſmits to her huſband, to relieve him from the embarraſſments in which his diſſipated conduct had involved him. In the mean time, Lord Tranſit, ſtruck with remorſe, and conſidering himſelf degraded by the levity of his town companions, eagerly wiſhes for a reconciliation with his wife; particularly on being undeceived by Trevor, a young officer, the nephew of Fairford, with regard to his ſuſpicions of an intrigue between his Lady and Sir Charles le Brun; the parties are brought together at the houſe of Lady le Brun; and Fairford, who had diſcovered by ſome papers the benevolence of Lord Tranſit to his wife during his abſence abroad, relieves his Lordſhip from great embarraſſment by relinquiſhing a conſiderable claim that he held upon his eſtates, and conſents to his daughter's reconcilement.—There is a ſort of counter-plot, which conſiſts in the mutual attempts of Lord Tranſit and Sir Charles le Brun to ſeduce each others wives; but which are rendered unſucceſsful by the rigid morality of one lady, and the candid ridicule of the other.

This

This performance is from the pen of that reſpectable veteran Mr. Cumberland, and bears many marks of its author. Its reception annexes it to the number of his ſucceſsful dramatic efforts; but its merits are certainly inferior to thoſe of ſome other of the productions for which we are indebted to the ſame pen. If, however, we cannot upon this occaſion beſtow unqualified praiſe, it muſt be acknowledged that it is no ſmall merit, in the preſent ſtate of the Drama, to afford little room for cenſure. The plot, as may be ſeen from the above ſketch, is very ſimple. It is indeed almoſt developed at the commencement of the piece; but the author has contrived, by ſome happy ſituations and incidents, to preſerve a certain degree of intereſt to the concluſion.

We diſcover in this piece the ſame refinement of ſentiment, correctneſs of moral, chaſteneſs of dialogue, and terſeneſs and elegance of diction, that have invariably characteriſed the dramatic productions of this author. But while we admire theſe leading excellencies, we have to regret the abſence of that wit, whim, and humour, which conſtitute the *vis comica*, and without which dramatic productions, however well written, will ever appear languid on the ſtage.

We can afford this piece but little claim to originality of character. *Fairford* reſembles too much the portrait of *Job Thornberry*, in *John Bull*; in which, under a rough exterior, are concealed the tendereſt feelings and moſt benevolent ſentiments. *Pliant* is another Marplot, but not ſo amuſing. As to *Lord Tranſit*, he is wicked enough to be diſliked, but has not intereſt enough for the hero of a piece. Emery and Blanchard were not at home in *Codicil* and *O'Dogherty*: the former gave a poor imitation of an upright and blunt attorney; and the latter could make nothing of the Iriſhman. This character might have been made an Engliſh ſervant, without prejudice to the play. We were ſorry to ſee ſo reſpectable a Comedian as Blanchard ſo out of his element *.

The Prologue and Epilogue were well delivered by Mr. Brunton and Miſs Smith.

There were ſome ſlight ſymptoms of oppoſition in the third and fourth acts; but the piece was finally announced for repetition amid the general plaudits of a very crowded audience, and has been ſeveral times repeated.

22. Maſter Betty acted *Oroonoko* for the firſt time, and was well received. But Mr. Charles Kemble's *Aboan* more than ſhared the plaudits of the evening: it was a very vigorous and impreſſive performance.

24. At the ſame Theatre, a Miſs TAYLOR made her firſt appearance on any ſtage, in the character of *Zorayda*, in *The Mountaineers*, and was favourably received. By attention and practice, this fair *debutante* may improve her preſent qualifications for the ſtage.

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* In the printed play (for it has ſince been publiſhed) Mr. Cumberland has very liberally apologized for Mr. Blanchard's deficiencies, and taken the blame upon himſelf. The Comedy, we find, was originally written for Drury-lane, and the part of O'Dogherty intended for Mr. Johnſtone.

POETRY.

THE RETURN OF THE AVENGER.

From "BONAPARTE; OR, THE PROPHECY."

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

OCEAN, thro' her caverns deep,
Felt the raging whirlwind ſweep;
Hurl'd, in foaming ſheets, on high,
Angry billows laſh'd the ſky.
Priſon'd, many an age in vain,
Under the tempeſtuous main,
Fiends of darkneſs urg'd their way
To the dim confines of day,
And the mighty fabric rent
Of the ſhatter'd continent.

Riding on the ſtormy blaſt,
The avenging Spirit paſt;
With him march'd, in dreadful ſtate,
The relentleſs brood of Fate:
Stain'd and drunk with human gore,
Haſting from the Gallic ſhore,
Leader of the lurid throng,
WAR, in thunders, ruſh'd along.
On his helm the tow'ring plume
Nodded to the Nations' doom;
Down his limbs and moony ſhield,
Slow the ſtreaming blood diſtill'd;
And his giant-form diſplay'd,
Caſt a long tremendous ſhade;

Half

Half the world obſcur'd in night,
Blaſting kingdoms with affright.
As the baleful comet flames,
Or the deadly lightning ſtreams,
So, with fury, flaſh'd his eye,
As he rear'd his arm on high,
And, impatient to engage,
Utter'd hollow cries of rage,
Straining deep his brazen throat,
While the air he madly ſmote,
And, for death and battle wild,
On approaching Havock ſmil'd.
Ghaſtly fears before him fly,
Crimſon horrors blot the ſky:
Griſly Slaughter ſtalks behind,
Groans and clangor ſwell the wind;
Waſted Famine pale appears;
Sorrow, ſhedding fruitleſs tears;
Murder, wrapt in clouds of night,
Faſt purſu'd by guilty Fright;
Rape and fiend-like cruelty;
Treaſon foul and blaſphemy;
Red with deſolating ire,
Follow'd Conflagration dire;
Peſtilence, of livid hue,
Breathing death, in ſilence, flew;
Scowling fell on grim Deſpair,
Shapeleſs Ruin clos'd the rear.
Seven times, on their ceaſeleſs flight,
Roſy Morn renew'd her light;
Seven times, at the cloſe of day,
Radiant Heſper lit their way;
Strangers to fatigue and pain,
Onward ſtill they urge amain,
Swifter than the wings of Sound,
Or the Planets' flaming round,
Fleeing from the ſolar beam,
And the Stars' remoteſt gleam,
Until, fading from their view,
Every heavenly orb withdrew;
Thro' the diſmal regions, where
Chaos holds his empire drear;
O'er the wilderneſs profound
Growing darkneſs clos'd around.
Rapid as the mind can trace
The immenſity of ſpace,
Or, with energy ſublime,
Glance the long extent of time,
With a wild, tumultuous ſweep,
Down th' unfathomable ſteep,
To the horrid realms of Night
Suddenly they wheel their flight;
Till a fearful, hollow ſound
Echo'd thro' the vaſt profound;
Thither faſt approaching near,
In the black abyſs they hear
Mighty waters ruſhing on,
Guarded by a ſpectre wan,
Whoſe uncertain form they ſpy
Feebly glimmering on the eye,
By a dim and ſhadowy gleam,
Hovering o'er the ſullen ſtream,
All beyond the dubious ray
Ever-during darkneſs lay.—
In oblivion of the paſt,
And eternal bondage caſt,
Bending o'er the fatal loom,
There, the univerſal doom,
The REMORSELESS SISTERS ply,
Shrowded cloſe from ev'ry eye.—
(*The avenging Spirit ſpeaks.*)
"Hear! ye HELL-BORN SISTERS, hear!
Lo, your ravening brood are near!
From the feaſt of Death they come;—
From the guilty Nations' doom,
By the ſtreams that ever flow,
Hear, oh hear, the tale of woe!"—
—Thrice the healing thunders broke,
'Ere the VOICE of DARKNESS ſpoke;
Deep, as Hell's tremendous cry,
Roll'd the terrible reply.——

THE SMUGGLERS.

WHERE the curlew's ſhrilly cry,
Where the heron dips her wing,
Late at eve I wander'd by,
Lowly men were heard to ſing:—

"On the ſhore, by darkneſs hid,
We in ſilence ſteal along;
Sluggards preſs the heavy lid,
Let them ſlumber in the throng.

"When eclips'd is ev'ry ſtar,
We upon the boiſt'rous wave,
In the elemental war,
Think where ſeamen find a grave.

"If we make ſome foreign port,
(Friend or foe need not be told,)
Huſh'd is the thunder of the fort,
Lull'd by the magic power of gold.

"Stow'd the freight, and ſpread the ſail,
Then we court each breath of wind;
For ſhould morning dawn prevail,
Doubts and fears are yet behind.

"Oft 'a ſail! a ſail!' they cry,
Ruſhing thro' the ſparkling flood,
Kingly barks when we deſcry
Ripe for ſeizure or for blood."

Thunder fill'd the troubled air!
Here they clos'd th' adventurous ſong;
By the lightning's dizzy glare
Swift they fled the rocks among!

W. H.

MORNING.

A SONNET.

WHEN will the ſun o'ertop the caſtern hill,
And drink from flow'ry cups the pearly dew?
I hear his harbinger, with clarion ſhrill,
That bids me wake to health and pleaſures new.

The

The hunter's voice will echo thro' the vale,
And deep-mouth'd beagles join the sylvan cry;
The milk-maid trip along the shining vale,
And bleating flocks to lowing herds reply.
Within the barn the sounding flail be heard,
The patient oxen couple to the yoke,
The harness'd team await the driver's word,
And forests bow beneath the woodman's stroke.
Imagin'd scene! for lo! the morn appears
In saddest robe array'd, and steep'd in tears!

W. H.

NELSON's MONUMENT.

BY COLONEL R—— S——TT.

TRAFALGAR's elevated cliff shall tell,
How gloriously the gallant NELSON fell;
How trac'd the victory to each chieftain star,
And urg'd to conquest 'midst the roar of war,
Prophetic grasp'd the trophies of the day,
And ev'n in death maintain'd the victor's sway,
Serenely brave! with ardent spirit vied,
Nor ceas'd command, whilst flow'd life's purple tide.
Aboukir's, Copenhagen's, matchless rays!
See still surpass'd in bright Trafalgar's blaze:
Nor longer mourn the hero's warlike knell,
Whose great last act himself could not excel!
Illustrious NELSON,
Thy grateful country consecrates thy name,
And Britain's sons shall emulate thy fame;
To thy great deeds direct the warrior's eye,
And learn from thee to conquer and to die.

LINES,

Written in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Viewing the Statues erected to the several deceased Heroes, February 16, 1806.

SOFTLY, my soul! and stop—to pause awhile
On the heroic sons of Britain's Isle.
Chase ev'ry meaner passion from thy breast,
And view the living honours, and the rest
Of men, whose bosom, fill'd with patriot's pride,
In their dear country's cause have fought and died.
Here, thro' the sculptur'd stone their names survive,
While in each Briton's heart their actions live.
Yet were mementos wanting here to tell
How oft they conquer'd, how at last they fell;
Yon hostile pendants, hung in solemn state,
The victor's fate, their own defeat relate;
And prove that neither Holland, France, nor Spain,
Can wrest from Britain's hold the Trident of the Main.

But see! the crowd in thronging numbers come,
And view, with awe, the mighty NELSON's tomb.
Each seems to count those deeds in silence o'er,
Which sounds his deathless fame from shore to shore.
See! yonder vet'ran, whose conspicuous scars
Proclaim a hero in Britannia's wars,
Forgets his manhood, and lets fall a tear,
His last respect, for one he held so dear.
The young, with deep attention, hear him run
Thro' all the battles he'd with NELSON won;
His skill and courage he relates with truth,
And fires the gen'rous bosom of each youth;
Tells them, if they with patriot zeal should burn,
And in their country's cause fall, or return,
Britain would own their worth, and weeping deck their urn.
Hence from their dust a patriot band shall rise
To raise Britannia's glory to the skies;
And with destruction dire avenge their fall
On the proud Spaniard, and the boasting Gaul;
Fix George's race for ever on the throne,
And keep the empire of the seas their own.
Thus each succeeding band shall dangers brave,
And then descend with honours to the grave.

J. S.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

The following *sublime effusion* was found by a friend of mine, at the bottom of the *very same chest* in which Mr. Ireland discovered his "Vortigern and Rowena;" and that it is as *authentic* I am sure you will do me the credit to believe. My friend, knowing me to be in the habit of writing for your very valuable Miscellany, handed it to

to me, that I might look it over, and, if I thought it worthy, ſend it to you for inſertion: I have altered the ancient way of ſpelling, to make it more pleaſing to a modern reader.

I cannot conclude without ſaying, what a happy thing for ſociety it is, that *no ſuch beings* as it deſcribes *now exiſt*; thank heaven! the ſhopmen of the preſent day are *truly humble, plain-dreſſing, and induſtrious.*

I remain, Sir,
With great reſpect,
Your obliged and obedient,
J. M. L.

THE SHOPMAN.

Suppoſed to have been written by one.

I AM a Shopman! ſome may think my lot
By no means enviable; but I do find
More pleaſure in this ſervile ſhopman's ſtate
Than doth the man they call my maſter,
In all the fancied greatneſs of his power.
A Shopman has no cares to plague his mind; [to toil
And though his fate condemns him ſtill
Through all the * *beriſh* bus'neſs of the day; [ter's window
Though he muſt riſe, and deck his maſ-
With ſilks and ſatins, lace, or rich brocade; [ladies,
Though he muſt bow obſequious to the
And do the dirty drudgery of trade;
Doth he not find a pleaſing recompenſe,
Soon as the ev'ning bell tolls out for *eight?* [himſelf
Then a man of baſer compound than
Shuts up his maſter's ſhop, for he would ſtarve [ſhutters.
Rather than ſoil *his gloves* with naſty
When this is done, behold him, dreſt *in ſtyle,*
Fly on the wings of ſwift impetuoſity
To where the crowded theatre invites:
There at half-price he enters; beneath his arm
A modern hat, ycleped an *Opera Slouch,*
He fiercely carries!
Here let me tell, to thoſe whoſe ſimple minds
Are uninform'd in matters ſuch as theſe,
That opera ſlouches may with eaſe be hir'd,
To make a *Gentleman,* at *half-a-crown!*
Now to the theatre we turn again,
Where in the lobby many a Shopman ſtruts, [about him,
And ſwears as well, and calls as loud
E'en as a man of property immenſe,
Or as a Lord juſt come to his eſtate;
He calls himſelf *a Captain*; but, alas!
Next morning finds him fix'd behind the counter. [club,
On other nights he ſeeks ſome friendly
Known by the name of *Free and Eaſy!*
Here, from his volubility of tongue,
He often fills *the Chair*; and while he ſmokes,
Fixes the fate of this, and other nations,
So much of politics there is within him.
With ſuch amuſements he contrives full well [Sunday,
To paſs away the week, but longs for
That he may *ſhine away* in high preeminence; [out,
For then in buckſkins and in boots dreſt
He ſtrides in ſtile his livery-ſtable nag,
And takes a five, or ſeven ſhilling ride,
Either to Hyde-park's duſty Rotten Row,
Or out of town he ſeeks his happy way.
But Sunday's pleaſure finiſhes not ſo,
Night finds him in ſome city tavern's walls, [his blood,
Where the ſwift-circling glaſs inſpires
And forth he ſallies, "hot with the Tuſcan grape," [thout!
Making the ſtreets re-echo with his
Theſe are the joys which wait a Shopman's life. [claim,
Methinks I hear ſome reader now ex-
"How can a Shopman do all this, I pray? [ſmall,
I've heard the wages they receive are
Not more than would ſuffice, I ſhould ſuppoſe, [ſume."
To dreſs them in the garb they now aſ-
To ignorance ſo great I anſwer thus:—
"Truly we have a certain cloſe convenience [till;
Within our maſters' ſhops; 'tis call'd a
And we are penſioners upon its bounty.
There when we introduce a hand or finger, [but true;—
The money ſticks to it,—'tis ſtrange,
This till we find a never-failing friend;
And though ſome men moroſe may knit their brows, [Knaves,"
Call us "Till Penſioners," or "Dirty
"Gazette enlarging Rogues,"—we heed it not,
But calmly follow up our uſual courſe,
Till a "Whereas" appears in the Gazette,
And tells our maſter's ruin to the world;
Who wonders, *e'en himſelf,* how it could happen, [ſnug,
So good a trade he had!—But we lie

And

* A word ſuppoſed to have been in common uſe at the time the poem was written, but now forgotten.

And calm our conſciences by ſoftly ſaying,
" Neceſſity thou haſt no law."
Soon we apply to others for a place,
Or rather I ſhould ſay *a ſituation*;
Our characters remain untarniſh'd;
And we thus live a ſort of Prince's life,
By breach of truſt,—Till-burglary at moſt!——

EARLY LIFE.

WHEN young in life, nor known to ſorrow,
How lightly flew the gladſome day!
Gay dreams of bliſs brought on the morrow,
And gilt the ſun's declining ray.
Then, ſweet and tranquil were my ſlumbers,
Then never " wak'd mine eyes to weep;"
No ſorrow that the heart encumbers
Poiſon'd the calm of downy ſleep.

Nor *treach'rous Friendſhip* then had found me,
Nor Death's dread pow'r had rent my heart;
Hope ſpread her fair illuſions round me,
And play'd the dear deceiver's part.
She pict'ur'd years of tranquil pleaſure;
Peace and content ſhe held to view;
My truſting heart dwelt o'er its treaſure,
And thought the lovely viſion true.

Ah, ſcenes of joy! by Fancy given,
To cheat th' enraptur'd, gazing eye,
Say why, alas! ye promiſe Heaven,
And give—but Diſappointment's ſigh.
Dear days of bliſs! ye wake my ſorrow—
Now, ſlowly moves the tedious day,
While ſombre ſhades o'ercloud the morrow,
And ſhroud the ſun's decliniog ray.

PRODUCE OF THE TAXES.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE NET PRODUCE OF ALL THE PERMANENT TAXES, AND OF THE WAR TAXES, IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR THE YEARS ENDING THE 5TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1805, AND THE 5TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1806, RESPECTIVELY, DISTINGUISHING EACH QUARTER. LAID BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, PURSUANT TO ORDER.

	In the Year ended 5th January, 1805. £. s. d.	*In the Year ended 5th January, 1806.* £. s. d.
CUSTOMS.		
Consolidated, after reserving 62,500l. per quarter, per Act 43 Geo. III, cap. 68, from July 1803	4,059,036 15 7¾	3,790,532 1 5
Quarantine Duty	17,358 10 7½	17,362 1 4½
4½l. per Cent	35,135 14 4	18,530 8 8½
Canal and Dock Duty	28,539 19 3	31,965 17 5½
EXCISE.		
Consolidated	12,798,540 16 8½	14,121,583 3 11½
STAMPS.		
Consolidated, after deducting the Surplus of the duty on Receipts, anno 1803, by Act 43 Geo. III	2,070,661 0 0	— — —
Reserved out of Consolidated Stamp Duties 769,365l. 19s. 6d. per quarter, per Act 44 Geo. III, cap. 98, from Oct. 1804	769,365 19 6	3,077,463 18 0
Compositions for Stamps, per Bank of England	24,000 0 0	38,000 0 0
Licenses for Selling Lottery Tickets	2,823 18 8	5,108 2 0
INCIDENTS.		
Letter Money	914,000 0 0	1,073,000 0 0
Arrears of Duties repealed by Act 43 Geo. III, cap. 161—out of... Houses and Windows	1,424,374 1 2	178,932 14 11½
Inhabited Houses	452,634 6 6	77,705 9 4
Horses for Riding	418,592 1 0½	68,382 15 8½
Ditto for Husbandry	387,764 2 2½	59,796 0 3½
Male Servants	208,330 3 4½	37,773 17 1
Carriages	260,589 13 9½	59,117 3 6
Dogs	96,713 9 6¾	28,174 17 10
Arrears of ... 10l. per Cent.—1793	3 6 11	0 0 0
20l. per Cent.—1797	834 3 8¼	172 3 2¼
Clocks and Watches	0 2 6	689 5 0
Hawkers and Pedlars	7,835 0 0	8,145 0 0

	In the Year ended 5th January, 1805. £. s. d.	In the Year ended 5th January, 1806. £. s. d.
Hackney Coaches and Chairs	26,286 0 0	24,325 2 0
6d. per Pound on Pensions	61,278 0 0	57,240 0 0
1s. ditto —— Salaries	51,016 12 4	50,774 6 9
Seizures	63,648 12 4¾	83,191 5 6¼
Profers	615 3 2	678 2 0
Compositions	3 0 0	2 13 4
Rent of Alum Mines	960 0 0	960 0 0
——— a Light House	6 13 4	6 13 4
Alienation Duty	2,934 9 10	3,977 18 8
First Fruits of the Clergy	3,205 13 4¼	3,647 14 3½
Tenths of ditto	9,890 12 10	9,872 2 4½
Fines and Forfeitures	556 0 0	1,127 8 3
Waggons (Arrears)	— — —	— — —
Arrears of, Hair Powder Certificates—1795	59,268 19 8	22,639 16 7
Arrears of, Horse Dealers' Licenses—1796	4,089 12 7	3,629 5 4
Arrears of, Armorial Bearings———1798	31,472 17 10½	11,488 5 4½
Per Act 41 Geo. III, cap. 69. Hair Powder Certificates	3,320 0 0	34,592 13 8
Per Act 41 Geo. III, cap. 69. Horse Dealers' Licenses	160 0 0	2,878 19 5
Per Act 41 Geo. III, cap. 69. Armorial Bearings	1,620 0 0	16,556 0 4½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Reserved out of Houses and Windows, by Act 43 Geo. III, cap. 161, at 474,474l. per quarter	488,587 3 6	1,778,803 9 10½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Inhabited Houses	32,300 0 0	471,185 4 3½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Horses for Riding	105,382 0 0	496,119 6 2
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Ditto, and Mules	127,100 0 0	422,689 4 10½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Male Servants	37,470 0 0	249,820 11 0½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Carriages	41,290 0 0	260,088 4 7½
Duties granted by Act 43 Geo. III, c. 161—on .. Dogs	18,650 0 0	90,045 0 11
	25,147,664 16 4½	26,789,074 9 6½
DUTIES, pro Anno 1803.		
Brought from Consolidated Customs, 62,500l. per quarter, by Act 43 Geo. III, cap. 69.	250,000 0 0	250,000 0 0
Surplus of the Duty on Receipts, anno 1803, after reserving, as directed by Act 43 Geo. III, cap. 126	45,207 4 7	53,283 13 8
Ditto——————Houses and Windows, 1804, after ditto———————44 Geo. III, cap. 161	— — —	— — —
	25,442,872 0 11½	27,092,358 3 2½
DUTIES, pro Anno 1804.		
Surplus of Consolidated Stamp Duties, after reserving, as directed by Act 44 Geo. III, cap. 98, from October 1804	442,264 15 3	740,150 16 6
	25,885,136 16 2½	27,832,508 19 8½
DUTIES, pro Anno 1805.		
Goods, &c. 1805	— — —	207,186 8 10
Legacies	— — —	4,957 12 2
	25,885,136 16 2½	28,044,653 0 8½
Surplus of Duties annually granted, after discharging Exchequer Bills charged thereon.... Sugar and Malt	522,312 7 6	724,012 6 7½
Surplus of Duties annually granted, after discharging Exchequer Bills charged thereon.... Malt	755,111 0 0	756,346 0 0
Surplus of Duties annually granted, after discharging Exchequer Bills charged thereon.... Tobacco	168,497 0 0	178,848 1 10
	27,331,057 3 8½	29,703,859 9 2
Duties granted to discharge 2,000,000l. Exchequer Bills pro An. 1804 and 1803 Sugar and Malt	1,492,180 6 9¼	1,630,338 16 0
Duties granted to discharge 2,000,000l. Exchequer Bills pro An. 1804 and 1803 Malt	209,617 0 0	171,330 0 0
Duties granted to discharge 2,000,000l. Exchequer Bills pro An. 1804 and 1803 Tobacco	279,629 0 0	289,581 18 2
	29,312,483 10 5¼	31,795,110 3 4

WAR

WAR TAXES.

	In the Year ended 5th January, 1805. £.	s.	d.	*In the Year ended 5th January, 1806.* £.	s.	d.
British Spirits, anno 1803	752,093	0	0	760,547	0	0
Foreign ditto	774,451	0	0	825,903	3	6
Wines	340,292	0	0	366,082	0	0
Malt	2,965,715	0	0	2,366,733	0	0
Goods and Shipping	1,505,066	12	2	1,636,167	14	8
Tea	970,383	6	6½	1,711,868	0	0
Sweets	3,958	0	0	4,073	16	6
Property Duty	3,358,651	10	5	928,585	17	8
Wines, anno 1804	85,647	0	0	864,743	0	0
Property Duty	150,700	0	0	3,278,186	8	11½
Goods and Wares	511,916	13	0	828,859	1	10½
Property Duty, anno 1805	—		—	199,750	0	0
	11,418,874	2	1½	13,171,499	2	4

Exchequer, Feb. 25, 1806.

The following are the Payments into the Exchequer of the Revenue of Great Britain, for the Year 1804.

Customs	£8,357,871	5	8½
Excise	20,604,143	3	3
Stamps	3,354,322	18	0
Post Office	5,309,180	3	9½
Miscellaneous	1,067,991	15	0½
Total Permanent Duties	38,693,459	5	9½
Property Tax	3,494,351	10	5
Lottery	413,645	7	2
Miscellaneous	1,706,345	14	8½
	44,297,801	18	1
Loans	13,209,351	13	9
Total	57,507,153	11	10

Value of Imports and Exports, for the Year 1804.

IMPORTS.

£ 29,201,490 10 10

EXPORTS.

British Manufacture	£23,935,793	8	8
Foreign Merchandise	13,532,306	5	2
Total Exports	37,468,099	13	10

THE PRAYER OF THE HEROIC LORD NELSON.

The original of which is in the possession of Sir William Scott, in the hand-writing of his Lordship; composed while the enemy's fleets were in sight.

"*May the Great God, whom I worship,*
"*grant to my country, and for the benefit*
"*of Europe, a great and glorious Vic-*
"*tory! and may no misconduct, in any*
"*one, tarnish it! and may Humanity,*
"*after Victory, be the predominant fea-*
"*ture of the British Fleet!—For myself,*
"*individually, I commit my life to Him*
"*who made me; and may His blessing*
"*light upon my endeavours for serving*
"*my Country faithfully! To Him I re-*
"*sign myself, and the* Just Cause *which*
"*is entrusted to me to defend!—*
"Amen—Amen—Amen!"
"Victory, October 21, 1805—in sight of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain—distant about ten miles."

This fine composition, so honourable to its heroic author, was written about an hour before the commencement of the Battle of *Trafalgar*:—Devotion itself acquires new attractions from so unaffected an apostrophe, poured forth at so interesting a moment; and his Country, from this additional evidence of his virtues, will increase that reverence which is due to his memory.

MR.

MR. PITT'S WILL.

"I OWE Sir Walter Farquhar one thouſand guineas, from October, 1805, as a profeſſional debt.

"W. PITT."

"Twelve thouſand pounds, with intereſt from October, 1801, to Mr. Long, Mr. Steele, Lord Carrington, Biſhop of Lincoln, Lord Camden, Mr. Joſeph Smith, and I earneſtly requeſt their acceptance of it. I wiſh, if means can be found for it, of paying double the wages to all my ſervants who were with me at my deceaſe.

"W. PITT."

"I wiſh my Brother, with the Biſhop of Lincoln, to look over my papers, and to ſettle my affairs. I owe more than I can leave behind me.

"W. PITT."

Appeared perſonally—William Dacres Adams, of Great Queen-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, in the County of Middleſex, Eſq. and William Huſkiſſon, of St. James's-place, in the ſame county, Eſq. and ſeverally made oath, that they knew and were well acquainted with the Right Honourable William Pitt, late of Downing-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, in the ſame county, deceaſed, for ſeveral years, before and to the time of his death, and alſo with his manner and character of hand-writing and ſubſcription, having frequently ſeen him write, and alſo write and ſubſcribe his name; and having now carefully viewed the name "W. PITT," ſet and ſubſcribed to the three ſeveral teſtamentary Schedules hereto annexed, purporting to contain together the laſt Will and Teſtament of the ſaid deceaſed; the firſt of the ſaid teſtamentary Schedules, containing the words following, to wit:—"I owe Sir Walter Farquhar one thouſand guineas, from Oct. 1805, as a profeſſional debt."—The ſecond of the ſaid teſtamentary Schedules, containing the words following, to wit;—"12,000l. with intereſt, from Oct. 1801, to Mr. Long, Mr. Steele, Lord Carrington, Biſhop of Lincoln, Lord Camden, Mr. Joſeph Smith, and I earneſtly deſire their acceptance of it. I wiſh, if means can be found for it, of paying double the wages to all my ſervants who were with me at my deceaſe."—The third of the ſaid teſtamentary Schedules, containing the words following, to wit:—"I wiſh my Brother, with the Biſhop of Lincoln, to look over my papers, and to ſettle my affairs: I owe more than I can leave behind me." Theſe deponents ſeverally make oath, that they verily and in their conſciences believe, the name "W. PITT," ſo ſet and ſubſcribed to the ſaid three teſtamentary Schedules reſpectively, to be of the proper hand-writing and ſubſcription of the ſaid Right Honourable William Pitt, deceaſed.

WM. DACRES ADAMS,
W. HUSKISSON.

12th day of February, 1806.

The ſaid William Dacres Adams, and William Huſkiſſon, were duly ſworn to the truth of this affidavit, before me

HERBERT JENNER, Surr.

Proved at London, the 27th day of February, 1806, before the Worſhipful Herbert Jenner, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oath of the Right Rev. Father in God, George, Lord Biſhop of Lincoln, and the Right Hon. John, Earl of Chatham, the Executors, according to the tenor of the ſaid Will, they having been firſt ſworn duly to adminiſter.

RD. GOSSLING,
NATH. GOSSLING,
R. B. CRESSWELL,
Deputy Regiſters.

The Executors ſwore to the value of the property as under 10,000l.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
FOURTH SESSION OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 150.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 24.

LORD HAWKE took the oaths and his ſeat,

Lord Grenville brought a meſſage from his Majeſty, recommending an extenſion of the penſion granted to Earl St. Vincent,

cent, which at preſent ſtands limited to his two next male heirs. His Lordſhip, on the meſſage being read, obſerved, that in conferring penſions for ſuch brilliant ſervices as thoſe achieved by Earl St. Vincent, it was the conſtant practice to extend them to the two next ſucceſſions to the title of peerage. It was certainly the intention of his Majeſty, that this practice ſhould have been obſerved in the caſe of the Earl; but by ſome error in part of the Bill, the penſion was limited to the two next male heirs. He mentioned this circumſtance to prevent any ſuppoſition being entertained, that by the preſent recommendation, there would be conferred on Earl St. Vincent any new grant.

The Earl of Briſtol wiſhed to know whether the Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench had a ſeat in his Majeſty's Cabinet.

Lord Grenville anſwered, that ever ſince the exiſtence of a Privy Council in this country, the Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench was, immediately after his nomination, ſworn in a member of that body. By the oath which he took, he bound himſelf to be ready, when called upon, to give his Majeſty his advice, with reſpect to the concerns of his Government, and alſo with reſpect to his confidential ſervants. In this ſituation ſtood Lord Ellenborough when the preſent Adminiſtration came into office. The conſtitution of this country recognized no ſuch body as a Cabinet, however frequently that appellation might be given to a Committee of the Privy Council. He had thought it his duty to adviſe his Majeſty to call for the aſſiſtance of Lord Ellenborough as a Member of that Committee. Not only was he of opinion that this advice was perfectly conſonant to the ſpirit of the Conſtitution, but it was juſtified by precedent, as, he believed, in the caſes of Lords Hardwicke and Mansfield.

The Earl of Briſtol ſaid, that he now took it for granted, that the Lord Chief Juſtice conſtituted a Member of the preſent Adminiſtration. This was a circumſtance which he conceived might be productive of conſequences deſtructive of the liberty of the ſubject, and the important adminiſtration of juſtice. He therefore gave notice, that he would ſubmit a propoſition on this ſubject on Monday next.

TUESDAY, *Feb.* 25. The Earl of Eglintoun took the oaths and his ſeat.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, *Feb.* 24.

LORDS Temple, Oſſulſton, Wm. Ruſſell, Morpeth, and R. Spencer; Meſſrs. Windham, Calcraft, D. Erſkine, and Gen. Fitzpatrick, took the oaths and their ſeats.

Earl Temple, Mr. Calcraft, and Lord R. Spencer, were added to the Committee for preparing Articles of Impeachment againſt Lord Melville.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for an account of all offices granted in reverſion, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and for a Liſt of every increaſe or diminution of ſalaries and expenſes of places in England from 1805 to 1806. Ordered.

He then delivered a meſſage relative to Earl St. Vincent's annuity, ſimilar to that delivered in the Upper Houſe.

Mr. P. Moore preſented a petition from ſome Freeholders of Middleſex againſt the return of G. B. Mainwaring, Eſq. It was the renewal of a former petition, founded on the ſuppoſed ineligibility of the preſent Member. A long converſation enſued; and Mr. Mainwaring having obſerved that the petition ſhould have been preſented within four days after the commencement of the Seſſion, the Speaker declared that it was inadmiſſible.

TUESDAY. *Feb.* 25.—Meſſrs. Gray, Pigott, H. Addington, and Sir C. Pole, took the oaths and their ſeats.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Francis adverted to the vaſt importance of every thing that related to our Indian affairs, and expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the indifference which prevailed reſpecting them, as the financial ſituation of India was growing every day more formidable. He thought it an unprecedented thing that no India Budget was brought forward laſt year. If, as Lord Caſtlereagh had aſſerted, the accounts had not been ſent from India, that omiſſion was a breach of the Act of Parliament; and if, on the other hand, thoſe accounts had been intercepted by the enemy, the Officer who ſuffered this event to take place had been guilty of a high crime. With reſpect to a loan of 350,000l. ſaid to have been made by the Preſidency of Bombay to the Gwicawar, he had endeavoured to obtain information about it, but could not get a ſingle ray of light from any quarter. It was well known, that all the Preſidencies

of

of India were in great diſtreſs for want of money; but Bombay was the pooreſt. It was therefore improbable that they ſhould have lent ſuch a large ſum of money to the Gwicawar, who was bound by a treaty to give them money, in order to pay the ſubſidiary force which was kept up in his dominions. In the report of the Preſidency of Bombay, it was ſtated that this Prince was a man of extremely weak intellects, and that the Company were therefore bound to ſupport his intereſts, and even paid his body guard. Was it probable that they would lend 350,000l. to ſuch a man? It was his opinion, that the Gwicawar never received a ſhilling of that money; and he thought this was a matter of much conſequence to aſcertain. He concluded by moving, That there be laid before the Houſe extracts of any letters or accounts from the Preſidency of Bombay, reſpecting the ſaid ſum of money.

Lord Caſtlereagh ſaid it would appear that there had been no gift of money to the Gwicawar, but a loan advanced on the ſecurity of his lands.

Mr. Francis then agreed to withdraw his motion for the preſent.

Mr. Paul regretted that he could not join in the congratulations that had often been made in the Houſe relative to the flouriſhing ſtate of India: on the contrary, he thought that the blind confidence of the Houſe in the ſtatements which were preſented them, contributed more to place the country in danger, than even that hoſtile flotilla which threatened to invade its ſhores. In this perſuaſion, he had given notice of motions for information, on which he meant to ground an accuſation againſt the Marquis Welleſley. When he heard of the death of Lord Cornwallis, it appeared to him that the Sun of Great Britain was for ever ſet in India, and he wiſhed for the appointment of a Select Committee to conſider generally the affairs of that country. He then alluded to a Bill brought in by Lord Melville, in 1793, for the regulation of the affairs of the Company: This Bill was to operate upon a population of 40,000,000 of people, and upon a property of no leſs than 230,000,000l. This Bill had been violated in all its points. It enjoined, that, of the ſurplus of the revenue, a million annually ſhould be ſet apart for commercial ſervices; not a ſhilling of which, however, had been ſo applied ſince the year 1798. At the time that the Bill was paſſed, although the debt did not much exceed 7,000,000l., this debt was conceived ſo formidable, that it was reſolved to reduce it to 2,000,000l; and, for this purpoſe, the Act required, that half a million a year ſhould be applied to the reduction of the debt. Not a ſhilling, however, had ever been applied to the liquidation of the debt, which had ſince increaſed to a moſt formidable amount. After thoſe appropriations ſhould be made, then the Act allowed a dividend of 10 per cent. to the proprietors. It now happened, that this was the only part of the law which was not violated, and it was preciſely that part of it which would be "more honoured in the breach than in the obſervance." As to the inveſtments that were to be made from colonial produce to be imported, there had been no ſuch thing. After the appropriations which he had already ſtated, the Company had bargained with the public, as a ſmall equivalent for their excluſive commerce, that they would pay a ſum of 500,000l. annually. Of this ſum not a ſhilling had been paid. There remained now due to the public, on that account, 7,000,000l., which, with the accumulation of the intereſt, would have redeemed no leſs than 35,000,000l. of the National Debt. It was alſo expreſsly enacted in that law, that after the liquidation of the debt there ſhould be an appropriation of half a million annually, to form a guarantee fund. In ſhort, it appeared that every part of this law had been violated. He declared, that in coming forward to ſtate thoſe violations of the law, he was induced by no other conſideration, than a ſenſe of the duty he owed his country. The debts of the Company were 30,000,000l. in India, 12,000,000l. at home, beſide the 7,000,000l. that he contended they were indebted to the Public as the price of their Charter. He concluded by moving the firſt of his Reſolutions, which was, "for an account of the amount of the Bills of Exchange drawn upon India, in conſequence of the Act of the 33d of his Majeſty."

Lord Caſtlereagh obſerved, that the mover had blended together the territorial and commercial revenues; he defended the exportation of bullion, which is now conſidered only as a commercial medium; and ſaid that it would be impoſſible for Gentlemen to form a right judgment of the preſent ſtate of Indian affairs, until the accounts of the years 1803 and 1804 were before the Houſe. He concluded by aſſerting, that if it had not been that the ſubſequent expenſes of the war had diſturbed unexpectedly the proſperity which prevailed in 1803, the ſtatements he had made would have been realized.

Lord

Lord Folkſtone and Mr. Francis ſpoke to the ſame effect as Mr. Paul; and

Lord Caſtlereagh replied, that in 1803 there had been a ſurplus of above 11,000,000l., and the nation would have participated, if it had not been that, in the beginning of the war in Europe, a duty had been laid on tea to ſuch an amount, that the Company ſuffered a loſs in that article of above half a million.

Mr. Grant ſupported the arguments of Lord Caſtlereagh, and called upon Miniſters to be cautious how they ſanctioned the principles that had been juſt held forth, or ſuffered an idea to prevail, that they had an intention to change the Conſtitution of that Government.

Mr. Fox paid ſome compliments to Mr. Francis, and declared, that he had no objection to the production of the documents: he did not think that the Conſtitution of India ought to be changed; but with reſpect to the affairs of the Company, he was of opinion that either they muſt have been groſsly negligent, in not having paid within ten years any part of the debt which they were bound by law to have paid in yearly inſtallments; or the Houſe muſt have been deluded by a fallacious ſtatement of their affairs on paſſing that ſtatute.

Sir T. Metcalfe ſaid, the defalcation of the Company had ariſen, not ſo much from any failure in their own reſources, as from the enormous riſe on the tea duties in the laſt war—from 12½ to 95 per cent. which prevented the accumulation of a ſurplus of five millions, which was more than adequate to have paid the whole of their debt, and which had brought above twelve millions into the Treaſury.

After ſome further argument, the ſeveral motions of Mr. Paul were carried.

Adjourned.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.
DOWNING-STREET, FEB. 28.

[THE diſpatches contained in this Gazette are dated Cape Town, January 12, and announce the Capitulation of the Town and Garriſon. The expedition ſailed from St. Salvador on the 26th of November, and reached Table Bay on the 4th of January. After a general ſurvey of the ſhore, it was found impoſſible to land the troops any where nearer to Cape Town than Saldanha and Loſpard's Bays; of which event General Sir D. Baird gives the following particulars:—]

The ſurf along the ſhore of Loſpard's Bay, obſerves the General, having conſiderably abated the enſuing morning, I determined, with the concurrence of Commodore Sir Home Popham, to make an effort to get the troops on ſhore, and accordingly the Highland Brigade, compoſed of the 71ſt, 72d, and 93d regiments, effected that object, under the command of Brigadier-General Ferguſſon. The ſhore had been previouſly very cloſely inſpected by the Brigadier, and by his ſpirited exertions and example, our efforts were crowned with ſucceſs; although a confined and intricate channel to the ſhore, which had been accurately pointed out by beacons laid down by the diligence and activity of the boats of the Diadem, and a tremendous ſurf, oppoſed the paſſage of the troops. The enemy had ſcattered a party of ſharp-ſhooters over the contiguous heights, and commanded the landing; but the caſualties of this ſervice aroſe principally from natural difficulties; and it is with the deepeſt concern I have the honour to inform your Lordſhip that we loſt thirty-five rank and file of the 93d regiment, by the overſetting of one of the boats, notwithſtanding every poſſible effort to reſcue theſe unfortunate men. The remainder of the troops could only be brought on ſhore on the ſucceeding day, when the extraordinary obſtacles to all intercourſe with the fleet, which nothing but the courage and perſeverance of Britiſh ſeamen could ſurmount, barely enabled us to obtain the indiſpenſable ſupplies of water and proviſions for immediate ſubſiſtence.

On the morning of the 8th, the army, conſiſting of the 24th, 59th, 71ſt, 72d, 83d, and 93d regiments, about 4000 ſtrong, was formed into two brigades, with two howitzers and ſix light field-pieces, and moved off towards the road which leads to Cape Town; and, having aſcended the ſummit of the Blaw-Berg, or Blue Mountains, and diſlodged the enemy's light troops, I diſcovered their main body, drawn up in two lines, prepared to receive us, and even in motion to anticipate our approach.

" The

The enemy's force apparently conſiſted of about 5000 men, the greater proportion of which was cavalry, and twenty-three pieces of cannon, yoked to horſes, the diſpoſition of which, and the nature of the ground occupied by the enemy's troops, made it evident that they intended to refuſe their right wing, and with their left attempt to turn our right flank; but, to fruſtrate their deſign, I formed the army into two columns, the ſecond brigade under Brigadier-General Ferguſſon keeping the road, whilſt the firſt ſtruck to the right, and took the defile of the mountains. Having accompliſhed my purpoſe, our line was formed with equal celerity and order, and the left wing, compoſed of the Highland brigade, was thrown forward, and advanced with the ſteadieſt ſtep, under a very heavy fire of round ſhot, grape, and muſketry. Nothing could ſurpaſs or reſiſt the determined bravery of the troops, headed by their gallant leader Brigadier-General Ferguſſon; and the number of the enemy who ſwarmed the plain ſerved only to augment their ardour and confirm their diſcipline. The enemy received our fire, and maintained his poſition obſtinately; but in the moment of charging, the valour of Britiſh troops bore down all oppoſition, and forced him to a precipitate retreat. The firſt brigade, compoſed of the 24th, 59th, and 83d regiments, and commanded in the abſence of Brigadier-General Beresford, by Lieutenant-Colonel Baird, was unavoidably precluded, by their ſituation, from any conſiderable participation in the triumph of the Britiſh arms, though the flank companies of the 24th had an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in diſlodging a number of horſe and riflemen from the heights on our right flank. This brilliant achievement, however, was clouded by the loſs of Captain Foſter, of the grenadiers, whoſe gallantry is beſt recorded in the boſoms of his brother ſoldiers and the univerſal regret of the army.

It is utterly impoſſible to convey to your Lordſhip an adequate idea of the obſtacles which oppoſed the advance, and retarded the ſucceſs of our army; but it is my duty to inform your Lordſhip, that the nature of the country—a deep, heavy, and hard land, covered with ſhrubs, ſcarcely pervious to light bodies of infantry, and, above all, the total privation of water under the effects of a burning ſun, had nearly exhauſted our gallant fellows in the moment of victory, and with the utmoſt difficulty were we able to reach the Reit Valley, where we took our poſition for the night. A conſiderable portion of the proviſions and neceſſaries with which we ſtarted had been loſt during the action, and we occupied our ground under an apprehenſion that even the great exertions of Sir Home Popham and the Navy could not relieve us from ſtarvation.

[After ſome warm and well merited compliments to the Seamen for their zealous co-operation, the General thus continues:—]

The loſs of the enemy in this engagement is reputed to exceed 700 men in killed and wounded: and it is with the moſt ſenſible gratification that I contraſt it with the encloſed return of our caſualties. Your Lordſhip will perceive the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Grant among the wounded; but the heroic ſpirit of this Officer was not ſubdued by his misfortune, and he continued to lead his men to glory, as long as an enemy was oppoſed to his Majeſty's 72d regiment. I have the cordial ſatisfaction to add, that his wound, though very ſevere, is not pronounced dangerous; and I indulge the hope and expectation of his early recovery and reſumption of command.

On the morning of the 9th, recruited by ſuch ſupplies as the unwearied diligence and efforts of the Navy could throw on ſhore, the 59th regiment, however, being almoſt completely deſtitute of food, we proſecuted our march towards Cape Town, and took up a poſition ſouth of Salt River, which we truſted might preſerve a free communication with the ſquadron; for our battering train, as well as every other neceſſary, except water, was to paſs to us from his Majeſty's ſhips. In this ſituation, a Flag of Truce was ſent to me by the Commandant of the garriſon of Cape Town, (the Governor-General Janſens having retired, after the action of the 8th, into the country, moving by Hottentots Holland Kloof,) requeſting a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities for forty-eight hours, in order to negociate a Capitulation. In anſwer to this overture, I diſpatched Brigadier-General Ferguſſon, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Brownrigg, to ſtipulate, as the condition of my acquieſcence, the ſurrender

render of the outer works of the town within ſix hours, allowing thirty-ſix hours for arranging the Articles of Capitulation. My propoſition being aſſented to, the 59th regiment marched into Fort Knokke; and the next day, in conjunction with Sir Home Popham, the terms were agreed upon, and his Majeſty's forces were put in poſſeſſion of the ſeveral defences of the town. Of the modified Capitulation, as ratified by us, I have the honour to encloſe a copy.

The cordial, able, and zealous co-operation of Commodore Sir Home Popham, emulated by all the Officers under his command, merits my warmeſt acknowledgments and commendation; and I have the ſatisfaction to add, that no united ſervice was ever performed with more true harmony than has uniformly been manifeſted by both branches of his Majeſty's forces. Such of his Majeſty's ſhips as could be ſpared from the ſervice of Loſpard's Bay conſtantly coaſted the enemy's ſhore, throwing ſhot among his troops and people, and contributing to keep him ignorant of the actual place of our diſembarkation; and a very ſpirited effort was made by the marines of the fleet, and a party of ſeamen from the Diadem, under the Commodore's immediate command, to occupy a poſition in Reit Valley, and co-operate with the army.

[The remainder of the General's letter conſiſts of praiſes of the Company's recruits, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Wellet, of the Bengal eſtabliſhment, and regret for the abſence of Brigadier-General Beresford, the 20th dragoons, the 38th regiment, and of Major Tucker, who was abſent from illneſs. Much praiſe is beſtowed on Lieut Colonel Brownrigg, and the different Officers commanding corps.]

Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Miſſing, of the Forces under Major-General Sir D. Baird, in landing at Loſpard's Bay, on the 6th of January, 1806.

Firſt Brigade, none.—Second, or Highland Brigade, 71ſt reg. 1 rank and file killed; 1 Field Officer, 3 rank and file, wounded.—N.B. 1 drummer and 35 rank and file, of the 93d, drowned in landing.

Officers Wounded.—Brevet-Major Weir, Brig. Major, ſlightly; Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, of the 71ſt, ſlightly.

W. H. TROTTER, Major of 83d Reg. Acting Deputy Adj. Gen.

Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Miſſing, of the Forces under Major-General Sir D. Baird, in the Action of the 8th of January, 1806, at Blawberg.

Firſt Brigade.—24th regiment, 1 Captain, 3 rank and file, killed; 1 drummer, 15 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file miſſing.—59th, 1 rank and file killed; 1 Captain, 5 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file miſſing.—83d, 2 Serjeants, 2 rank and file, wounded; 3 rank and file miſſing.——Second, or Highland Brigade.—71ſt regiment, 5 rank and file killed; 1 Field Officer, 2 Serjeants, 64 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file miſſing.—72d, 2 rank and file killed; 1 Field Officer, 1 Subaltern, 2 Serjeants, 1 Drummer, 35 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file miſſing.—93d, 2 rank and file killed; 1 Field Officer, 4 Subalterns, 1 Serjeant, 1 Drummer, 51 rank and file, wounded.——Marine Battalion, 1 rank and file killed.——Total, 1 Captain, 14 rank and file, killed; 3 Field Officers, 1 Captain, 5 Subalterns, 7 Serjeants, 3 Drummers, 170 rank and file, wounded; 8 rank and file miſſing.

Officer Killed.—24th regiment, Captain Andrew Foſter.

Officers Wounded.—59th regiment, Alexander M'Pherſon, badly.—71ſt, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell.—72d, Lieutenant-Colonel Grant; Lieutenant Chiſholm.—93d, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Honeyman.—78th, Lieutenants Scobie and Strachan, attached to 93d regiment.—86th, Enſigns Heddrick and Craigh.

W. H. TROTTER, Major 83d Reg. Acting Deputy Adj. Gen.

The Articles of Capitulation ſtate, that on the ſurrender of Cape Town and its dependencies, the garriſon ſhall march out, and become priſoners of war; ſuch Officers as are married to natives, or are domiciliated, being allowed to remain in the town on their parole. The French ſubjects belonging to two ſtranded ſhips are included in the ſurrender. The inhabitants of the town who have borne arms to be allowed to return to their former occupations.—Articles VI to XIII contain the following regulations:—All *bonâ fide* property ſhall remain free and untouched. Public property of every deſcription ſhall be faithfully delivered up, and proper inventories given as ſoon as poſſible. The burghers and in-

habitants ſhall preſerve all their rights and privileges. Public worſhip, as at preſent in uſe, ſhall be maintained without alteration. The paper money in circulation ſhall continue current, until the pleaſure of his Britannic Majeſty is known. The lands and houſes, the property of the Batavian Republic, which muſt be delivered up, ſhall remain as ſecurity for that part of the paper money which is not already ſecured by mortgages upon the eſtates of individuals. Priſoners of war comprehended in the preſent Capitulation ſhall not be preſſed into his Britannic Majeſty's ſervice. The inhabitants of Cape Town ſhall be exempted from having troops quartered on them. Two ſhips having been ſunk in Table Bay, to the great detriment of the roadſtead, either after the Batavian Republic had ſent out a flag of truce, or whilſt it was in contemplation ſo to do, they are to be raiſed and delivered over in an entire ſtate of repair. This having been done without the ſanction of the Commandant, the raiſing of the ſaid ſhips ſhall be incumbent on thoſe who ſunk them.

N.B. There not being ſufficient time to ſend in a return of the whole of the Ordnance, Ammunition, and Stores, a correct return will be ſent as ſoon as poſſible.

General Return of Ordnance on the ſeveral Batteries of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, and its Dependencies, 12th Jan. 1806; viz.

Braſs guns: 2 24-pounders, 12 18-pounders, 6 12-pounders, 4 18-pounders, 19 6-pounders, 18 4 pounders, 24 1-pounders.—Iron guns: 32 36-pounders, 51 24-pounders, 67 18-pounders, 76 12-pounders, 4 9-pounders, 17 8-pounders, 35 6-pounders, 16 4-pounders, 2 1-pounders.—Braſs mortars: 7 13-inch, 8 12-inch.—Cohorn mortars: 2 three and half inch.—Braſs howitzers: 52 4-pounders, 1 8-inch, 1 6-inch.—Iron carronades: 14 32-pounders, 2 12-pounders.—Braſs ſwivels: 4 1-pounders.—Iron ſwivels: 8 1-pound and half, 19 1-pounders.—Total, 113 braſs and 343 iron pieces of ordnance.——456.

W. SPICER.

Extract of a Diſpatch from Major-General Sir D. Baird to Lord Viſcount Caſtlereagh, dated Cape Town, Jan. 13, 1806.

General Janſens has retired to Hottentots Holland Klooſſ; and advices this inſtant received ſtate him to have ſent his forces over the Klooſſ, eſtimating them at 1200 men, with 28 pieces of artillery, and 200 waggons. He has diſcharged the farmers from the ſervice, and diſmiſſed fifty waggons, which are ſaid to be coming towards the town, and conſequently will be ſoon in my poſſeſſion. This account of his force is probably exaggerated, and particularly with regard to his artillery. The General himſelf is ſtill on this ſide the Klooſſ, but his intentions ſeem matter of conjecture, and probably he meditates a movement towards Zwart Kopts River. His reſources, with reſpect to ſubſiſtence, are of a kind not very ſuſceptible of interruption, from the diſpoſition of the farmers, or the means I can immediately oppoſe to him, unleſs he ſhould experience a deficiency of ammunition by our poſſeſſion of ſome of his depôts. The farmers are by no means likely to aſſiſt him heartily for any length of time; for the devaſtation of their property muſt be the inevitable conſequence of a proſecution of the conteſt in the interior. To augment, or even preſerve, his actual, and, I truſt, but temporary, ſuperiority in that particular, it will be neceſſary for General Janſens to move, in a northerly direction, into the diſtrict of Stellenbosch; but as the meaſure is of a moſt deſperate tendency, and requires that his heart ſhould be ſteeled to thoſe ſenſations which are ſaid to govern his actions, I indulge a ſanguine expectation that conſequences ſo dreadful may be averted. With this view, and from the poſture of our relative affairs, I have deemed it both honourable and expedient for his Majeſty's Government to make an overture to General Janſens, a copy of which is encloſed, deprecating the deſtructive reſult of his further oppoſition to his Majeſty's arms, and treating him with the generoſity and diſtinction due to his character. But in order to give weight to the anxious deſire I entertain of inviting General Janſens to a pacification, I have, at an early hour this day, detached Brigadier General Bereſford, with the 59th and 72d regiments, two howitzers, and four 6-pounders, to poſſeſs himſelf of the village of Stellenboſch, and thence to forward my letter to the General, accompanied by ſuch additional arguments as the Brigadier may conſider expedient to ſubmit

mit to him, and with full powers to conclude whatever treaty exiſting circumſtances may exact.

Cape Town, January 11, 1806.

SIR,

You have diſcharged your duty to your country as became a brave man at the head of a gallant, though feeble, army. I know how to reſpect the high qualities of ſuch a man; and do not doubt that the humanity which ever characteriſes an intrepid ſoldier will now operate in your breaſt, to check the fatal conſequences of a fruitleſs conteſt. The Naval and Military Forces of his Britannic Majeſty, which have poſſeſſed themſelves of the ſeat of your recent government, are of a magnitude to leave no queſtion reſpecting the iſſue of further hoſtilities; and therefore a temporary and diſaſtrous reſiſtance is all you can poſſibly oppoſe to ſuperior numbers. Under theſe circumſtances, nothing can reſult, but the devaſtation of the country you caſually occupy: and ſuch a conſequence can never be contemplated without anguiſh by a generous mind, or be gratifying to the man who feels for the proſperity and tranquillity of the colony lately ſubject to his adminiſtration. But if, unhappily, your reſolution is formed to oppoſe an enemy of ſuch ſuperior force, by protracting a conteſt which muſt entail miſery and ruin on the induſtrious and peaceably diſpoſed ſettlers of this colony, I ſhall be exonerated from the reproach of my own conſcience by this frank overture; and you muſt juſtify to yourſelf, and to your countrymen, the further effuſion of blood, and the deſolation of the country. You are neceſſarily ſo well acquainted with the extent of the calamities in which the interior of the country may be involved, that I ſhall not enlarge upon your power of cauſing miſchief to be done to all its inhabitants. But I perſuade myſelf that conſiderations of a more laudable nature will influence your deciſion on this occaſion; and that you will manifeſt an immediate diſpoſition to promote a general tranquillity. I have the honour to ſubſcribe, with ſentiments of the higheſt reſpect and conſideration, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

(Signed) D. BAIRD, Major General, Commanding in Chief.

To Lieut. Gen. Janſens, &c. &c.

[A letter from Sir H. Popham to W. Marſden, Eſq., gives a detail of the expedition, to the ſame effect as that in the diſpatch of Sir D. Baird. It appears, that every exertion was made by the Naval Forces to facilitate, with ſafety, the landing of the troops, and that the cauſe of the upſetting of one of the boats was their anxiety to be firſt aſhore.—Sir Home, after paying the higheſt compliments to Captains Rowley, Byng, Butterfield, and the whole of the Officers and men under his command, regrets that no brilliant ſervice fell to the lot of the ſquadron, which maintained with unabated zeal the moſt laborious duty that could be experienced.]

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, MARCH 1.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Sir Home Popham, of His Majeſty's Ship Diadem, to William Marſden, Eſq; dated in Table Bay, January 13, 1806.

SIR,

I have the honour to tranſmit you copies of two letters, which I yeſterday received from Captain Donnelly, who had been detached to procure intelligence; and, in juſtice to an Officer of ſuch merit, I cannot omit expreſſing my regret that I was deprived of the benefit of his exertions in the various duties which have been lately carried on at this place.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HOME POPHAM.

His Majeſty's Ship Narciſſus, Cape Mount, Coaſt of Africa, N.E. five Leagues, Oct. 30, 1805.

SIR,

Proceeding on the ſecret ſervice which you did me the honour of charging me with, I fell in with the Columbus Guinea-ſhip yeſterday; the Maſter of which, Mr. Callow, informed me a brig and ſchooner, French privateers, were infeſting this coaſt, and had captured the Horatio Nelſon, the ſtouteſt ſhip coming out this ſeaſon, after a ſevere action. I immediately diſguiſed the ſhip I command, and edged in ſhore, in the hope of meeting them, directing the Columbus to proceed on her voyage down the coaſt. At ten o'clock this morning, we deſcried the above-mentioned privateers and the Horatio Nelſon in chaſe of the Columbus; and, as we perceived them coming faſt up with her, we ſtood towards them completely diſguiſed, and cut them off from her. In paſſing, I directed her Maſter ſtill to keep

keep running away. When the privateers ſaw us ſeparate, they wore, and ſtood towards us. When we approached within piſtol-ſhot, they commenced a fire, aſſiſted by the Horatio Nelſon, which carried twenty 9-pounders and two 12-pounders. We were obliged to fire upon them, and did them much damage before the largeſt ſtruck. When we got poſſeſſion we immediately purſued the Horatio Nelſon, in preference to the ſchooner.

In the mean time the Columbus wore, and ſtood towards the Horatio Nelſon, and exchanged broadſides as they paſſed; and ſhe afterwards wore, and kept firing at her, until we arrived up with her, when ſhe ſtruck. I have given her in poſſeſſion of Mr. Callow, Maſter of the Columbus, who behaved very well on the occaſion, in order to her being ſent to Cape Maſſarida, where her late Maſter and part of the crew are; and I rejoice this neſt of thieves (for they have plundered from all nations) is deſtroyed, and particularly as we ſpoke many valuable veſſels juſt coming on the coaſt. The ſchooner eſcaped with only a few men on board, as her crew were ſent on board the Horatio Nelſon, which was fitted for cruiſing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ROSS DONNELLY.

Commodore Sir Home Popham, K.B.

P.S. The brig we captured is named le Prudent, of four 12-pounders, eight 6 pounders, and 70 men.

His Majeſty's Ship Narciſſus, off the Cape of Good Hope, Chriſtmas Day, 1805.

SIR,

Yeſterday afternoon, while we were anxiouſly looking out in the ſhip I command, for the ſquadron and convoy under your orders, we diſcovered a ſhip coming from the land about Table Bay, in chaſe, ſteering down before the wind; ſhe approached within eight or nine miles, and then hauled her wind from us. We inſtantly purſued, and kept her in view until half paſt nine at night, when the weather became ſo thick we loſt ſight of her. Judging, however, from her taſt ſailing, ſhe was a ſhip of war, and would moſt likely puſh back for the Cape Town to give intelligence of our being on the coaſt, I plyed to windward all night to cut her off, and at day-light had the pleaſure of ſeeing her at a conſiderable diſtance to windward; at nine o'clock we neared her faſt, and fearing ſhe would make in for the ſhore, I uſed every endeavour to prevent it, but without effect, as ſhe was ſtill to windward of us; and after various manœuvres to eſcape cloſe to the ſurf along ſhore, and both keeping up a partial fire, we compelled her to run a-ground. Soon after we obſerved her three maſts and bowſprit go by the board, and her boats went adrift. In ſuch a diſtreſſed ſituation, with a heavy ſwell and ſurf ſetting on the beach, we forbore firing at her, although ſhe vauntingly diſplayed the colours which (conſidering her force) ſhe deprived herſelf of the power of protecting, and I very much fear the greateſt part of the crew will be loſt. Immediately after this event we captured a Dutch ſloop, bound, with naval ſtores, from the Cape Town to a line-of-battle ſhip lying at Simon's Bay. The people on board informed us the veſſel we ran on ſhore was a French ſhip of two-and-thirty 32-pounders (ſhort guns), and 250 men, and had juſt ſailed from Table Bay; that ſhe had on board the ordnance, &c. of l'Atalante French frigate lately loſt there, and was bound with them to the Mauritius, where ordnance ſtores were wanted to fit other ſhips.—I remain, with great reſpect, &c.

ROSS DONNELLY.

To Commodore Sir Home Popham.

[The Gazette likewiſe contains a letter from Captain Lobb, of la Pomone, dated February 10, which announces, that the boats of that ſhip captured, off Liſbon, on the 25th of January, el Bengador Spaniſh lugger privateer, of one gun and 28 men, and retook the Maid of the Mill, from Newfoundland. — Another from Captain Johnſon, of le Curieux, dated February 6, ſtates the capture, on the preceding day, near Liſbon, of the Baltimore Spaniſh lugger, of ſix guns and 47 men; one month from Ferrol, and had taken the Good Intent, from Liſbon to London.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MARCH 4.

Copy of a Letter tranſmitted by Admiral Cochrane.

Kingfiſher, Dec. 11, 1805, *Barbadoes bearing N. by W. diſtance* 13 *or* 14 *Leagues.*

SIR,

I beg leave to inform you, that on the 16th inſtant, at half paſt ſeven A.M.,

A.M., I had the good fortune to come up with and capture, after a chaſe of twelve hours, l'Elizabeth French privateer ſchooner, from Guadaloupe, armed with ten long ſixes, four 9-pounder carronades, and ſailed with a complement of 102 Officers and men, eleven of which had been ſent away in a prize, the Cambrian, from Cork, bound to Jamaica, laden with coals, having parted from the Fiſgard's convoy on the 29th of October. L'Elizabeth has been a great annoyance to the trade in this country, and has often eſcaped from our cruiſers by her ſuperior ſailing; is a fine veſſel, well armed and equipped, and, in my opinion, admirably calculated for his Majeſty's ſervice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

N. D. COCHRANE.

[Next follows a liſt of twelve French and nine Spaniſh veſſels, taken from the enemy by the ſhips under the command of Admiral Cochrane, together with five Engliſh veſſels recaptured.]

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, MARCH 10.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Sheils to Admiral Montagu, Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels at Portſmouth.

His Majeſty's Gun-brig Forward, at Sea, Feb. 7, 1806.

SIR,

I beg leave to inform you, that, at three A.M., Dunnoſe bearing N.E. by E ſix or ſeven leagues, we fell in with a French lugger privateer, which, after a chaſe of half an hour, and a ſhort firing, we captured. She proves to be la Rancune, of Cherbourg, Captain Foliot; out of Cherbourg twelve hours, but had taken nothing. She is pierced for twelve guns, had only four mounted, with ſwivels and ſmall arms. Two of the enemy are wounded, one dangerouſly.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DAN. SHEILS.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, MARCH 22.

Copy of a Letter from the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B., Admiral and Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Fleet employed, and to be employed, in the Channel, Soundings, or wherever elſe His Majeſty's Service ſhall require, to W. Marſden Eſq; dated on board the Hibernia, in Falmouth Harbour, the 19th Inſtant.

SIR,

I have the honour to tranſmit, for the information of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, the encloſed copy of a letter from Capt. Paget, and have great pleaſure in expreſſing my admiration of the gallant exploit therein recorded.

I am, &c.

ST. VINCENT.

Egyptienne, off Cape Finiſterre,
March 9, 1806.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to inform your Lordſhip, that having received intelligence of a large French privateer being in the harbour of Muros, I decided on ſeizing the firſt opportunity of gaining poſſeſſion of her; I accordingly anchored his Majeſty's ſhip under my command off that port laſt night, and immediately ſent the boats away to endeavour to cut her out; in which, I am happy to acquaint your Lordſhip, they ſucceeded, though ſhe was moored cloſe to the beach, and under the protection of two batteries, which kept up an inceſſant fire till ſhe was towed clear of their range.—This veſſel, which appears to be perfectly adapted for his Majeſty's ſervice, proves to be l'Alcide of Bourdeaux, a frigate-built ſhip, pierced for 34 guns, only two years old, and had, when laſt at ſea, a complement of 240 men. This affair, ſo honourable to thoſe who achieved it, was conducted by Capt. Handfield, who was ably ſupported by Lieutenants Aſleyn and Garthwaite, of the Marines, the petty officers and boats' crews.—To account for that enterprizing zealous Officer Capt. Handfield being in the Egyptienne, I have to inform your Lordſhip, that not having received an official communication of his promotion previous to our ſailing, he volunteered, remaining in the ſhip as Firſt Lieutenant during the cruiſe.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHAS. PAGET.

The Earl of St. Vincent, Admiral of the Red, &c.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY, SUNDAY, MARCH 23.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MARCH 23.

The Honourable Captain Cochrane, late of his Majeſty's ſloop Kingsfiſher, arrived early this morning with diſpatches from Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, K.B., dated off the town

of

of St. Domingo, on the 7th and 8th ult., giving an account of his having, on the 6th of that month, diſcovered a ſquadron of French ſhips, conſiſting of five ſail of the line, (one of them l'Imperiale, of three decks,) two frigates, and one corvette, at anchor in the Bay of St. Domingo, which, with the ſquadron under his command, conſiſting of ſeven ſail of the line, two frigates, and two ſloops, he immediately attacked, and, after an action of two hours, he entirely defeated.

Three ſhips of the enemy's line fell into his hands; and two, (including the three-decker, bearing Rear-Admiral le Seigle's flag,) were driven on ſhore in a diſabled ſtate, and afterwards taken poſſeſſion of and burned. The frigate and corvette effected their eſcape.

The killed and wounded on board the enemy's ſhips is ſuppoſed to exceed 1200 men; one ſhip loſt 300. The loſs in his Majeſty's ſhips in killed and wounded amounted to 338. No Britiſh Officer was killed. The Hon. Captain Stopford was ſlightly, and Lieut. Seymour, of the Northumberland, (which ſhip ſuffered the moſt in the action), ſeverely wounded; but the latter is ſince recovered, and arrived in the Kingsfiſher.

The Vice-Admiral had proceeded with his prizes to Jamaica.

N. B. The Diſpatches from Vice-Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, K. B., will be publiſhed in a Supplementary Gazette Extraordinary to-morrow.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY
Of Sunday, March, 23, 1806.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MARCH 24.

Diſpatches, of which the following are Copies, from Vice-Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, K. B., commanding a ſquadron of his Majeſty's ſhips, addreſſed to William Marſden, Eſq. and brought to England by Captain Nathaniel Day Cochrane, were yeſterday received at the Admiralty:—

Superb, to leeward of the town of St. Domingue, about 12 leagues, Feb. 7.

SIR,

As I feel it highly momentous for his Majeſty's ſervice, that the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty ſhould have the earlieſt information of the movements of the ſquadron under my command, and as I have no other veſſel than the Kingsfiſher that I feel juſtified in diſpatching, I hope neither their Lordſhips nor Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood will deem me defective in my duty towards his Lordſhip, by addreſſing you on the happy event of yeſterday; and as you will receive my letter of the 3d inſtant herewith, I ſhall only ſay, I loſt not a moment in getting through the Mona Paſſage, and on the 5th in the afternoon was joined by the Magicienne, with a further corroboration from various veſſels ſpoken, of an enemy's force of ten ſail of the line, with as many frigates and corvettes, being in theſe ſeas. I therefore continued under eaſy ſail for the night, in my approach off the town of St. Domingue, having given orders to Captain Dunn, of the Acaſta, whoſe zeal and activity I have experienced for a ſeries of years, to make ſail with the Magicienne, Captain M'Kenzie, two hours before day-light, to reconnoitre; when at ſix o'clock the Acaſta, to our great joy, made the ſignal for two of the enemy's frigates; and before ſeven, for nine ſail at anchor; at half-paſt, that they were getting under weigh; the ſquadron under my command, then in cloſe order with all ſail ſet, and the Superb, bearing my flag, leading and approaching faſt, ſo as to diſcover before eight o'clock that the enemy were in a compact line, under all ſail, going before the wind for Cape Naiſe, to windward of Ocoa Bay; and as they conſiſted of only five ſail of the line, two frigates, and a corvette (which hereafter will be named), I concluded, from the information I was in poſſeſſion of, that they were endeavouring to form a junction with their remaining force, and in conſequence, ſhaped my courſe to render abortive ſuch intention, which was completely effected by a little after nine, ſo as to make an action certain. I therefore telegraphed the ſquadron, that the principal object of attack would be the Admiral and his ſecond, and at three quarters paſt nine, for the ſhips to take ſtations for their mutual ſupport, and engage the enemy as they got up, and a few minutes after, to engage as cloſe as poſſible; when, at a ſhort period after ten, the Superb cloſed upon the bow of the Alexandre, the leading ſhip, and commenced the action; but after three broadſides, ſhe ſheered off: the ſignal

was

was now made for closer action, and we were enabled to attack the Admiral in the Imperiale (formerly le Vengeur), the fire of which had been heavy on the Northumberland, bearing the Honourable Rear-Admiral Cochrane's flag. By this time, the movement of the Alexandre had thrown her among the lee division, which Rear-Admiral Louis happily availed himself of, and the action became general, and continued with great severity till half past eleven; when the French Admiral, much shattered, and completely beat, hauled direct for the land, and not being a mile off, at twenty minutes before noon ran on shore; his foremast then only standing, which fell directly on her striking; at which time the Superb being only in seventeen fathom water, was forced to haul off to avoid the same evil: but not long after, the Diomede, of 84 guns, pushed on shore near his Admiral, when all his masts went; and I think it a duty I owe to character and my country to add, from the information of Sir Edward Berry, after she had struck, and the Agamemnon desisted from firing into her, from the Captain taking off his hat, and making every token of surrender; and Captain Dunn assures me both ensign and pendant were down;—to comment on which, I leave to the world. About 50 minutes after eleven the firing ceased, and upon the smoke clearing away I found la Brave, bearing a Commodore's pendant, the Alexandre, and le Jupitre in our possession.

When I contemplate the result of this action, when five sail of the line had surrendered, or were apparently destroyed in less than two hours, I cannot, though bound to pay every tribute to the noble and gallant efforts of the Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane, Rear-Admiral Louis, the Captains, Officers, Seamen, and Royal Marines, under my command, be vain enough to suppose that without the aiding hand of Providence, such result could have been effected, and with a loss so comparatively small; and though I shall ever sympathize with the connections of those that fell, the reflection on the cause will, I hope, afford much consolation.

To speak individually to the conduct of any one, would be injurious to all; for all were equally animated with the same zealous ardour in support of their King and Country. Yet, possessed of these feelings, I cannot be silent without injustice to the firm and manly support for which I was indebted to Captain Keats, and the effect that the system of discipline and good order in which I found the Superb, must ever produce; and the pre-eminence of the British seamen could never be more highly conspicuous than in this contest.

After the action, the water being too deep to anchor in the Bay of St. Domingue, it was requisite to bring to with the prizes to repair damages, put the ships in a manageable state, and shift the prisoners, which took me till this afternoon, when I detached the Honourable Captain Stopford in the Spencer, with the Donegal and Atlas, which latter had lost her bowsprit, with the prizes to Jamaica: and being anxious with Rear-Admiral Cochrane, that he should return to his command, where his services must be wanted, a jury mainmast is fitting to the Northumberland, under this Island, to enable her to get to windward, when I shall order the Agamemnon, which is staying by her, to accompany the Rear-Admiral to his station; and I am now proceeding with the Canopus, Rear-Admiral Louis, Acasta, and Magicienne, off St. Domingue, to make certain of the Imperiale and Diomede, being completely wrecked; after which, I shall repair to Jamaica.

Having recited the transactions of this glorious combat, which will fairly add another sprig of laurel to our Naval History, and assist in promoting our country's good,

I am, Sir, &c.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

Superb, off Sainte Domingue, Feb. 7.

SIR,

For the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I send you herewith a list of the killed and wounded in the squadron under my command, during the action of yesterday; but as it was hastily collected, should I find any errors, they shall be amended by a subsequent opportunity. You will also have the French Captains' statement of their loss in the captured ships; and I can venture to say, the French Admiral's will not be in a less proportion; and the striking of the Diomede implies she did not escape the irresistible fire of his Majesty's ships. A copy of my public thanks given to the Admirals, Captains, &c. for having

ing ſo gallantly performed their duty in this truly deciſive action, I requeſt you will lay before their Lordſhips.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

To William Marſden, Eſq.
Admiralty.

BRITISH LINE.

Weather Diviſion.	Guns	*Lee Diviſion.*	Guns
Superb	74	Canopus	84
Northumberland	74	Donegal	74
Spencer	74	Atlas	74
Agamemnon	64		

Frigates—Acaſta, Magicienne, King's Fiſher, and Epervier.

FRENCH LINE.

L'Alexandre, of 84 guns, Capitaine Garreau; 300 killed and wounded.—Taken.

L'Imperiale, of 120 guns, Contre-Amiral Le Siegle, Capitaine Le Pigott; number of killed and wounded not known, but certainly many.—On ſhore, and completely wrecked.

Le Diomede, of 84 guns, Capitaine Henry; number of killed and wounded not known, but certainly many.—On ſhore, and completely wrecked.

Le Jupitre, of 74 guns, Capitaine Laignel; 200 killed and wounded.—Taken.

Le Brave, of 74 guns, Capitaine Coude; 260 killed and wounded.—Taken.

Frigates.—La Felicité, eſcaped; La Comete, eſcaped.

Corvette.—La Diligence, eſcaped.

An Abſtract of the Killed and Wounded on board the reſpective Ships of the Squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, K. B., in the Action of the 6th of February, 1806, in the Bay of the Town of St. Domingo.

Superb—Seamen killed—John Brookbank, Thomas Phenne, Iſaac Legard.

Marines killed—Thomas Kenry, William Morgan, Clement Alcock. Total, 6 killed.

Officers wounded—Charles Patriarch, Lieutenant, badly; William Pickering, Maſter, badly; Charles Wallington, Thomas Jackſon, Joſ. Bullen, James Willcox, Midſhipmen, all ſlightly.

Seamen—40 wounded.

Royal Marines—9 wounded.

Northumberland—Officer killed—David Ridgeway, Midſhipman.

Seamen killed—James Driſcoe, Robert Hollis, George Uglet, John Humphries, Alexander Toſh, Richard Aſhman, John Muir, Thomas Rowe, John Gardner, Kenneth M'Kenzie, Thomas Smith (*e*), John Courtee, William Shortman, John Kennedy, James Morriſon, William Robinſon, John Waters, John Naſby. Marine killed—Jacob Seaford. Admiral's Cook killed—Alexander Sapenack.

Officers wounded—George F. Seymour, Lieutenant, badly; W. Millard, C. W. Selwyn, Midſhipmen, badly; Henry Stokes, —— Comer, P. Peacock, Midſhipmen, ſlightly; Jeremiah Laurence, Supernumerary Midſhipman, badly; Daniel Sheridan, Boatſwain's Mate, badly; Louis Cape, French Pilot, badly.

Seamen, 48 wounded.

Secretary's Clerks wounded— —— Thomas, badly; Jeremiah Honey, ſlightly.

Quarter-maſter wounded — George Lamb, ſlightly.

Boatſwain's Mates wounded—James Maxwell, John Ellender, ſlightly.

Serjeant of Marines wounded—Thomas Jones, badly.

Private Marines—18 wounded.

Canopus—8 killed—15 badly wounded, 7 ſlightly wounded.—Total, 30 killed and wounded.

Spencer—14 Seamen killed, 40 Seamen wounded; 3 Marines killed, 6 Marines wounded.

Name of Officer killed—Martin Oates, Boatſwain.

Names of Officers wounded—Hon. Robert Stopford, Captain, ſlightly; James Harris, Lieutenant, ſlightly; James Cuthbertſon, Lieutenant of Marines, badly; W. Neame, Midſhipman, ſlightly.

Donegal—Officer killed, Charles H. Kynaſton, Midſhipman.

Seamen killed—Wm. Upham, Jeremiah Wakely, Wm. Bickhuſs, Andrew Vinburgh, Mervan Richardſon, Benito Lodrigues, Lennard Maſon. Private Marines killed—Wm. Moore, Patrick Keneſick, Edward Trippurſt, John Millichamp.

Officers wounded—Mr. John Airey, Maſter; Mr. —— Rudall, Mr. —— Ogleun, Mr. —— Acton, all badly.

Seamen and Marines—33 wounded.

Atlas—Seamen killed, John Roſs, John Neville, John Graves, Wm. Bond, John Williamſon, John Brown, Nicholas Bokman. Marine killed, Samuel Chambers.

Maſter wounded—Mr. W. Mowbray;

Boatswain wounded, Mr. Stephen Spargo; Seamen—9 wounded.

Agamemnon—Seamen killed, James Cavanagh; Boatswain's Mate wounded, Richard Busto; Seamen, 4 wounded; Serjeant of Marines wounded, William Norton; Corporal of Marines wounded, Robert Sturgeon; Private Marines, 6 wounded.

General Abstract of Killed and Wounded.

Superb—6 killed and 56 wounded—62
Northumberland—21 killed and 79 wounded—100
Canopus—8 killed and 22 wounded—30
Spencer—18 killed and 50 wounded—68
Donegal—12 killed and 33 wounded—45
Atlas—8 killed and 11 wounded—19.
Agamemnon—1 killed and 13 wounded—14.

Total—74 killed, and 264 wounded.

Grand Total of British killed and wounded—338.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

Superb, off St. Domingue, Feb. 7, 1806.

As it is impossible for language to convey an adequate sense of my feelings to the Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane, for the noble support rendered me by the Northumberland, or to Rear-Admiral Louis, and Captains of the squadron under my command, for the bravery and judgment displayed in the service of their King and Country, by effecting a complete victory in as short a period as our naval annals can produce, I therefore can only, with a heart impressed by the highest sense of admiration and approbation, beg to offer to the Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane, Rear-Admiral Louis, the Captains, Officers, and Seamen, and to the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Privates of the Royal Marines, my warmest thanks; and I desire that the Captains will convey these my sentiments of admiration and approbation, with thanks, in the most gratifying manner, to the Officers, Seamen, and Royal Marines, as a proof of my high sense of their services in the battle of yesterday.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

To the Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane, Rear Admiral Louis, the Captains, Officers, Seamen, and Royal Marines.

Superb, to Leeward of the Town of
SIR, *St. Domingo, Feb. 8, 1806.*

Having, in a letter of about two hours since, acquainted you of my intentions to fire the Imperiale and Diomede, I have the satisfaction now to say, that Capt. Dunn, whom I had employed on that service, has rescued all the prisoners from perishing through a tremendous sea, and completed the whole of the service highly to my satisfaction and his own honour, which I am to desire you will state to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; and am, Sir, yours,

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

To Wm Marsden, Esq. &c. &c.
Admiralty.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BUONAPARTE'S SPEECH, *on the opening of the* LEGISLATIVE BODY, TRIBUNATE, *&c. in* PARIS, *on the 2d instant.*

Gentlemen, the Deputies from the Departments to the Legislative Body; Gentlemen, the Tribunes, and the Members of my Council of State.

SINCE your last Session, the greatest part of Europe has entered into a coalition with England. My armies have never ceased to conquer, excepting when I ordered them to combat no longer. I have avenged the rights of the feeble States, oppressed by the strong. My allies have increased in power and in consequence. My enemies have been humbled and confounded; the House of Naples has irrecoverably lost its Crown; the whole of the Peninsula of Italy forms a part of the Great Empire. I, as Supreme Head, have guaranteed the Sovereign, and the Constitutions that govern the different departments.

Russia only owes the return of the wreck of her army to the advantages of the capitulation which I granted it. Able to have overturned the Imperial Throne of Austria, I have confirmed it. The conduct of the Cabinet of Vienna will be such as *will prevent posterity from reproaching me for any want of foresight.* I have yielded an entire confidence in the protestations which have been made to me by its Sovereign. Besides, the high destinies of my Crown do not depend upon the sentiments and dispositions of Foreign Courts; my people will always support

my Throne againſt all the efforts of hatred or jealouſy; no ſacrifice will be painful to them to ſecure that firſt intereſt of the country.

Bred in camps, and in camps that have always been triumphant, I ought to acknowledge, that in the late events my ſoldiers have exceeded my expectations. It is pleaſing alſo to me to declare, that my people have alſo fulfilled the extent of their duties. In the heart of Moravia, I never ceaſed for an inſtant to experience the effect of their love and enthuſiaſm. Never have they given me any marks of their attachment which have penetrated my heart with ſweeter emotions.

Frenchmen! I have not been deceived in my hopes. Your love, more than the extent and the riches of your territory, conſtitute my glory. Magiſtrates, Clergy, Citizens, all have ſhown themſelves worthy of the high deſtinies of that admirable France, which, for two ages paſt, has been the object of the leagues and the jealouſies of its neighbours.

My Miniſter of the Interior will inform you of the events which have taken place in the courſe of the year. My Council of State will lay before you plans of laws, to ameliorate the different branches of the Adminiſtration. My Miniſters of Finance, and of the Public Treaſury, will lay before you the accounts which they have preſented to me. You will perceive by them the proſperous ſtate of our Finances. Since my return, I have been inceſſantly occupied in giving to the adminiſtration that ſpring and activity which give life to the extremities of this vaſt Empire. My people will have no new burdens to bear, but new plans will be propoſed to you, reſpecting the ſyſtem of the Finances, the baſis of which were eſtabliſhed laſt year. I intend to diminiſh the immediate impoſitions which bear upon the land alone, and to replace a part of theſe charges by indirect duties.

Through the elements we have loſt ſome ſhips, after an engagement imprudently commenced. I cannot too much praiſe the greatneſs of ſoul, and the attachment which the King of Spain has ſhown in theſe circumſtances for the common cauſe. I AM DESIROUS OF PEACE WITH ENGLAND. *On my part, I ſhall never retard that moment. I ſhall always be ready to conclude it, in adopting, for its baſis, the ſtipulations of the Treaty of Amiens.*

Gentlemen, Deputies to the Legiſlative Body.

The attachment you have ſhewn to me, the manner in which you have ſeconded me in the late ſittings, leave me no doubt of your aſſiſtance. Nothing ſhall be propoſed to you, but that which is neceſſary to guarantee the glory and ſafety of my People.

Whether to keep in check and overawe the Ruſſians, the Swedes, and the not wholly ſubdued Auſtrians, or the more readily to effect the numerous projected changes in the German Empire, be the object, the French Armies in Germany amount to 140,000 men. Thoſe of Ruſſia, on the frontiers of Poland, are ſaid to amount to 300,000 men.

A project is mentioned for the ſhutting of the Sound againſt all intercourſe with England; for this purpoſe French troops are expected to occupy the Duchies of Holſtein, Schleſwick, and Mecklenburgh.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FEBRUARY 24.

IN the Court of King's Bench came on the trial, by Indictment, of Governor Picton; charging him, while in his Majeſty's ſervice, as Governor of the Iſland of Trinidad, in the Weſt Indies, with inflicting the torture on Louiſa Calderon, a free mulatto girl of that iſland, and one of his Majeſty's ſubjects.—Mr. Garrow ſtated the caſe. The defendant was Governor of Trinidad. In ſome of the Weſt-India Colonies women frequently became mothers at the age of twelve years; and Louiſa Calderon, of whom mention had been made, was living with a perſon of the name of Pedro Lewis, as his miſtreſs, in the year 1801, being at that time only thirteen or fourteen years of age; when, in the caſual abſence of this perſon, another man, named Carlos Gonſales, with whom ſhe intrigued, took an opportunity of robbing the houſe of Pedro Lewis of a large quantity of dollars. For this offence both he and ſhe were apprehended, and underwent an examination before the officers to whom the diſpenſation of juſtice in the iſland was confided. Not being able to procure from the girl evidence of the delinquency of Gonſales, application was made to Governor Picton

on the ſubject; and an order was written and ſigned by him, to "inflict the torture upon Louiſa Calderon."—Purſuant to this dreadful decree, the unfortunate object againſt whom it was levelled, was turned over to a gaoler, and fixed upon a certain inſtrument, which was prepared for the purpoſe, ſuſpended by the left wriſt, from the ceiling of a room, reſting with her right foot on a ſharp wooden ſtake. In this poſition, ſuffering the moſt excruciating pain, ſhe was continued 53 or 54 minutes, as calculated by the watch of a magiſtrate of the iſland, who attended the dreadful puniſhment, to ſee that it was not continued more than an hour, fooliſhly alledging, that the Engliſh law did not permit a ſubject to be longer tortured. This puniſhment not having proved ſufficient to extort from the ſufferer the confeſſion which was deſired, 24 hours afterwards it was renewed, for a ſpace of 22 minutes; twice during which time the poor girl fainted; and, having at laſt confeſſed that ſhe knew Gonſales had committed the robbery, ſhe was taken from the torture, immediately put in irons, and confined in a cell, where ſhe could not ſtand upright, for eight months, until a ſhort time before the arrival of Colonel Fullarton in the iſland, by whom ſhe was afterwards brought to England.—Louiſa Calderon was called, who confirmed Mr. Garrow's ſtatement of the torture inflicted.—The leading feature of the defence was, that torture was legal by the Spaniſh law in the iſland of Trinidad, and that the General only acted officially, according to that law.—The Jury, however, found, that there exiſted no ſuch law as that of torture in the iſland at the time of its ſurrender to the Britiſh arms; and therefore pronounced the Defendant *Guilty*.

MARCH 13. At a Court of Common Council, 200l. was voted towards building the Proteſtant Church at Montreal, in Canada, and 500l. to the Deaf and Dumb Charity.

At Maidſtone aſſizes, Captain Temple was arraigned upon the Coroner's inqueſt, for the murder of one of his crew. Mr. Knowles, as counſel for the proſecution, ſtated, that there were certain objections to the inquiſition, which muſt prove fatal: he therefore would not ſtate any caſe againſt the priſoner, becauſe, if he were to prove it, no verdict could be ſupported on the inquiſition as it ſtood. He therefore would not offer any evidence, but permit the Captain at once to take his acquittal.—The Learned Judge Heath obſerved, that the Counſel had done perfectly right; he had himſelf carefully looked through all the depoſitions; and certainly there was not the leaſt pretence to charge the Gentleman at the Bar with murder.

21. A General Court of Proprietors of the Eaſt India Company was held at the India Houſe; when 40,000l. was voted to the preſent Marquis Cornwallis, (with only one diſſentient voice,) as a reward for the eminent ſervices of his late much-revered father.

MARRIAGES.

AT Edinburgh, Dr. Robert Freer, profeſſor of medicine, to Miſs Margaret Thomſon.

John Gilbert Franklyn, eſq. to Mrs. Stevenſon, widow of Major-General Stevenſon.

Rear-Admiral Sotheby to Lady Mary Anne Bourke.

John Newbery, eſq. lieutenant-colonel of the Suſſex militia, to Miſs Cleaver, daughter of Dr. Cleaver, rector of Malton, Yorkſhire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

FEBRUARY 16.

AT Exmouth, the Rev. George Stevenſon, vicar of Stairdrop and Cockfield, in the county of Durham.

17. At Glaſgow, John Walton, eſq. of Kelvenbank, late city clerk of Glaſgow.

The Rev. Francis Herbert Hume, M.A. prebendary of Southwell, and rector of Carlton and Warſop, in Nottinghamſhire.

18. Thomas Troughton, eſq. of St. George's Colgate, Norwich, aged 88.

Charles Peachey, eſq. of Queen's College, Oxford.

22. Thomas Phillipe, eſq. of Newport Houſe, Cornwall.

John Blake, eſq. lieutenant-governor of Landguard Fort.

Mr. J. Phillipe, of the Temple of the Muſes, Finſbury-ſquare.

In

In Scotland, Mr. Benjamin Smith, husband of the celebrated authoreſs, Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

James Barry, formerly of the Royal Academy, in his 65th year. On March 14 he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

At Lower Eaſton, near Briſtol, the Rev. Chriſtopher Haynes, rector of Siſton and Mangotsfield, Glouceſterſhire.

Lately, Mr. Donaldſon, partner in the banking-houſe of Child and Co.

24. The Rev. Peter Thomſon, miniſter of the Scotch Church at Leeds, aged 27.

At his houſe in Hertford-ſtreet, Mayfair, in the 87th year of his age, the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Pery, Lord Viſcount Pery. His Lordſhip was born April 3, 1719, and married, firſt, Martha, youngeſt daughter of John Martin, eſq. who died without iſſue; his Lordſhip married, ſecondly, October 27, 1762, Elizabeth, ſiſter of Thomas, Viſcount de Veſey, and has iſſue Diana Jane, born October 27, 1764, married Thomas, eldeſt ſon of Viſcount Northland; and Frances, married January 6, 1789, Nicholas Calvert, eſq.

25. The Rev. John Courtail, M.A. archdeacon of Lewes, and rector of Burwaſh, in Suffolk, aged 92. He was of Clare Hall, B.A. 1735, M.A. 1739.

27. After a ſhort indiſpoſition, aged 75, Henry Steward, gent. of Bury, who, in the year 1766, was, with Elizabeth Burroughs, tried for the murder of Mary Booty, his houſekeeper. Mr. Steward was acquitted, but Elizabeth Burroughs was convicted and executed. About two hours previous to Mr. Steward's diſſolution, he made his will, in the preſence of Dr. White, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Woodward. After giving the dividends ariſing from 2000l. ſtock, 3 per cent. conſols, for the benefit of the poor of Lavenham, in Suffolk, and diſpoſing of the remainder of his property chiefly to charitable uſes, with great compoſure and firmneſs of mind, he deſired the following declaration might be inſerted in his will: —"I hereby ſolemnly declare, that, expecting in a very ſhort time to appear before my Maker and Judge, I am innocent, and know nothing of how poor Molly Booty came by her untimely death."

MARCH 1. Thomas Heathfield, eſq. of Nutwell, Devonſhire.

Lately, at the Iſle of Man, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Murray, brother to the Duke of Athol.

2. Robert Wathen Wynne, eſq. of Plaſgevyd, Denbighſhire.

4. Sir Lionel Copley, of Sprotſbrough Hall, near Doncaſter, bart.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bagwell, of the 6th dragoon guards.

At Dean's Court, Dorſetſhire, the Rev. Sir James Hanham, bart. aged 80 years.

Lately, Giordani, the celebrated muſician.

Lately, at Melmerby, in Cumberland, aged 84, Mr. John Slee, father of the Rev. Mr. Slee, of the ſame place. Mr. Slee was poſſeſſed of a moſt intrepid mind; and his exploits, though they will not, perhaps, be recorded in the page of hiſtory, yet, in his native place, have been long looked upon by the honeſt ruſtics with more admiration than the achievements of thoſe in more exalted ſpheres. In the rebellion of 1745, our hero greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf. Being at that period one of the trainbands for the county, then lying at Carliſle, he volunteered to go and reconnoitre the rebels, who were approaching Carliſle;—having diſcovered their advanced party below Longtown, he was the very perſon that took Quarter-Maſter Brand, and brought him priſoner to Carliſle. After the city was ſurrendered to the enemy, the trainbands were eſcorted by the rebels to Low Heſket, where Mr. Slee propoſed to his companions, unarmed, to fall upon the rebels, and take them priſoners; which propoſition, however, they would not agree to. He therefore made his eſcape to Penrith, where he remained until the return of the rebels;—and the morning after the action on Cliſton Moor, he, with a party of thirteen, agreed to go and view the ſcene of action. On their way thither, they diſcovered three of the rebels wandering in the fields, whom they reſolved to take; but on a nearer approach, their courage failed them; in the mean time, the enemy had fled. Mr. Slee immediately purſued them alone, with no other arms than an old ſword. The rebels ſeeing whom they had to contend with, made a ſtand, and all of them ſnapped their pieces at him. Wonderful to relate! They all miſſed fire. Mr. Slee ſtill advancing, ruſhed in amongſt them, made them all priſoners, and brought them to the Moot hall at Penrith. But Mr. Slee's generoſity was equal to his courage;—he promiſed to protect them with his life, and actually fought three battles in their defence. The fame of this circumſtance ſoon reached the ears of the brave Duke of Cumberland, who ſent for him, and preſented him with an appointment in the Duke of Montague's troopers,

troopers, (a very valuable ſituation at that time,) where he continued till the regiment was diſbanded. While this corps was lying at York, the ſubject of our humble narrative frequently did duty over the rebel priſoners there. Amongſt them was one of the men whom he took priſoner, as mentioned before;—this man was very remarkable for always crying out, when he ſaw our hero, "Oh! mon, if it had na been for you, I'd no' been here."

6 In Great George-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, Haviland Lemeſurier, eſq. commiſſary general of the forces in Egypt and in the Mediterranean.

The Right Hon. Dowager Lady Bradford.

7. Mrs. Collins, wife of Mr. Collins, of Drury-lane Theatre,

At Exeter, Lieutenant Colonel Clutton, of the Worceſterſhire regiment of militia.

Lately, John Walker Heneage, eſq. of Compton Houſe, near Calne, which borough he repreſented in ſeveral parliaments.

A few days ago, at Northwood, in the pariſh of Prees, in the county of Salop, Mr. John Benbow, clock and watch maker, at the advanced age of 107. He was of the ſame family as the famous Admiral Benbow; was univerſally eſteemed for his integrity and ingenuity; and, what is very ſurpriſing, he executed the moſt intricate branches of his profeſſion till within a few years of his death, and retained his mental faculties, unimpaired, to his lateſt moments. He lived in three centuries, and a ſon, a grandſon, and ſeveral great-grand-children, reſided with him at the time of his deceaſe. He was remarkable for ſobriety, early riſing, and retiring ſoon to reſt; the liquor to which he was moſt partial was treacle beer. About three years ago, his tailor brought him a new coat, which he examined, and perceiving a velvet collar had been forgotten, was ſo irritated, that he walked to Whitchurch, the diſtance ſeven miles, to buy one, and returned home in a very few hours, to the great aſtoniſhment of his family.

8. At Briſtol, John Collins, eſq. of Berners-ſtreet.

Mrs. Willock, wife of Mr. Willock, auctioneer.

At Carliſle, Mr. Alexander Wilſon, banker, in that city.

9. Edward Collingwood, eſq. at Cherton, near Shields, in his 73d year. In 1787 he ſerved the office of ſheriff of Northumberland.

Lately, at Romely, in Derbyſhire, Dr. Thomas Giſborne, ſenior fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and phyſician to the King, a fellow, and for ſome years preſident, of the college of phyſicians at London, B.A. 1747, M.A. 1751, M.D. 1758.

11. Major William Earle, of the 2d Weſt York Militia.

12. At Blyth Hall, Warwickſhire, in his 82d year, Richard Dugdale, eſq.

Thomas Patten, eſq. of Bank Hall, in the county of Leiceſter.

13. At Bath, Giles Eyre, eſq aged 62 years, grandſon of the late Serjeant Eyre.

At Bath, the Marquis de Roupeery, a French emigrant.

14. In Cork-ſtreet, Burlington Gardens, the Rev. William Davis.

15. At Cowley, in his 66th year, James Matthews, eſq. M.A. of Jeſus College, Oxford.

16. Captain Robert Reay, late in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice.

At Kemble, Wilts, Charles Weſtley Coxe, eſq. a deputy-lieutenant of that county.

17. In Saville-row, Dr. William Rowley.

18. Richard Stukeley Fleming, eſq. aged 31, many years a captain in the Glouceſterſhire militia.

19. At Brompton, Sir John Dillon, aged 72.

DEATHS ABROAD.

On Chriſtmas day laſt, in priſon, at the Havannah, Bowles, the Cherokee Chief. An apprehenſion of being poiſoned prevented his uſing the food offered by the Spaniards, and, for forty days, he ſubſiſted on oranges alone, and was in conſequence reduced to a mere ſkeleton.

At Calcutta, after a reſidence of thirty-five years, Major General Chriſtopher Green, commandant of the artillery on the Bengal eſtabliſhment.

JAN. 21. At Naples, in his 85th year, Henry Ellis, eſq. early in life diſtinguiſhed by an attempt to diſcover a north weſt paſſage; afterwards, at different periods, governor of Georgia and Nova Scotia; and a member, perhaps the oldeſt, of the Royal Society,

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ERRATUM.

In common with others, we were miſled by a morning paper to announce, in our laſt month's Obituary, the death of William Lord Botham; a nobleman who, we are informed, is ſtill alive.

Printed by I. GOLD,
Shoe Lane.

EACH DAY's PRICE OF STOCKS FOR MARCH 1806.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct Consols	3perCt Reduc	3 perCent defer. to com. 1808	4perC Consol	Navy 5perC	New 5perCt	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn.	Imp. 3pr Ct	Imp. Ann.	Irish 5perCt	Irish Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.
Feb. 25	206⅛	60⅜ a ⅝	61¼	——	79¼	92⅝	——	17⅝	——	——	60⅝	9 1-16	——	——	——	3s pr	3s pr	10l 10s
26	holiday																	
27	205	60⅜ a ⅝	61¼	——	80¼	92½	——	17⅝	——	——	60⅝	——	——	——	184½	3s pr	4s pr	10l 10s
28	205	60½ a ⅝	61¼	——	80⅛	92⅜	——	17⅝	——	——	59⅞	9	——	——	——	3s pr	4s pr	10l 10s
Mar. 1	——	59⅞ a 60	——	——	79¼	92	——	17½	——	——	——	9	90¼	——	——	3s pr	3s pr	8l 8s
3	204	60⅛ a ¼	——	——	——	92⅛	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	180	2s pr	2s pr	8l 8s
4	203	59⅝ a 60	——	——	——	91⅞	——	——	——	——	——	9 1-16	——	——	179	——	2s pr	8l 8s
5	——	59⅞ a 60	——	——	——	91¼	——	——	——	——	59¾	——	90½	——	——	2s pr	3s pr	8l 8s
6	——	59⅞ a 60	——	——	——	92⅛	——	——	——	——	——	9 1-16	90½	——	179½	1s pr	2s pr	8l 8s
7	——	59¼ a ⅞	——	——	——	92	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	179¼	2s pr	2s pr	12l 0s
8	——	59¼ a ⅞	——	——	——	92	——	——	——	——	——	9	——	——	——	2s pr	2s pr	——
10	——	59¾ a ⅞	——	——	——	92	——	——	——	——	——	9	——	——	——	——	2s pr	——
11	——	59¼ a ⅞	——	——	——	91⅞	——	——	——	——	59⅜	9	——	——	——	1s pr	2s pr	——
12	——	59⅞ a 60¼	——	——	——	92¼	——	——	——	——	60⅛	——	——	——	——	2s pr	2s pr	19l 18s
13	——	60⅜ a ½	——	——	——	92½	——	——	——	——	——	9 1-16	——	——	——	2s pr	1s pr	19l 18s
14	——	60⅛ a ⅜	——	——	——	92⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	19l 18s
15	——	60¼ a ⅜	——	——	——	92⅜	——	——	——	——	——	9 1-16	——	——	——	1s pr	1s pr	19l 18s
17	——	60 a ¼	——	——	——	92¼	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s pr	19l 18s
18	——	60⅛ a ¼	——	——	——	92¼	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s pr	19l 18s
19	——	59⅞ a 60¼	——	——	——	92⅜	——	——	——	——	59⅞	——	——	——	——	1s pr	1s pr	19l 18s
20	——	60¼ a ½	——	——	——	92⅜	——	——	——	——	60⅛	9 1-16	——	——	——	par	par	19l 18s
21	——	60¼ a ⅜	——	——	——	92½	——	——	——	——	60	9 1-16	——	——	——	par	par	19l 18s
22	——	60⅛ a ¼	——	——	——	92½	——	——	——	——	——	9 1-16	——	——	——	——	par	19l 18s
24	——	60⅜ a ⅝	——	——	——	92⅝	——	——	——	——	60	——	——	——	——	——	par	19l 18s
25	holiday																	

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